OLIVET CHURCH

S. J. Clark.
Merriam Park
Minn.

CARMINA SANCTORUM—CHAPEL EDITION

HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

SOCIAL AND SABBATH WORSHIP

EDITED BY

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, ZACHARY EDDY,
LEWIS W. MUDGE

REVISED EDITION

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

By the same Editors.

CARMINA SANCTORUM:

A SELECTION OF

HYMNS AND SONGS OF PRAISE,

WITH TUNES.

EDITED BY

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, ZACHARY EDDY,

LEWIS W. MUDGE.

450 Pages, 746 Hymns, with 532 Tunes and 42 Chants.
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Two Editions of Hymns, without Music.
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PREFACE.

THIS Book, as compared with "CARMINA SANCTORUM," by the same Editors, contains a somewhat larger proportion of what may be called Prayer-meeting Hymns. Pains have also been taken to introduce such Tunes, both old and new, as may most easily be sung. Our Book is therefore particularly suited to the requirements of social worship.

But we have had also in mind the many Sabbath congregations that are asking for a thoroughly good Book of moderate size and price. Provision has accordingly been made for all the ordinary occasions of Church life.

ROSWELL DWIGHT HITCHCOCK,
ZACHARY EDDY,
LEWIS WARD MUDGE.

New York, Jan. 1, 1886.

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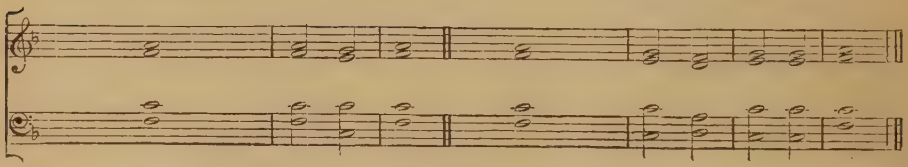
OPENING CHANT.

OUR FATHER.

Thomas Tallis. (c. 1529—1585.) 1575.



The Lord's Prayer.
Matt. vi. 9—13.

OUR Father, who | art in | heaven, || Hallowed | be — | Thy — | name.

Thy | kingdom | come. || Thy will be done on earth, as | is in | heaven.

Give us this day our | daily | bread. || And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our debtors.

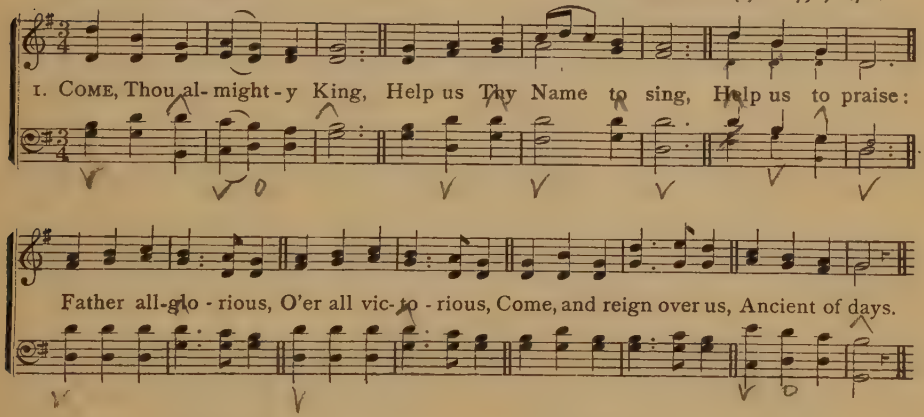
And lead us not | into temp- | tation, || But de- | liver | us from | evil:

For Thine is the kingdom, and the | power, and the | glory, || For- ever. A — | men.

HYMNS AND SONGS.

INVOCATION.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4. Felice Giardini. (1716—1796.) 1760.


1. Come, Thou al- might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise:
Father all-glo - rious, O'er all vic- to - rious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

I *The Trinity invoked.*

1 Jesus, our Lord, arise;
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

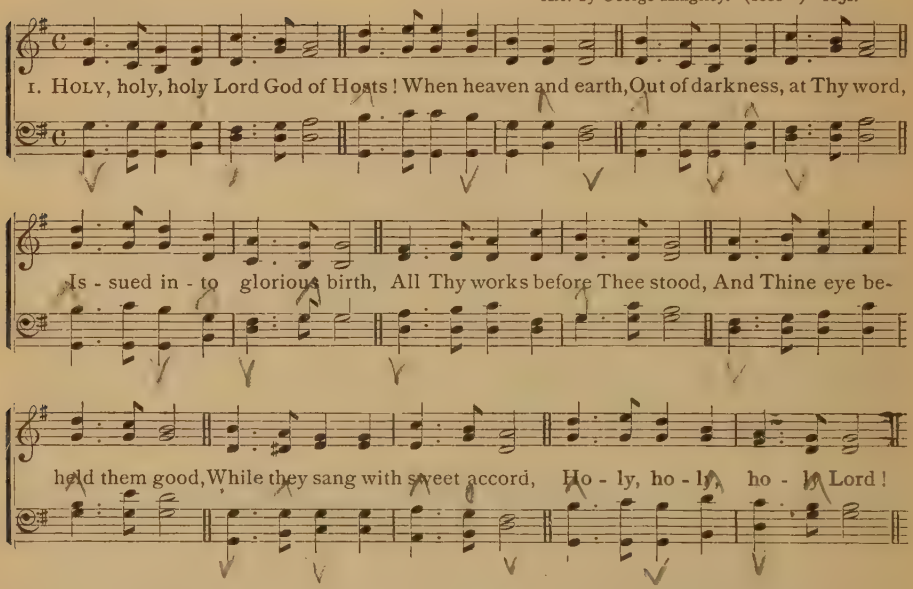
4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1757.

MESSIAH. 7. D.

Louis Joseph Ferdinand Herold. (1791—1833.) 1830.
Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.


1. Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts! When heaven and earth, Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Is - sued in - to glorious birth, All Thy works before Thee stood, And Thine eye be-
held them good, While they sang with sweet accord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

2

Thrice Holy.
Is. vi. 3.

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1836, 1853.

3

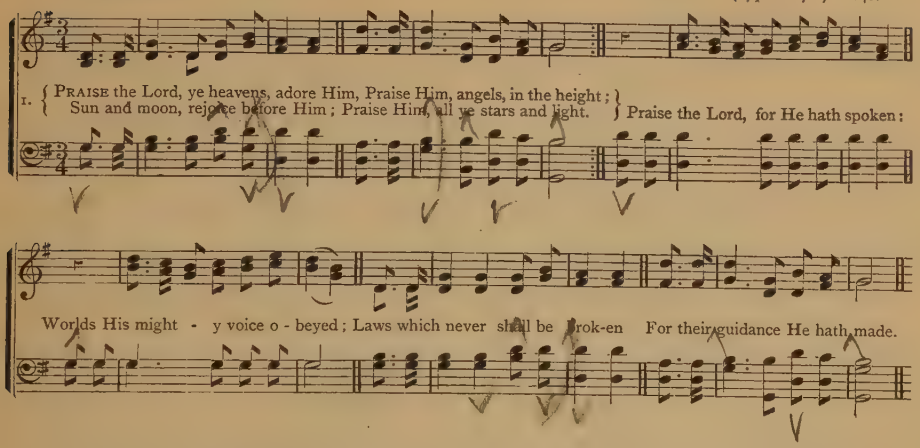
The Song of the Ransomed.
Rev. v. 13.

1 See the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;
This before the throne their strain,
"Hell is vanquished, death is slain;
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before Him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

2 Hasten, Lord, the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still Thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed.
Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things, with Thy bride, say "Come;"
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore.

Josiah Conder. (1789—1855.) 1836.

HARWELL. 8,7. D. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1840.


1. { Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him, Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and light. } Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken:
Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed; Laws which never shall be brok-en For their guidance He hath made.

4 *Praise from the whole Creation.*
Ps. cxlviii.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise confessing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

Rev. John Kempthorne. (1775—1838.) 1809. vs. 1, 2.
Edward Osler. (1798—1863.) 1836. v. 3, alt.

5 *Thrice Holy.*
Is. vi. 1—3. John xii. 41.

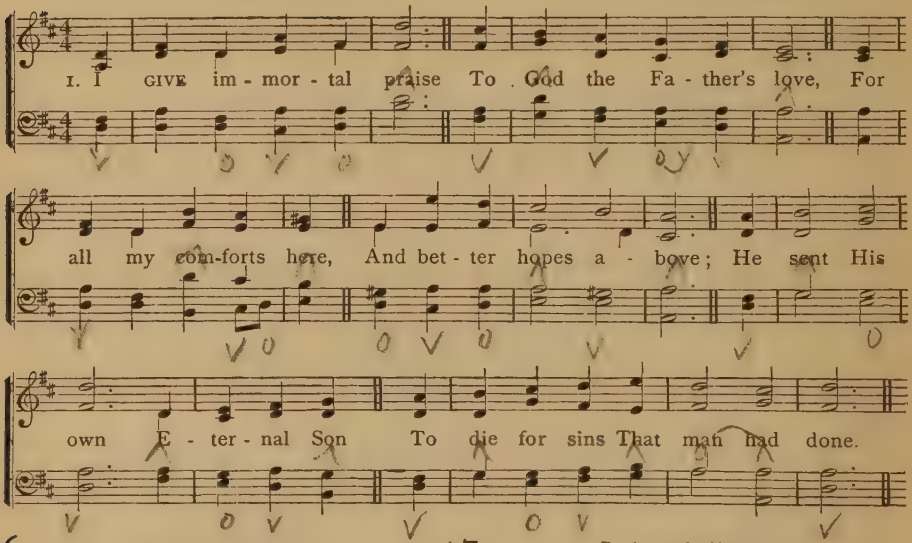
1 Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
"Earth is with its fulness stored;
"Unto Thee be glory given,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored:
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy! blessing
Thee the Lord of Hosts most High

Bp. Richard Mant. (1776—1848.) 1837. ab.

DARWELL. H. M. Rev. John Darwell. c. 1750.


1. I GIVE im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love, For
all my com-forts here, And bet - ter hopes a - bove; He sent His
own E - ter - nal Son To die for sins That man had done.

6 *Praise to the Trinity.*

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

7 *Praise to the Trinity.*

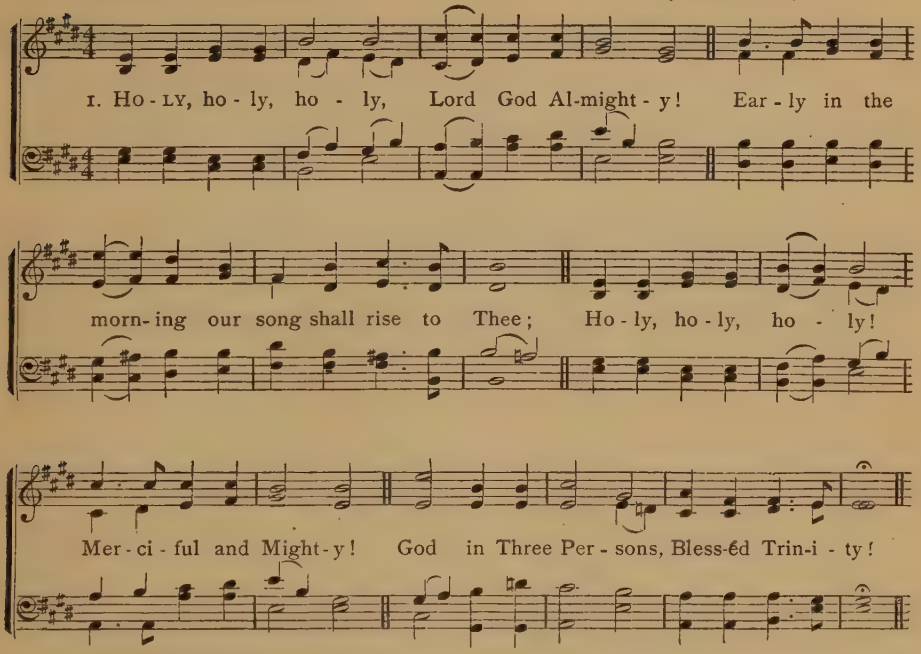
1 To Him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him that formed our hearts anew,
Is endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angels round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The Sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise His honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

NICAEA. 11, 12, 12, 10. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.


1. Ho - LY, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
morn- ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, Bless-éd Trin-i - ty!

8

"*Which was, and is, and is to come.*"
Rev. iv. 8.

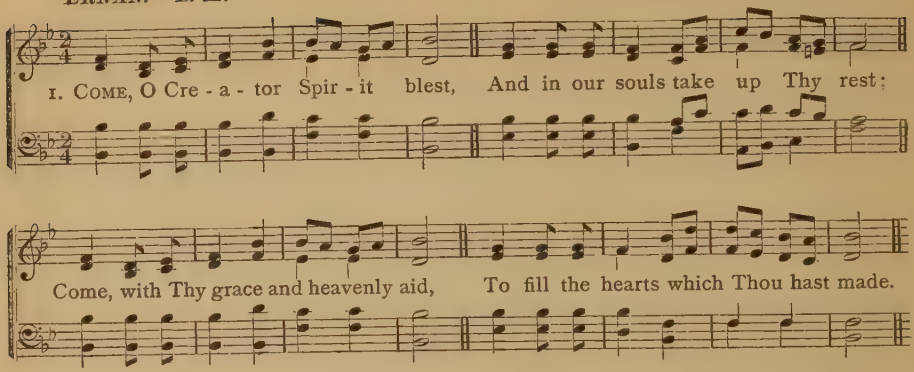
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
God in Three Persons, Blesséd Trinity!

Bp. Reginald Heber. (1783—1826.) 1827.

ERNAN. *L. M.* Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1850.


1. Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it blest, And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

9 *"Veni, Creator Spiritus."*

2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high,
O Fount of life, O Fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Unknown Author of the 7th or 8th Century.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall. (1814—) 1849. ab. and alt.

10 *The Operations of the Spirit.*

1 Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

11 *"Where two or three."*
Matt. xviii. 20.

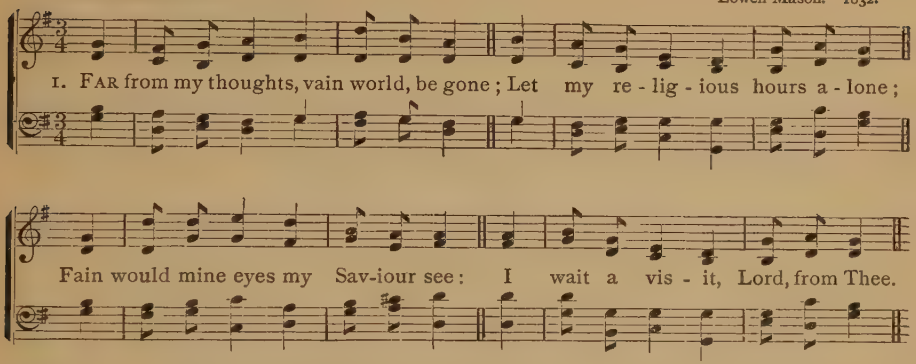
1 "Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil My smiling face,
And shed My glories round the place."

3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word:
Now send Thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1778.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. Lowell Mason. 1832.


1. FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my re - lig - ious hours a - lone;
Fain would mine eyes my Sav-iour see: I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee.

12 *Delight in Worship.*

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet Thine entertainments are:
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine,
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

13 "*Jam lucis orto sidere.*"

1 WHILE now the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2 So when the daylight leaves the sky,
And night's dark hours once more are nigh,
May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,
Sing glory to our God again.

Ambrose of Milan. (340—397.)
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) ab. and alt.

14 *Christ always near His People.*

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

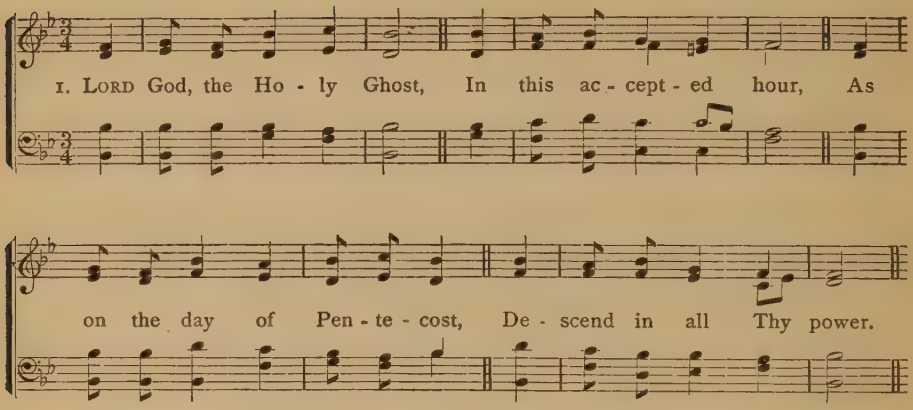
3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1760. ab.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Adapted by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872) 1825.



15 *The Descent of the Spirit.*

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1825.

16 *To the Holy Spirit.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

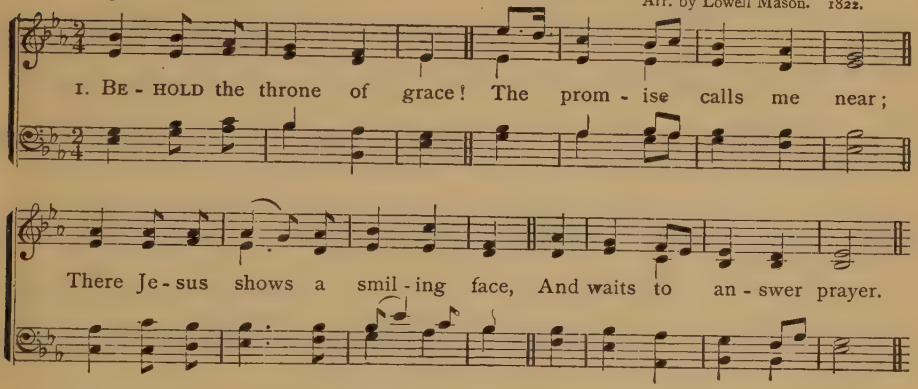
3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God,
The Eternal Prince of Peace.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

Rev. Joseph Hart. (1712—1768.) 1759. ab.

MORNINGTON. S. M. Lord Garret Wellesley Mornington. (1720—1781.) 1760.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1822.



17

"Ask what thou wilt."
1 Kings iii. 5.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

18

"Thy work revive."

1 O LORD, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 O let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend Thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on Thee rely.

Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale Brown. (1783—1861.) 1819.

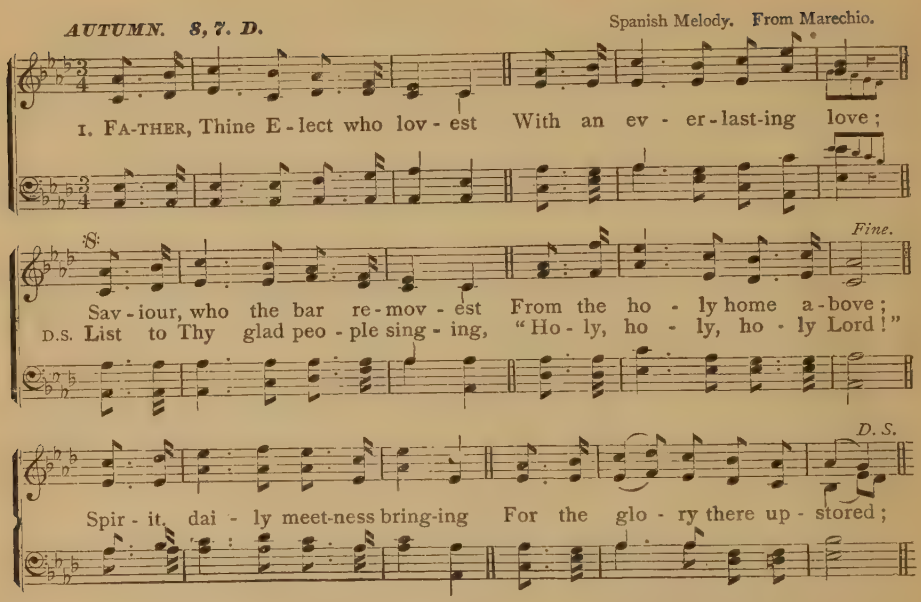
19

Parting Hymn.

1 O HAPPY, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet:
There shall we see each others' face,
And all our brethren greet.

2 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest;
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab.


AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.
Spanish Melody. From Marechio.
1. FA-THER, Thine E-lect who lov-est With an ev-er-last-ing love;
Fine.
Sav-iour, who the bar re-mov-est From the ho-ly home a-bove;
D.S. List to Thy glad peo-ple sing-ing, "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!"
D. S.
Spir-it, dai-ly meet-ness bring-ing For the glo-ry there up-stored;

20

"Holy, holy, holy Lord."

2 Lord, with sin-bound souls Thou bearest,
Struggling towards this strain divine;
Glad on mortal lips Thou hearest
That thrice awful name of Thine.
But Thou listenest, O how sweetly!
When from holy lips outpoured,
Rings through heaven this strain full meetly,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 Shall we, Lord, meet voices never
Bring to that eternal hymn?
Hallow us to help the endeavor
Of Thy pure-lipped Seraphim:
Hark! their own high strain we bring
Listen to the full accord! [Thee;
Sweet the song we ever sing Thee,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Thomas Hornblower Gill. (1819—) 1860. ab.

21

Praise on Earth and in Heaven.
Rev. iv. 11.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestowed,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett. (1739—1817.) 1767. alt.

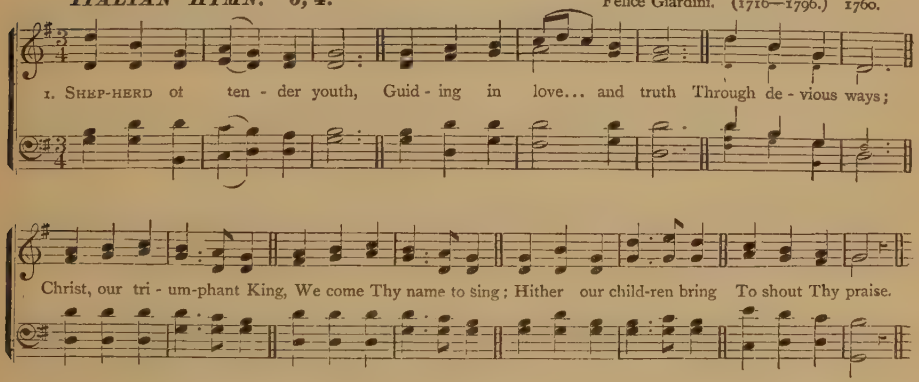
22 "*Lead us.*

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the trials yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830, 1850, 1859.

***ITALIAN HYMN.* 6, 4.** Felice Giardini. (1716—1796.) 1760.


1. SHEP-HERD of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love... and truth Through de - vious ways;
Christ, our tri - um-phant King, We come Thy name to sing; Hither our child-ren bring To shout Thy praise.

23 Στόμιον πώλων ἀδαῶν.

2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

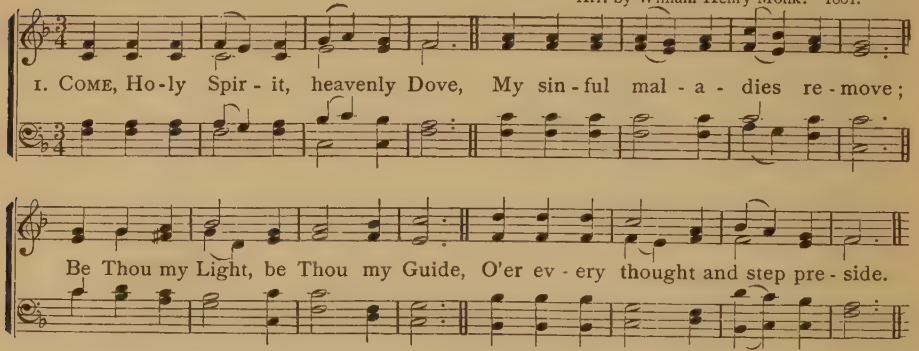
4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial Word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

From Clement of Alexandria. (—220.)
Tr. by Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter. (1821—) 1846, 1849

HURSLEY. L. M.

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1798.
Arr. by William Henry Monk. 1861.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heavenly Dove, My sin-ful mal-a-dies re-move;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide, O'er ev-ery thought and step pre-side.

24 *Prayer for Light and Guidance.*

2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

4 Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

5 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Rev. Simon Browne. (1680—1732.) 1720. ab.

25 *Teachings of the Spirit.*

1 Come, blessèd Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths Thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1717—1795.) 1818.

26 *Thanks for the Gospel.*

1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord:
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

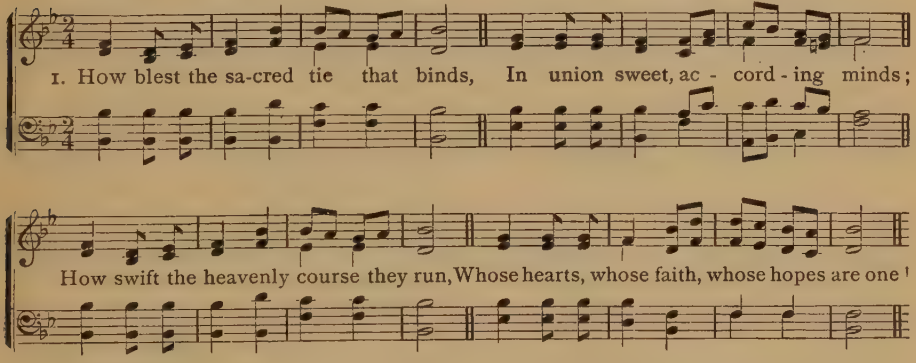
2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well Thy blesséd truths agree,
How wise and holy Thy commands;
Thy promises, how firm they be,
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

ERNAN. L. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1850.


1. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds, In union sweet, ac - cord - ing minds;
How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

27 *Christian Fellowship.*

2 To each the soul of each how dear,
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1795. sl. alt.

28 *The Christian Farewell.* 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 Thy presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place Thy children keep.

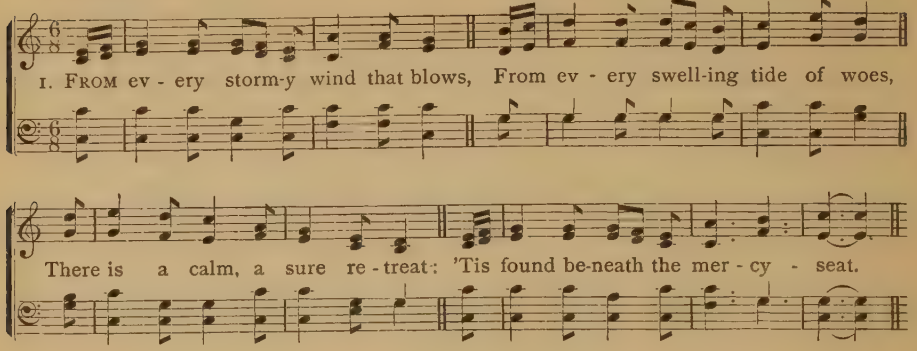
2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, Thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy care.

3 To Thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts at Thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.

4 Give us, O Lord, within Thy house
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known.
O let us meet around Thy throne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. alt

RETREAT. *L. M.* Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1840.


1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.

29 *The Mercy-Seat.*

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell. (1799—1865.) 1832. ab.

30 "*O quam juvat fratres, Deus.*"

1 O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee:
On Thee alone their heart relies;
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

4 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

Santolius Victorinus. (1630—1697.) 1736.
Tr. by Rev. John Chandler. (1806—) 1837.

31 *Retirement and Meditation.*
Titus ii. 12.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest Love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence.
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

32 *Prayer for Rest in God.*
Tune—HURSLEY, p. 12.

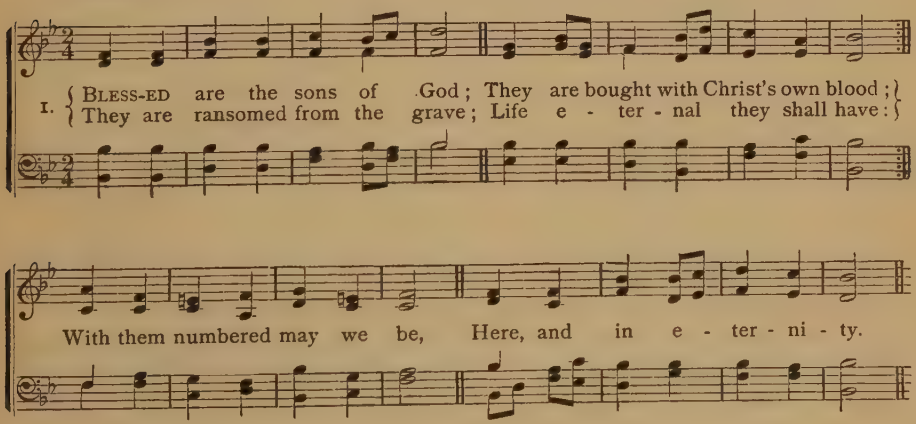
1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to Thy blest abode.

2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame;
Teach it to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now the Saviour see:
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my Spirit rest in Thee.

Rev. Henry Forster Burder's Coll. 1826.

***ROSEFIELD.* 7. 6 l.** Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1830.


1. BLESS-ED are the sons of God; They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave; Life e - ter - nal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

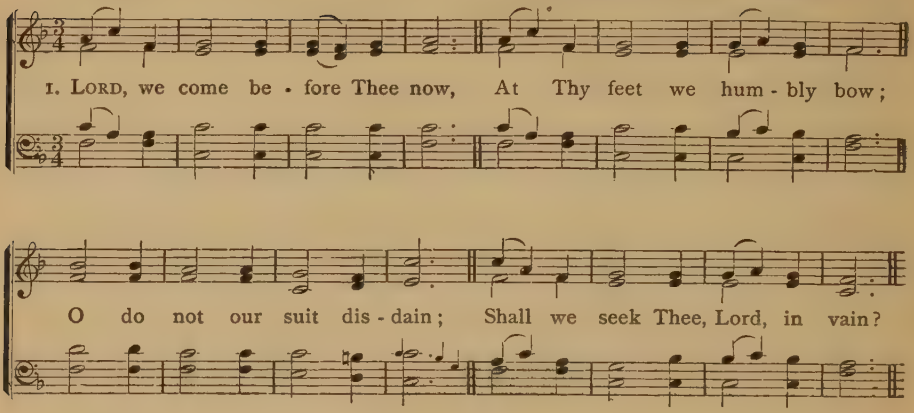
33 *"Numbered with God's Sons."*

2 God did love them in His Son,
Long before the world begun;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

Rev. Joseph Humphreys. (1720—) 1743. alt.

ALETTA. 7. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1858.



34 "*Ye shall seek Me, and find Me.*" Jer. xxix. 13.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

Rev. William Hammond. (—1783.) 1745. ab.

35 "*Ask what I shall give thee.*" 1 Kings iii. 5.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

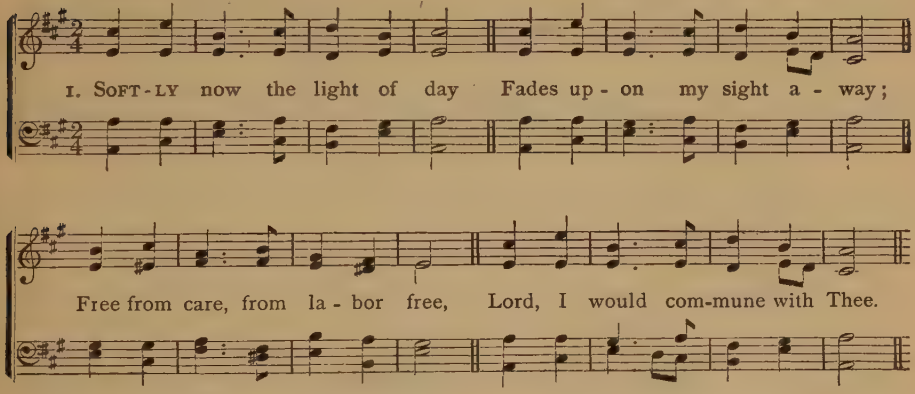
4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7. Ignace Pleyel. (1757—1831.) 1800.



36 *The fading Light.*

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bp. George Washington Doane. (1799—1859.) 1824.

37 *Sabbath Evening.*

1 FOR the mercies of the day
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of Heaven.

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive:
By Thy grace alone we live.

3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

Unknown. Rev. Baptist Wriothesley Noel's Selection. 1832. ab.

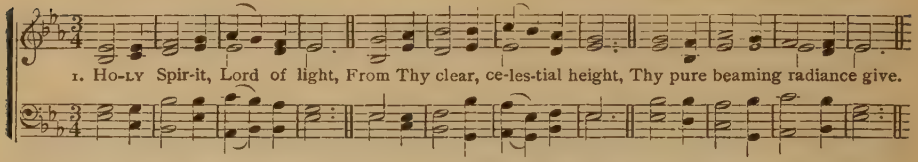
38 *"Part in Peace."*

1 PART in peace, Christ's life was peace;
Let us live our life in Him:
Part in peace, Christ's death was peace;
Let us die our death in Him.

2 Part in peace, Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease:
Brethren, sisters, part in peace.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams. (1805—1848.) 1841. alt.

PRIERE. 7. 3 l. Arr. by William Henry Monk. (1823—) 1861.



39 *Veni, Sancte Spiritus.*

2 Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

3 Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

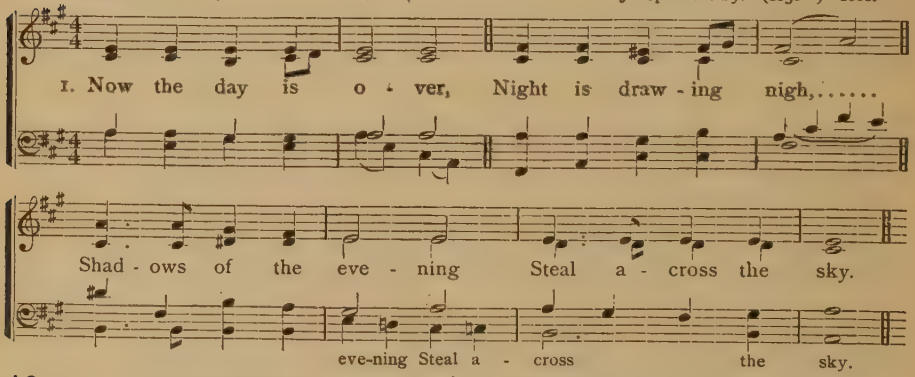
5 Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

6 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend.

7 Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

Hermannus Contractus? (1013—1054.)
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall. (1814—1878.) 1849. ab.

MERRIAL. 6, 5. Joseph Barnby. (1838—) 1868.



40 *The Day is Over.*

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

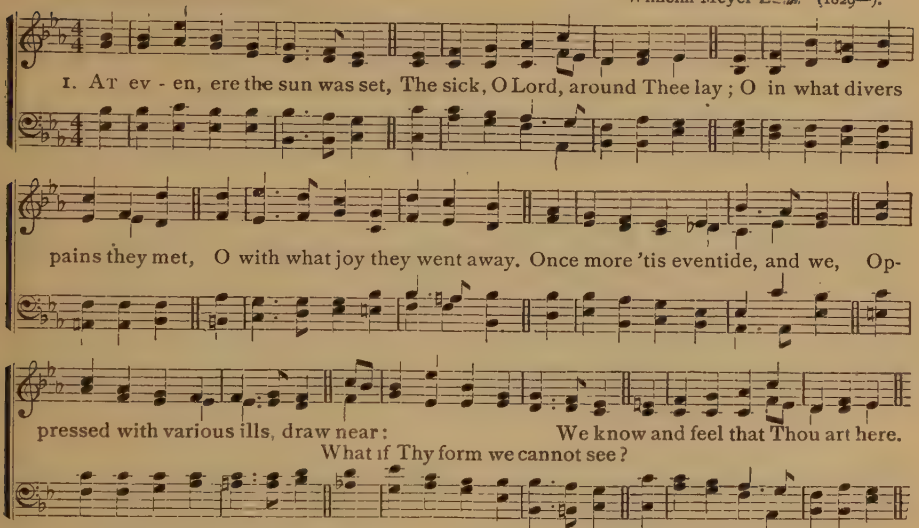
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailor tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. (1834—) 1865. ab.

SUNSET. L. M. D. Wilhelm Meyer Lutz. (1829—).


1. At ev - en, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay; O in what divers
pains they met, O with what joy they went away. Once more 'tis eventide, and we, Op-
pressed with various ills, draw near: We know and feel that Thou art here.
What if Thy form we cannot see?

41 *Evening Prayer for Healing.* Mark i. 32.

2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

3 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;
Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Rev. Henry Twells. (1823—) 1868. ab.

42 *The Love of God shed abroad in the Heart.* Eph. iii. 16.

1 Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.
Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height and breath and length
Of Thine immeasureable grace.

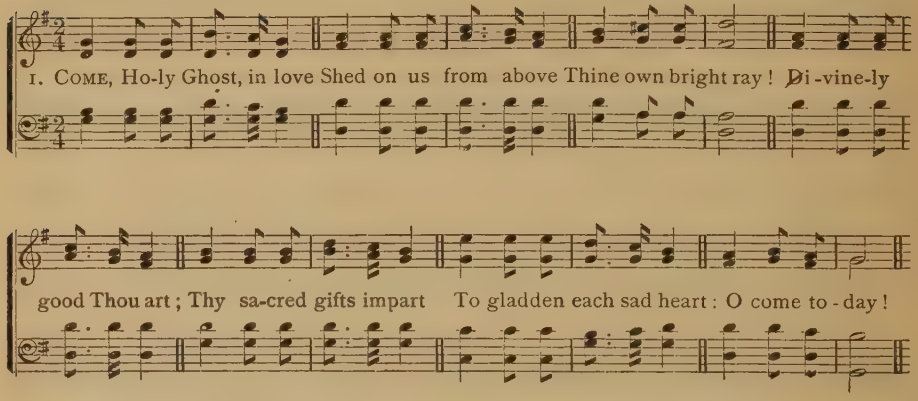
Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

43 *Dismission.*

1 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.
Though we are guilty, Thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Rev. Joseph Hart. (1712—1768.) 1762.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 4. Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1833.


1. COME, Ho-ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray! Di-vine-ly
good Thou art; Thy sa-cred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: O come to-day!

44

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus."

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Robert II, King of France. (972—1031.)
Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1858.

45

Evening Prayer.

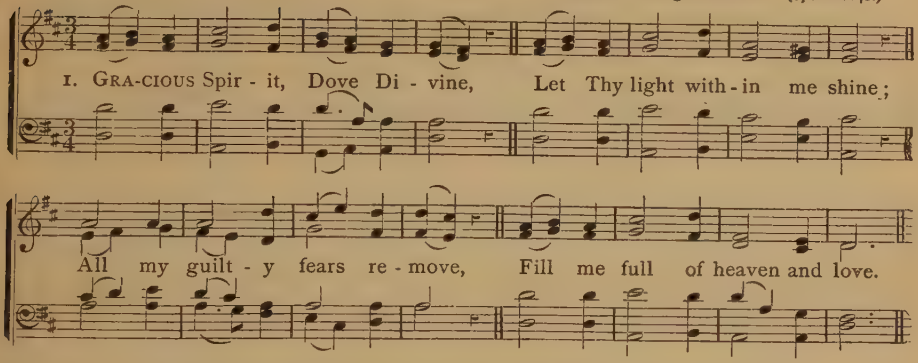
1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour.
Shield with Thy might:
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

2 Jesus Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite:
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light:
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart;
Bless us to-night.

George Rawson. (1807—) 1853.

DALLAS. 7. From Maria Luigi Cherubini. (1760—1842.)



46 *Prayer for Peace and Rest.*

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free,
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart,
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker. 1776. ab.

47 *Light, Power, Joy.*

1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Rev. Andrew Reed. (1787—1862.) 1843. ab.

48 *"Granted is the Saviour's Prayer."*

1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter,
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus, to His heaven restored.

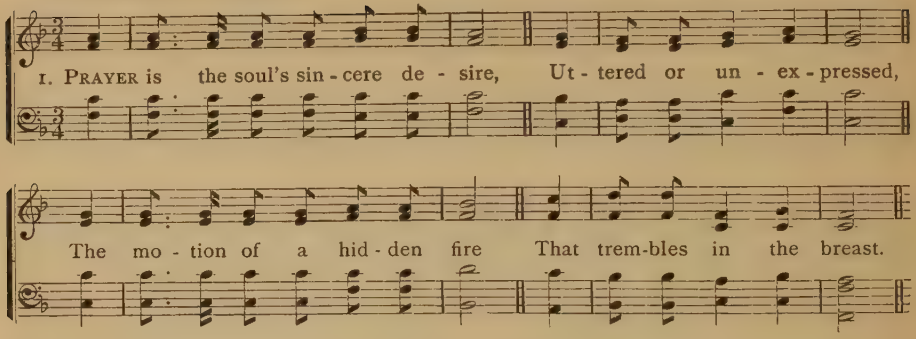
2 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals His abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

3 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast:
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

4 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life:
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1739. ab.

BYEFIELD. C. M. Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1840.



49 *Prayer.*

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853. ab.

50 *The witnessing and sealing Spirit.*

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

51 *"Far from the world."*

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

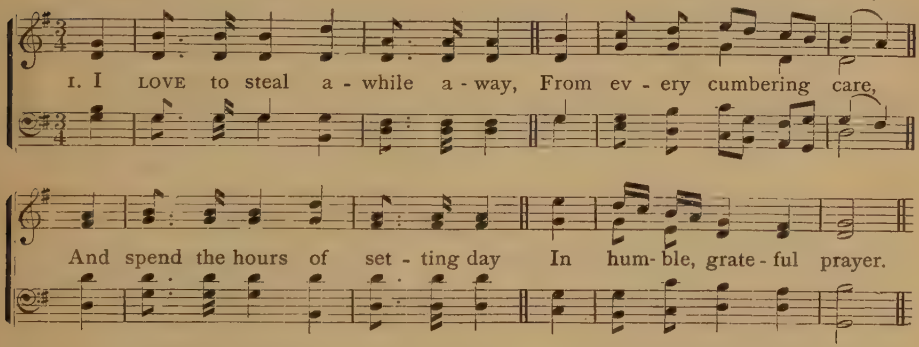
3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author, and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of love Divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1799. ab.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. Deodatus Dutton, Jr. 1829.



52 *Evening Twilight.*

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale Brown. (1783—1861.) 1824.

53 *The Spirit's Influences desired.*

Acts x. 44.

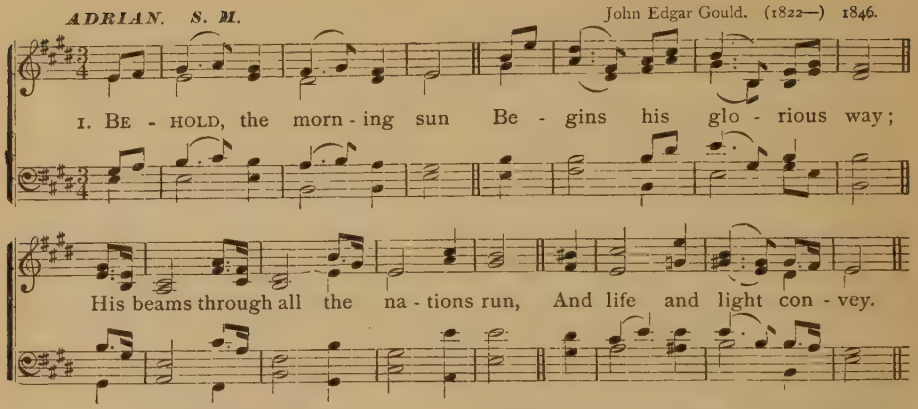
1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold Thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around Thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest Earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God, those copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change the barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.


ADRIAN. S. M.
John Edgar Gould. (1822—) 1846.
1. BE - HOLD, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way;
His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.

54 *For a Lord's Day Morning.* Ps. xix.

2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given:
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

55 *"The Day-star from on high."*

1 WE lift our hearts to Thee,
Thou Day-star from on high;
The sun itself is but Thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let Thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of Thy love
Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now,
How dark and sad before:
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve
To mourn for errors past;
And live, this short, revolving day,
As if it were our last.

Rev. John Wesley? (1703—1791.) 1741. ab. and alt.

56 *The Sweetness of the Sabbath.* Ps. xcii.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

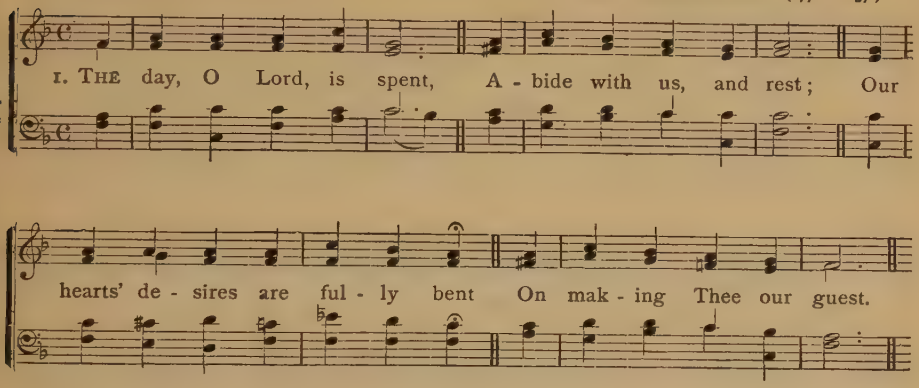
2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Miss Harriet Auber. (1773—1862.) 1829. alt.

RENOVATION. S. M. Johann Nepomuk Hummel. (1778—1837.)



57 "*The Day is far spent.*" Luke xxiv. 29.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.

Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1854.

58 *The Worship that never ceases.*

1 OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

2 Around the throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But, O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir.

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Rev. John Ellerton. (1826—) 1867.

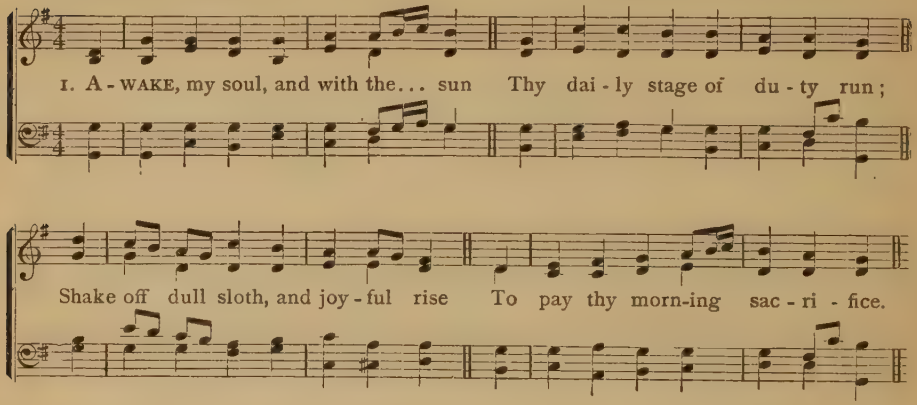
59 *Praise to God from all Nations.* Ps. cxvii.

1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. Thomas Tallis. (—1585.) c. 1567.


1. A - WAKE, my soul, and with the... sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice.

60 *A Morning Hymn.*

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guide my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Bp. Thomas Ken. (1637—1711.) 1697, 1709. ab.

61 *An Evening Hymn.*

1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

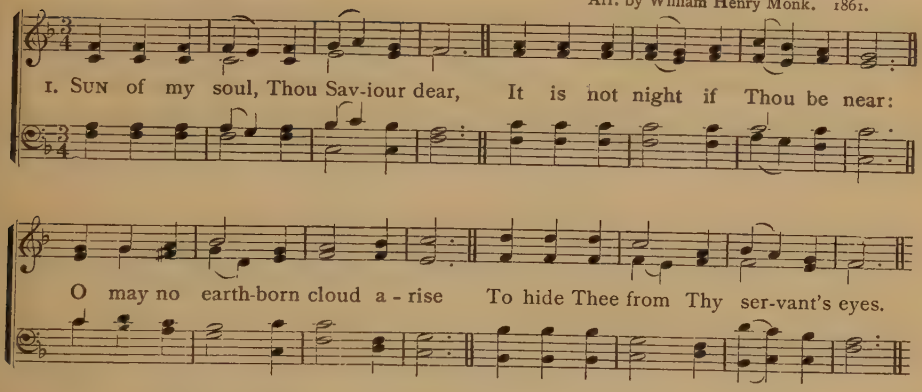
5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. Thomas Ken. 1697, 1709. ab.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1798.
Arr. by William Henry Monk. 1861.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.

62

"*Abide with us.*"
Luke xxiv. 29.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble. (1792—1866.) 1827. ab.

63

An Evening Hymn.
Ps. iv.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

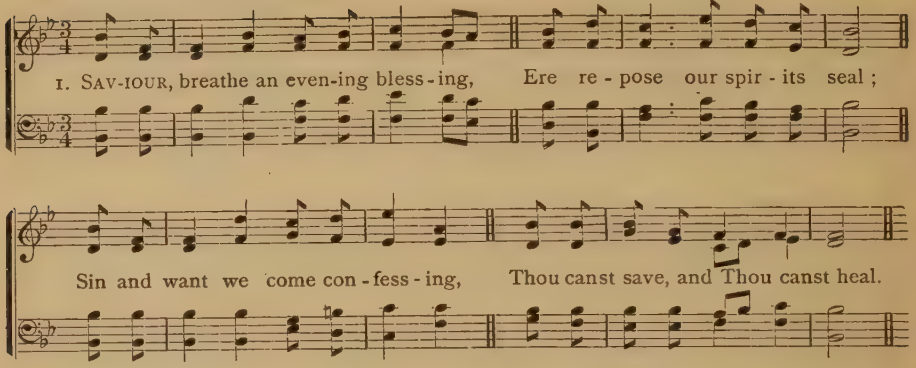
3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

STOCKWELL. 8. 7. Rev. Darius Eliot Jones. (1815—) 1848.


1. SAV-IOUR, breathe an even-ing bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal;
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

64 *Evening Blessing.*

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston. (1791—1867.) 1820.

65 *Evening Shadows.*

1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour;
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me,—
Morning of eternal rest.

Mrs. Caroline Sprague Smith. 1855. ab.

66 *An Evening Prayer.*

1 HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

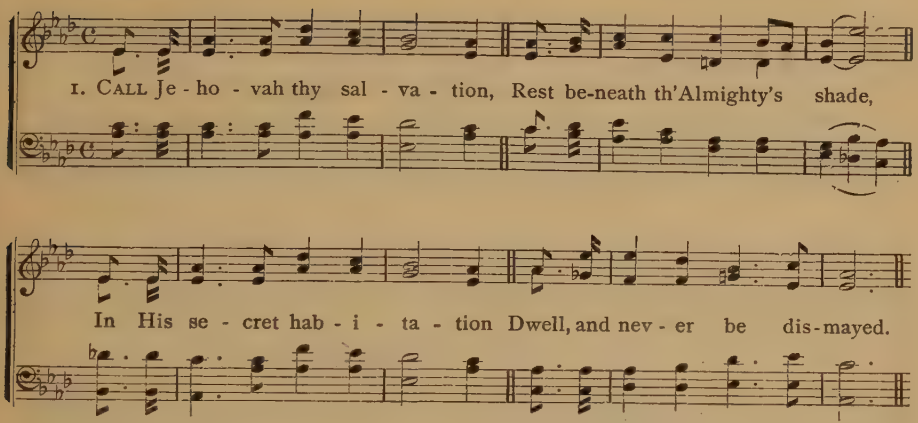
2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Miss Harriet Parr. 1856. ab. and sl. alt

VESPERS. 8, 7.

Arr. from Friedrich von Flotow. (1812—)



67

Safety in God.
Ps. xci.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.

4 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

6 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822. ab.

68

Our Need of God.
Ps. cxxvii.

1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

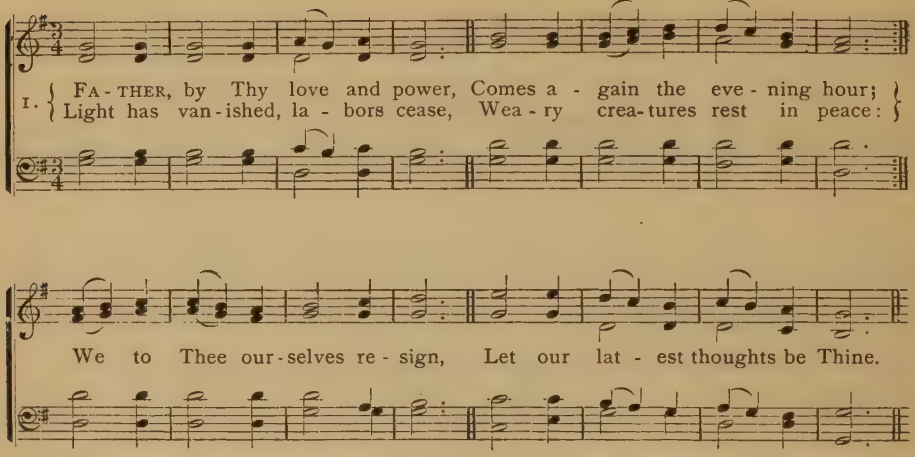
2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without His grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

Miss Harriet Auber. (1773—1862.) 1829.

HALLE. 7. 6 l. From Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1798.


1. FA-THER, by Thy love and power, Comes a-gain the eve-ning hour;
Light has van-ished, la-bors cease, Wea-ry crea-tures rest in peace:
We to Thee our-selves re-sign, Let our lat-est thoughts be Thine.

69

Evening Hymn.

2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray;
Blesséd Saviour, we, through Thee,
Pray that we may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit, Breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigil keep.
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

4 Blesséd Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Round us set th' angelic host,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

Prof. Joseph Anstice. (1808—1836.) 1836. ab. and alt.

70

Evening Hymn.

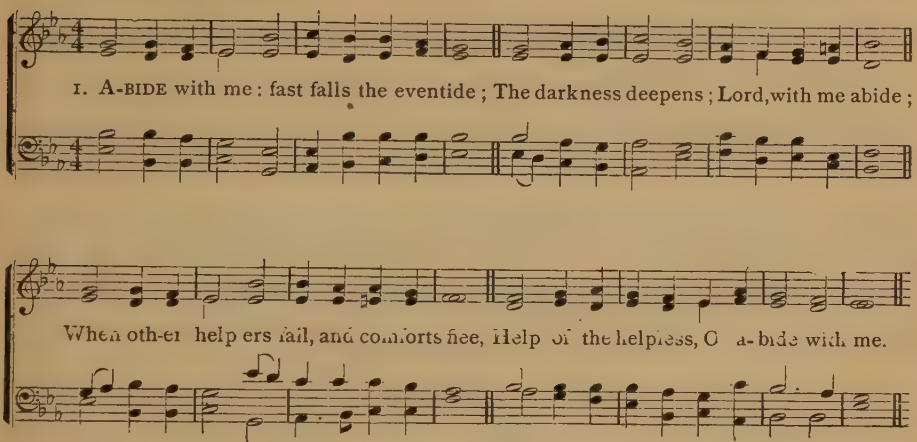
1 Now from labor and from care
Evening hours have set me free,
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with Thee:
O behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord, forgive, Thy grace restore,
Make me Thine forevermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the Gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to Thee I raise:
O accept the song of praise.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1832.

EVENTIDE. 10. William Henry Monk. 1861.


1. A-BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When oth-er help ers fail, and com.forts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.

71 "*Abide with me.*"

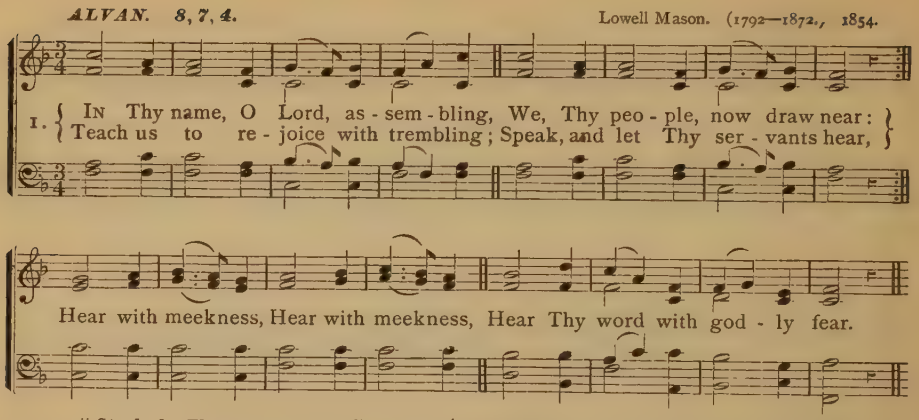
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1847. ab.


ALVAN. 8, 7, 4.
Lowell Mason. (1792—1872., 1854.
1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near:
Teach us to re - joice with trembling; Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear,
Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.

72

"*Speak, for Thy servant heareth.*"
1 Sam. iii, 10.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1815.

73

Dismission.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us now, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley. (1725—1786.) 1774.

74

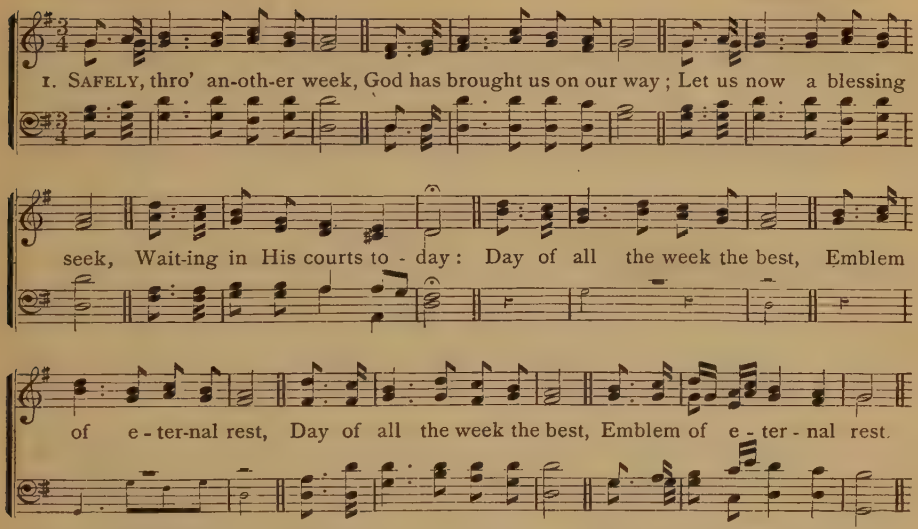
"*Thine entirely.*"

1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be Thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages Thine.

2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion,
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here.

Rev. William Mason. (1725—1797.) 1794.

SABBATH. 7. 6 l. Lowell Mason. 1824.


1. SAFELY, thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing
seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem
of e - ter-nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

75 *"Safely, through another Week."*

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779.

76 *Creator, Saviour, Comforter.*

1 GREAT Creator, who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

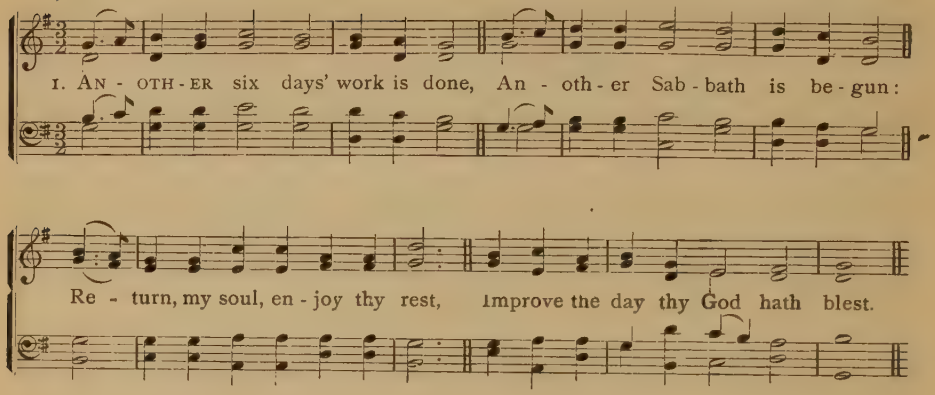
2 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb;
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

3 Blesséd Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God.

Mrs. Julia Anne Elliott. (—1841.) 1835.

EL PARAN. L. M.

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz. (1747—1800.)
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.



77 *The Day of Holy Rest.*

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Rev. Joseph Stennett. (1663—1713.) 1732. ab. and much alt.

78 "*Sacred Rest.*" Ps. xcii.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

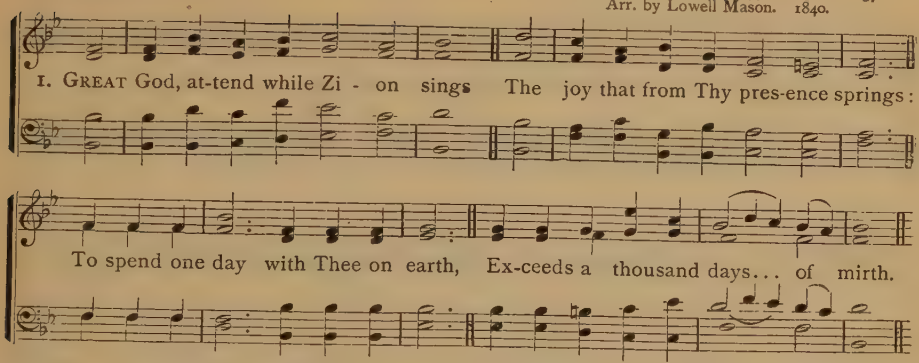
4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab. and sl. alt.

AMES. L. M.

Sigismund Neukomm. (1778—1858.) 1837.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1840.


1. GREAT God, at-tend while Zi - on sings The joy that from Thy pres-ence springs:
To spend one day with Thee on earth, Ex-ceeds a thousand days... of mirth.

79 *God and His Church.* Ps. lxxxiv.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our Sun, He makes our day;
God is our Shield, He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

80 *An Exhortation to praise God.* Ps. xcv. 1—6.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

3 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Tate and Brady. 1696. ab.

81 *The eternal Sabbath.* Heb. iv. 9.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

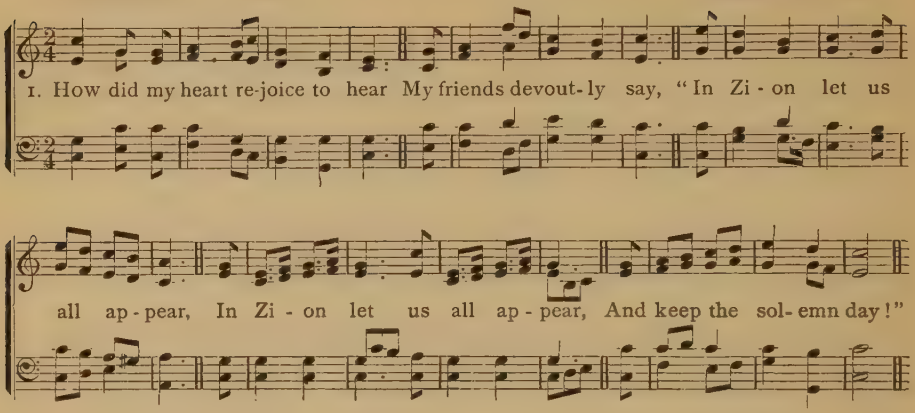
2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and alt

LANESBORO. C. M. William Dixon. 1790.


1. How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends devout-ly say, "In Zi-on let us
all ap-pear, In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the sol-emn day!"

82

Going to Church.
Ps. cxxii.

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises, and complaints;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

83

Lord's Day Morning.
Ps. lxiii.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

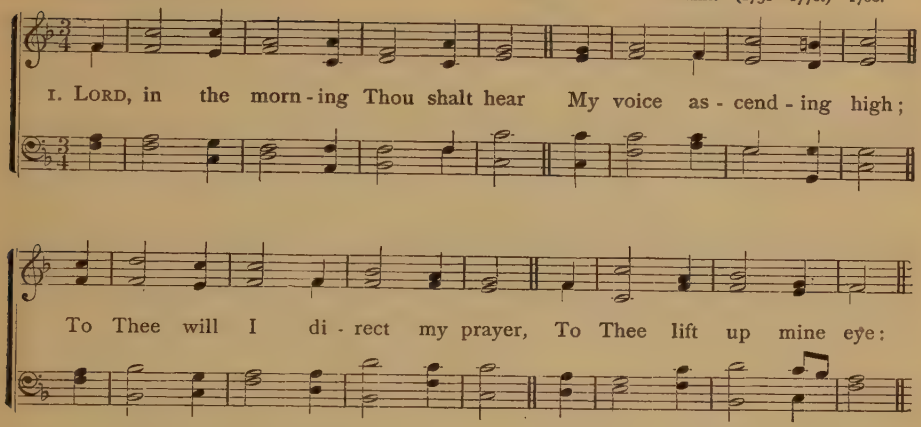
3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine:
My God repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab. and sl. alt

MEAR. C. M. Welsh Air. Aaron Williams. (1731—1776.) 1760.



84 *For the Lord's Day Morning.* Ps. v.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting, at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

85 "*The Day the Lord hath made.*" Ps. cxviii.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

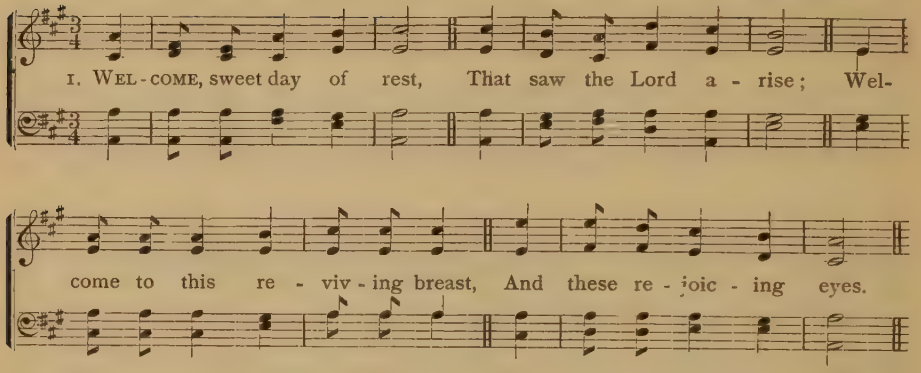
3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

LISBON. S. M. Daniel Read. (1757—1836.) 1785.



86 *The Lord's Day welcomed.*

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

87 "*Bless the Lord.*" Neh. ix. 5.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

3 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825. ab.

88 *The Pleasures of Worship.*

1 How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad.

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

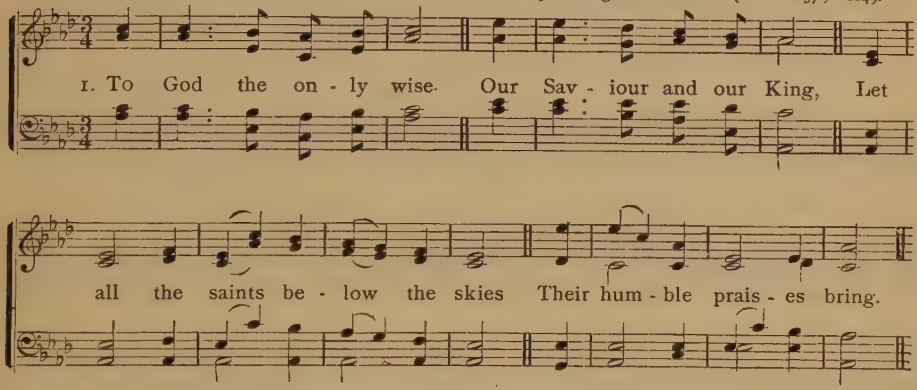
4 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1778. ab.

AHIRA.* (LEIGHTON.) *S. M.

Henry Wellington Greatorex. (1816—1857.) 1849.



89

"The only Wise."
Jude 24, 25.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

90

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.
Ps. xcix.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.

2 When Israel was His church,
When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave His people rest.

3 Oft He forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft He made His vengeance known
When they abused His grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719

BEMERTON. C. M. Henry Wellington Greatorex. (1816—1857.) 1849.

91 *God's Presence in the Sanctuary.*

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. alt.

92 *Sincerity in Worship.*

1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Rev. Joseph Dacre Carlyle. (1759—1804.) 1805. ab.

93 *Christ's Triumph.*

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A heathen world in gloom;
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb.

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

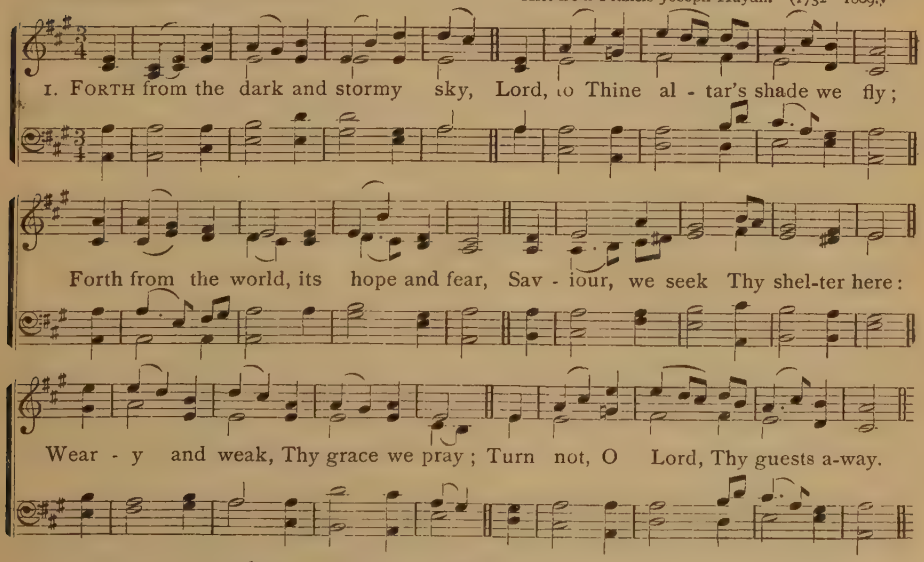
4 And now His conq'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While, broke beneath His powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1773, 1825. ab. and alt.

BROWNELL. ***L. M. 6 l.*** Arr. from Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.)

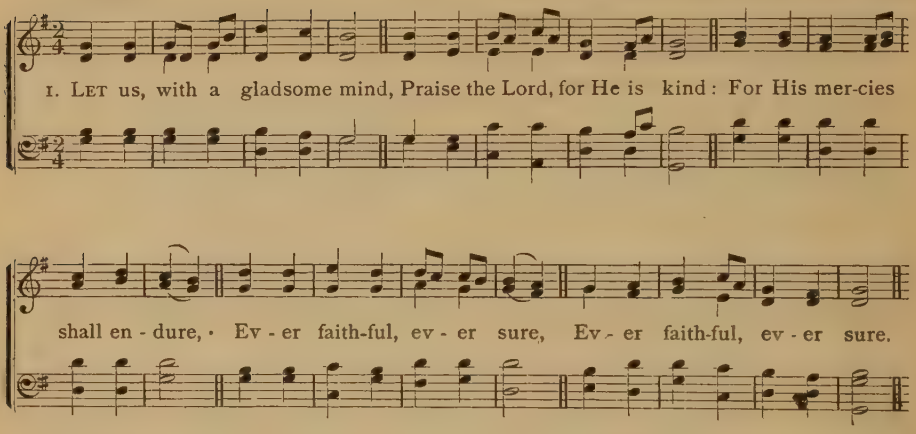

1. FORTH from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to Thine al - tar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Sav - iour, we seek Thy shel-ter here:
Wear - y and weak, Thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests a-way.

94 *Flying to the Shadow of the Altar.*

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

Bp. Reginald Heber. (1783—1826.) 1827.

HENDON. 7. Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1830.


1. Let us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind: For His mer-cies
shall en - dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.

95 *Wonders of Creation, Providence, and Grace.* Ps. cxxxvi.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton. (1608—1674.) 1624. ab. and alt.

96 *A Day in the Lord's Courts.*

1 To Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

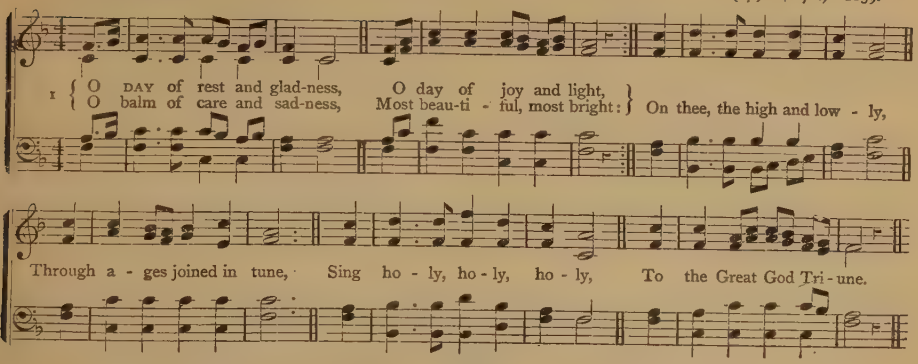
3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825. ab.

MENDEBRAS. 7, 6. D. German Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.


1 O DAY of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright: On thee, the high and low - ly,
Through a - ges joined in tune, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the Great God Tri - une.

97

"*The Day which the Lord hath made.*" Ps. cxviii. 24.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth. (1807—) 1862. ab. and alt.

98

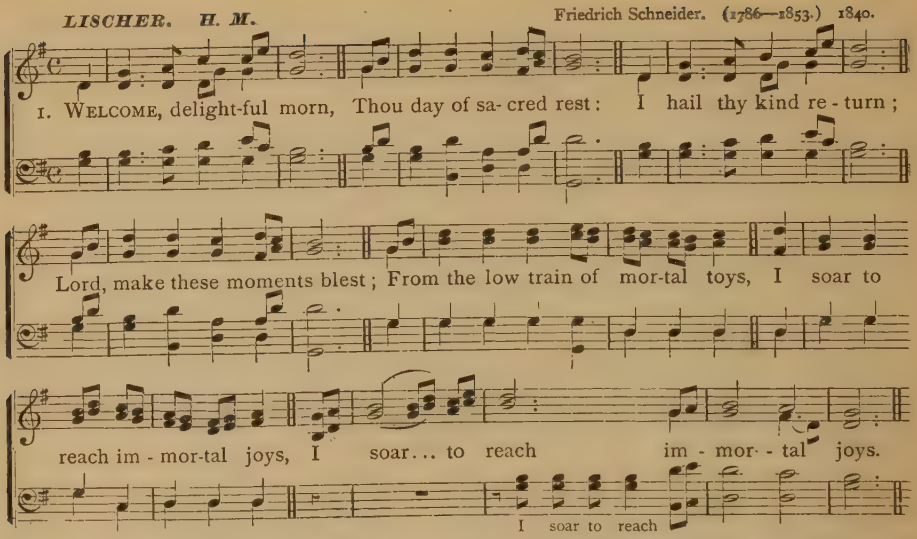
Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα.

1 THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus. (—c. 780.)
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1862.


LISCHER. H. M.
Friedrich Schneider. (1786—1853.) 1840.
1. WELCOME, delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest: I hail thy kind re-turn;
Lord, make these moments blest; From the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to
reach im-mor-tal joys, I soar... to reach im-mor-tal joys.
I soar to reach

99 *Sabbath Morning.*

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne with grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward. In John Dobell's Collection. 1806.

100 *Longing for the House of God.* Ps. lxxxiv.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.

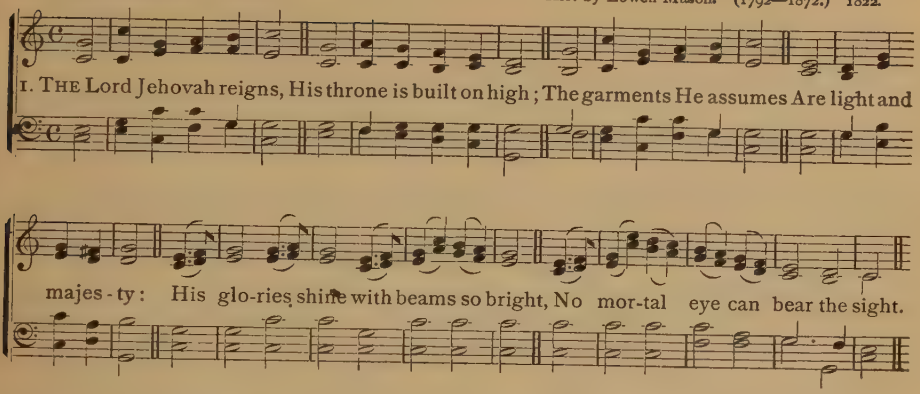
2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

4 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds,
From those His heart approves,
From pure and upright souls:
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

HADDAM. H. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1822.


1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments He assumes Are light and
majes-ty: His glo-ries shine with beams so bright, No mor-tal eye can bear the sight.

101 "*The Lord reigneth.*" Ps. xciii; xcvii.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guide His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs:
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

102 *God our Preserver.* Ps. cxxi.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

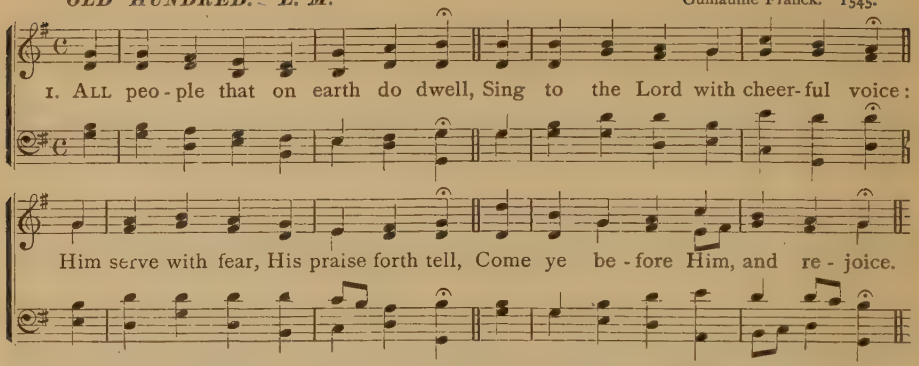
2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes, that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, and Thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon

4 Hast Thou not given Thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. Guillaume Franck. 1545.


1. ALL peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him, and re-joice.

103 *All People summoned to Worship.* Ps. c.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Rev. William Kethe. 1561.

104 *Grateful Adoration.* Ps. c.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab. and alt.
Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1741.

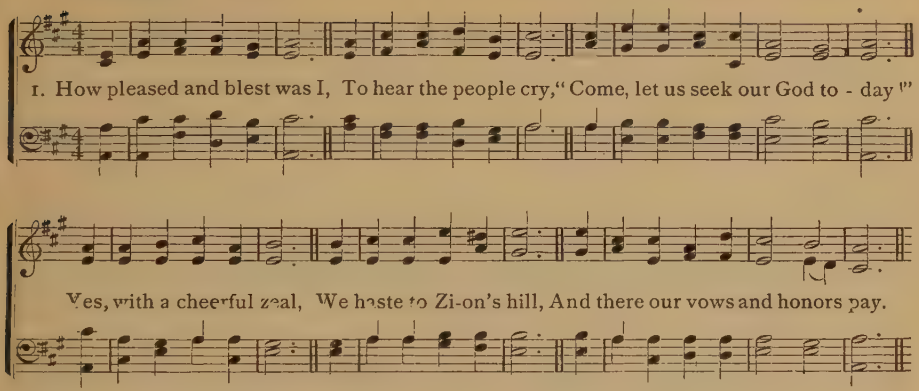
105 *Praise from all Nations.* Ps. cxvii.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

DALSTON. S. P. M. Aaron Williams. (1731—1776.) 1760.


1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

106 *Going to Church.* Ps. cxxii.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad;
He makes the sinner sad;
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

107 "*Heaven begun below.*"

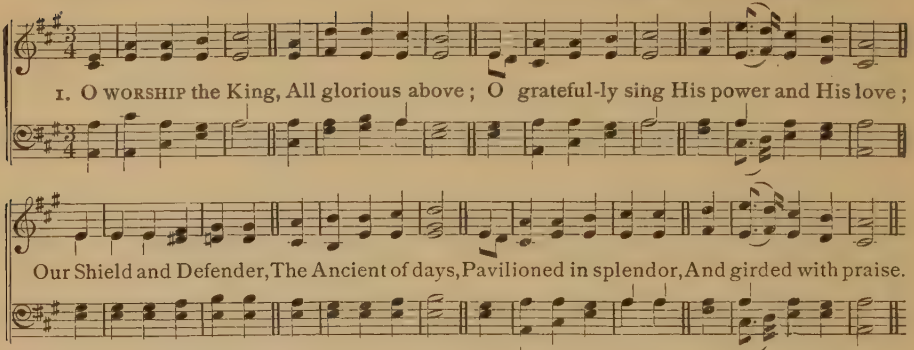
1 'Tis Heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion, where His name is known:
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before His throne!

2 O what sweet company
We then shall hear and see;
What harmony will there abound,
When souls unnumbered sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found!

3 Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be my home;
And may I never thence remove,
Till from the Church below
To that on high I go,
And there commune in perfect love.

Rev. Joseph Swain. (1761—1796.) 1792. ab. and alt.

LYONS. 5, 5, 6, 5. Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1770.


1. O WORSHIP the King, All glorious above; O grateful-ly sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, The Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor, And girded with praise.

108 *The Majesty and Mercy of God.* Ps. civ.

2 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

3 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant. (1785—1838.) 1839. ab.

109 *Jesus worshipped.*

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious
And rules over all.

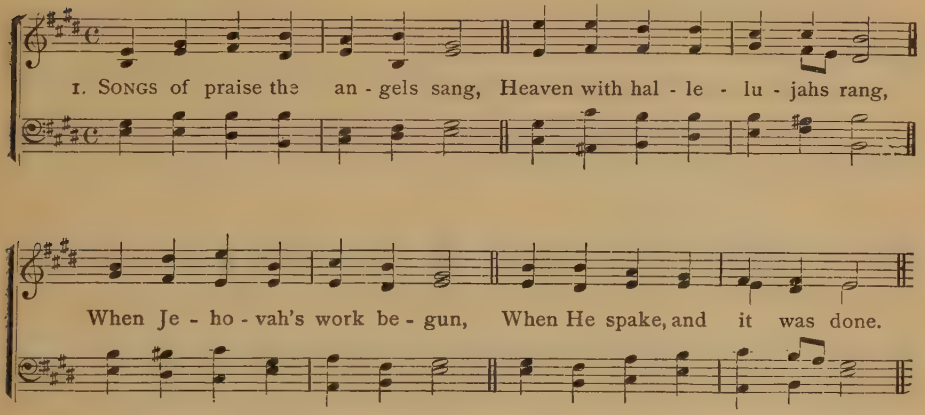
2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save:
And still He is nigh;
His presence we have.
The great congregation,
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,
All glory, and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing
And infinite love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1744.

ST. GERVAIS. 7. Arr. by Rev. William Henry Havergal. (1793—1870.)



110 "Glory to God in the highest." Luke ii. 13.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853.

111 *The unfailing Mercies of God.*

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored:
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

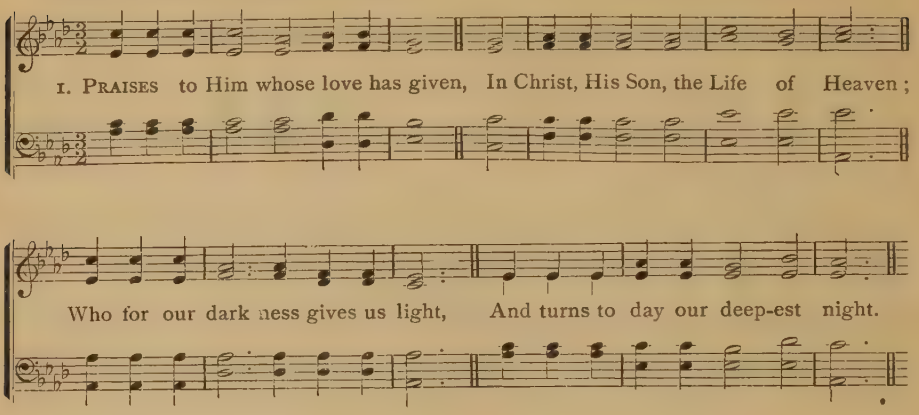
3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we all Thy glory see.

4 Then with angel-harps again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

5 Lord, Thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored.

Rev. Benjamin Williams. 1778. ab

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1832.


1. PRAISES to Him whose love has given, In Christ, His Son, the Life of Heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light, And turns to day our deep-est night.

112 *Praise for Salvation.*

2 Praises to Him, in grace who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.

3 Praises to Him the chain who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth its captives glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty.

4 Praises to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!

5 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To Thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1861. ab. and alt.

113 *"Vexilla Regis prodeunt."*

1 THE royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid;

2 Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

4 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung:
The price which none but He could pay
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

5 To Thee Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Venantius Fortunatus. (530—609.) c. 575.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. ab. & alt

114 *The Trinity humbly worshipped.*

1 FATHER of Heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

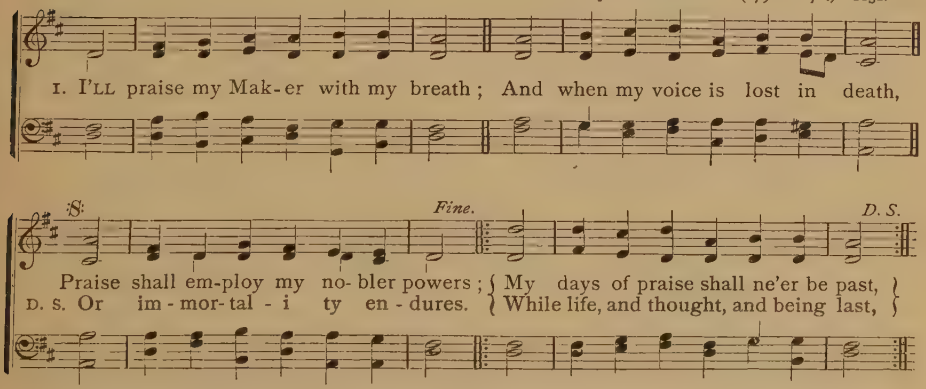
3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in one,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

John Cooper. 1810.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

From a Gregorian Chant.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.


1. I'LL praise my Mak-er with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death,
S.
Fine.
D. S.
Praise shall em-ploy my no-bler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
D. S. Or im-mor-tal-i ty en-dures. While life, and thought, and being last,

115 *God praised for His Goodness and Truth.* Ps. cxlvi.

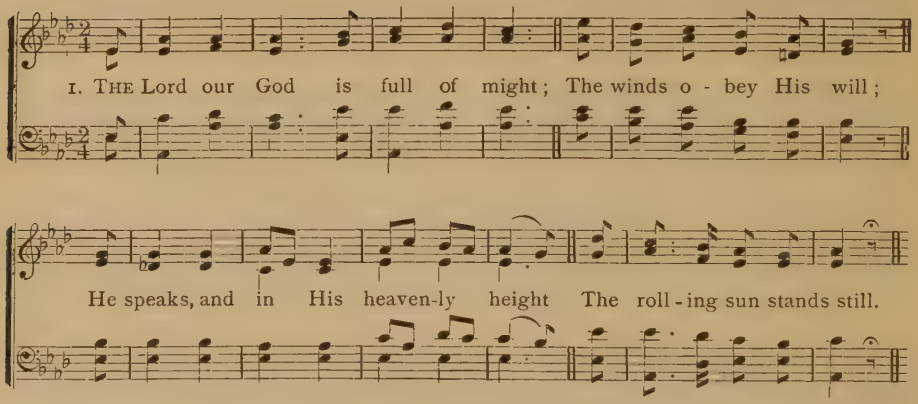
2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

HUMMEL. C. M. Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1832.


1. THE Lord our God is full of might; The winds o - bey His will;
He speaks, and in His heaven-ly height The roll - ing sun stands still.

116 *The Majesty of God.*

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force com-
Without His high behest, [bine;
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs wait His nod;
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate our God.

Henry Kirke White. (1785—1806.) 1806.

117 *The Divine Decrees.*

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Master's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to His throne a volume lie,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.

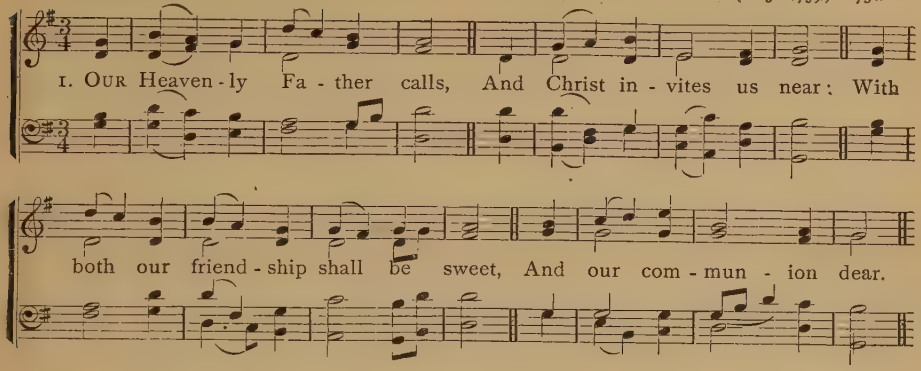
4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

6 In Thy fair book of life and grace
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1706. ab. and alt.

THATCHER. S. M. George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.) 1732.



118 *Communion with God and Christ.* 1 John i. 3.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 Jesus, my living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care;
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.

4 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.

119 *Abounding Compassion of God.* Ps. ciii. 8—12.

1 My soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

120 *"He knoweth our Frame."* Ps. ciii. 13—18.

1 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

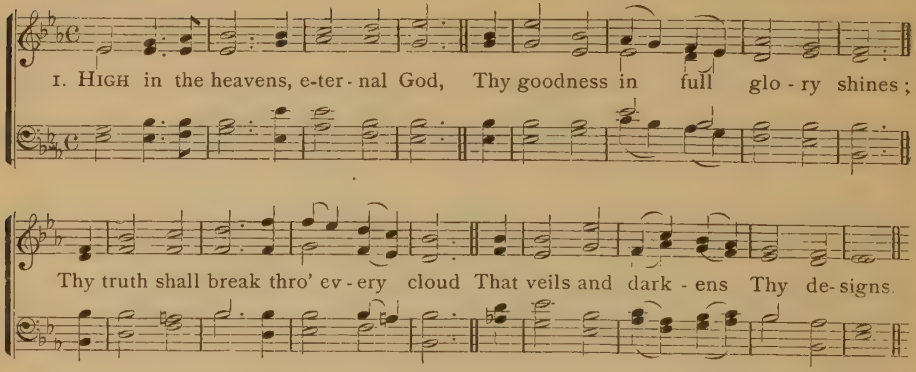
2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

TRURO. L. M. Charles Burney. (1726—1814.) 1760.


1. High in the heavens, e-ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo-ry shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev-ery cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs.

121 *General Providence and special Grace.* Ps. xxxvi. 5—9.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

4 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

122 *"Bless the Lord."* Ps. ciii.

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth His power confess;
Let the whole earth adore His grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

123 *God's unspeakable Glory.*

1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak His fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

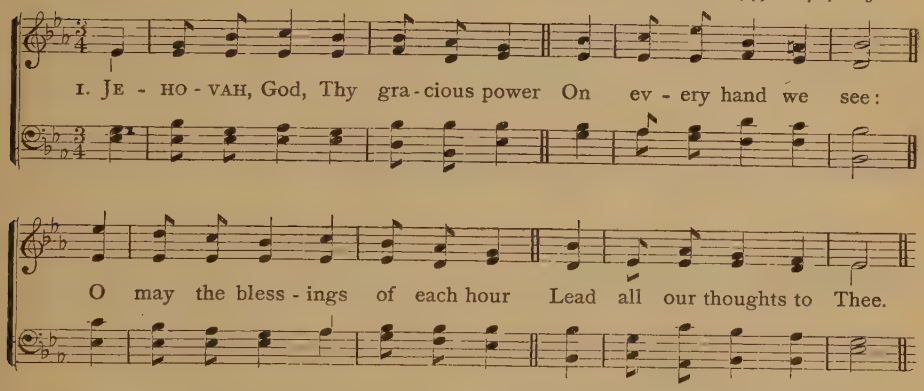
2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

Rev. Thomas Blacklock. (1721—1791.) 1754.

DOWNS. C. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.



124 *Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.* Ps. cxxxix.

2 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

3 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from Thee.

4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend.

Rev. John Thomson. (1782—1818.) 1810.

125 *Resignation to God's Will.*

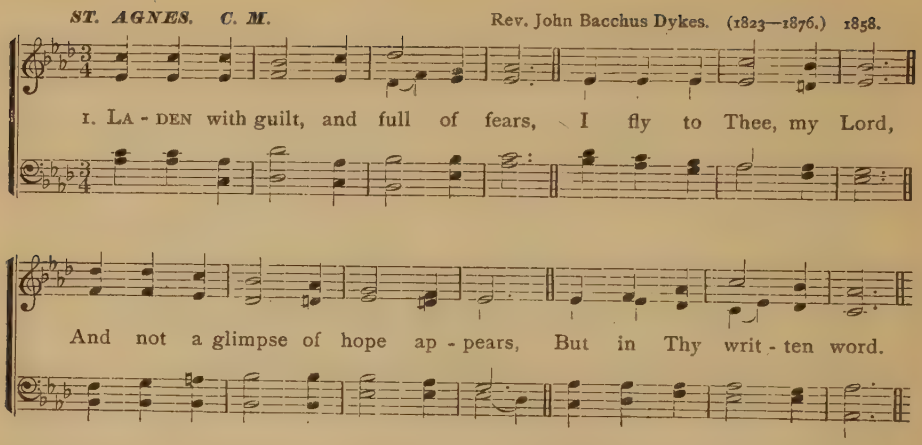
1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good, when He gives, supremely good;
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses, from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To His unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In Thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Rev. James Hervey. (1714—1758.) 1746. alt.


ST. AGNES. C. M.
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823—1876.) 1858.
1. LA - DEN with guilt, and full of fears, I fly to Thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope ap - pears, But in Thy writ - ten word.

126 *The Scriptures our only Help and Guide.*

2 The volume of my Father's grace,
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to Thy right hand.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

127 *The Light and Glory of the Word.*
Ps. cxix. 130. 2 Cor. iv. 4.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779. ab.

128 *A Lamp, and a Light.*
Ps. cxix. 105. 2 Tim. iii. 16.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given:
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

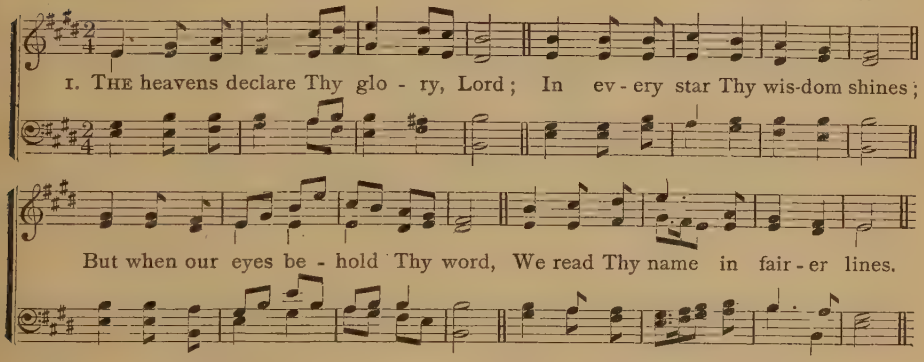
3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett. (1739—1817.) 1782. ab.

DUKE STREET. L. M. John Hatton. c. 1790.


1. THE heavens declare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - ery star Thy wis-dom shines;
But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.

129 *The two Revelations.* Ps. xix.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess,
But the blest volume Thou hast writ,
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, and feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

130 *God's Word our Guide."*

1 GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

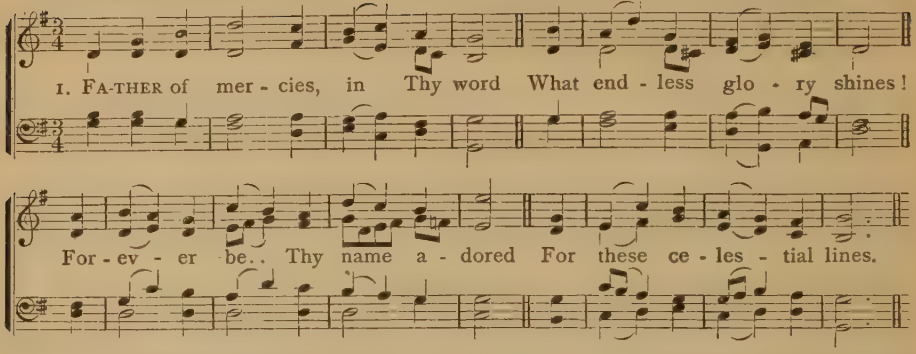
2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1717—1795.) 1787. ab. and alt.
Rev. Thomas Cotterill. (1779—1823.) 1819. ab.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. Rev. Thomas Haweis. (1732—1820.) 1792.



131 *The Riches of God's Word.* Ps. cxix.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760. ab.

132 "*Lamp of our Feet.*"

1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

4 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.

Bernard Barton. (1784—1849.) 1827. ab.

133 "*Hail, sacred Truth.*"

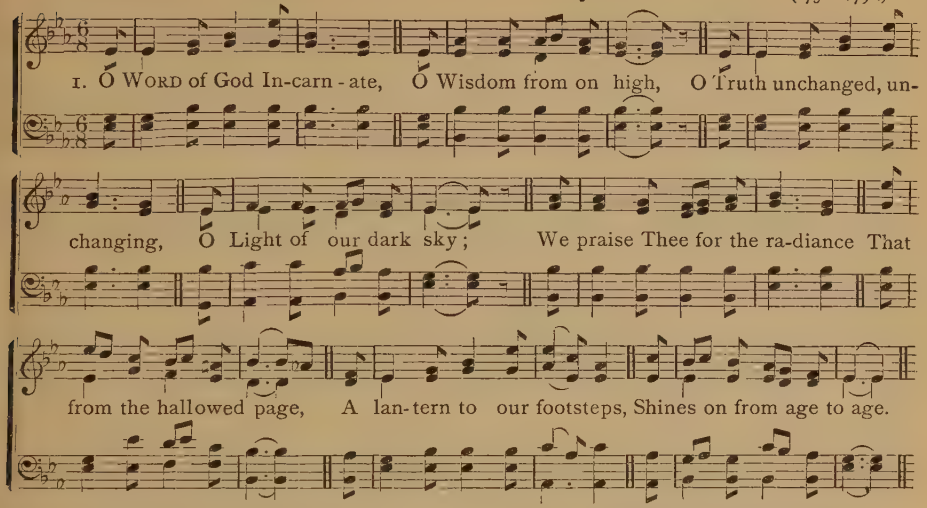
1 HAIL, sacred truth, whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing, o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, Thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send Thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of Thy grace.

John Buttress. 1820.

SALVATION. 7, 6. D. Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)


1. O Word of God In-carn - ate, O Wisdom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un-
changing, O Light of our dark sky; We praise Thee for the ra-diance That
from the hallowed page, A lan-tern to our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.

134 "*O Word of God incarnate.*"

2 The Church from Thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Thee, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quick-sands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

3 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

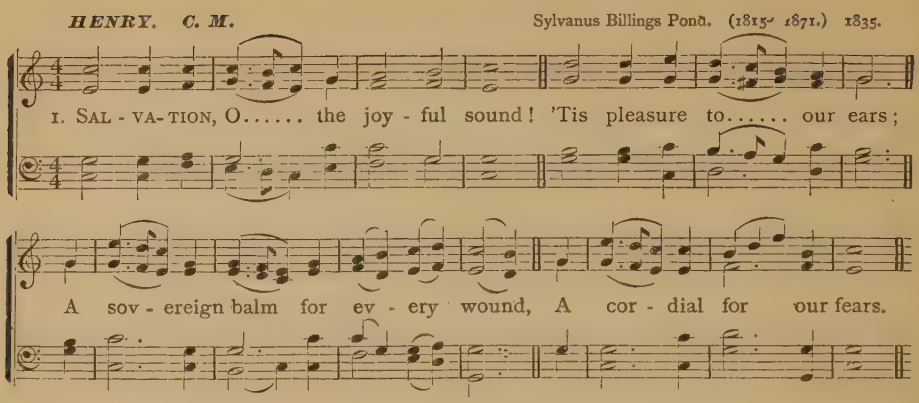
Rev. William Walsham How. (1823—) 1867.

135 "*Mighty to save.*" Is. lxiii. 1.

1 He comes in blood-stained garments;
Upon His brow a crown;
The gates of brass fly open,
The iron bands drop down;
From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While angels shout triumphant,
That Christ is Lord of all.

2 O Christ, His love is mighty,
Long-suffering is His grace;
And glorious is the splendor
That beameth from His face.
Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with Him above.

Mrs. Charitie Lees Bancroft. (1841—) 1860. ab.


HENRY. C. M.
Sylvanus Billings Pond. (1815–1871.) 1835.
1. SAL - VA-TION, O..... the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to..... our ears;
A sov - ereign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

136 *Salvation.*

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

137 *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

138 *"The Way, the Truth, the Life."* John xiv. 6.

1 THOU art the Way: To Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bp. George Washington Doane. (1799—1859.) 1824.

139 *Trust in Christ.*

1 O JESUS, when I think of Thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In Thee, and Thee alone.

2 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

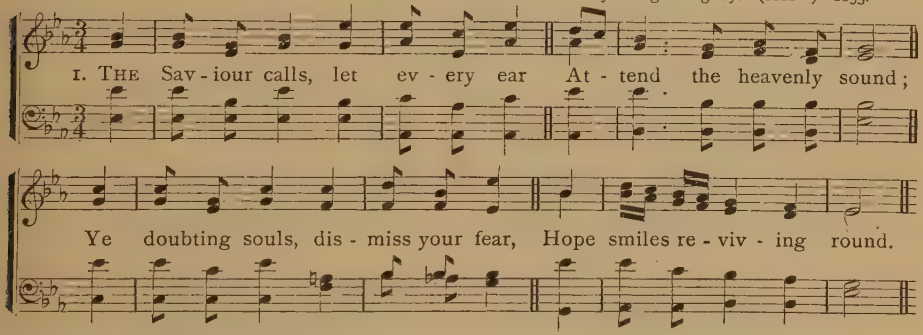
3 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin!
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

4 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my All in all."

Rev. George Washington Bethune. (1805—1862.) 1847. ab.

VALENTIA. C. M.

Traugott Maximilian Eberwein. (1775—1831.)
Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1853.


1. THE Sav - iour calls, let ev - ery ear At - tend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dis - miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.

140 "*The Saviour calls.*" John vii. 37.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760. ab.

141 "*The Incarnate Mystery.*" 1 Cor. i. 22—29.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly Love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?

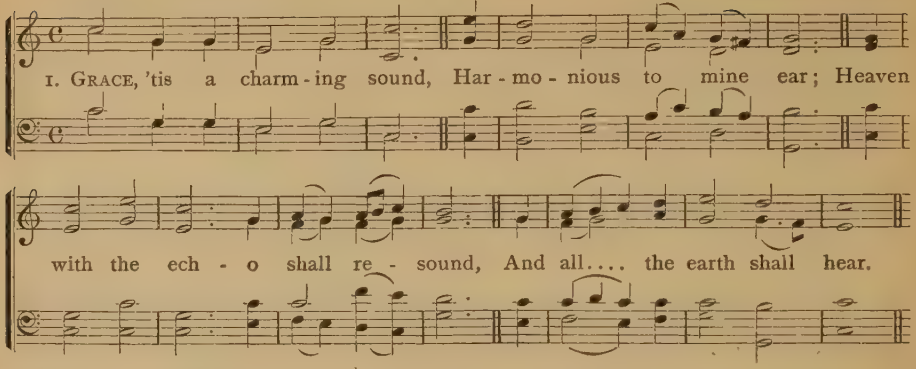
2 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

3 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sins.

4 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1 . ab.

SILVER STREET. S. M. Isaac Smith. 1770.



142 *Saving Grace.* Eph. ii. 5.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

143 "*The Song of Moses and the Lamb.*" Rev. xv. 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. William Hammond. (—1783.) 1745. ab. and alt.
Rev. Martin Madan. (1726—1790.) 1760. First 5 vs.

144 "*Sweet is Thy Mercy.*" Ps. cix. 20.

1 SWEET is Thy mercy, Lord;
Before Thy mercy-seat
My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word,
And owns Thy mercy sweet.

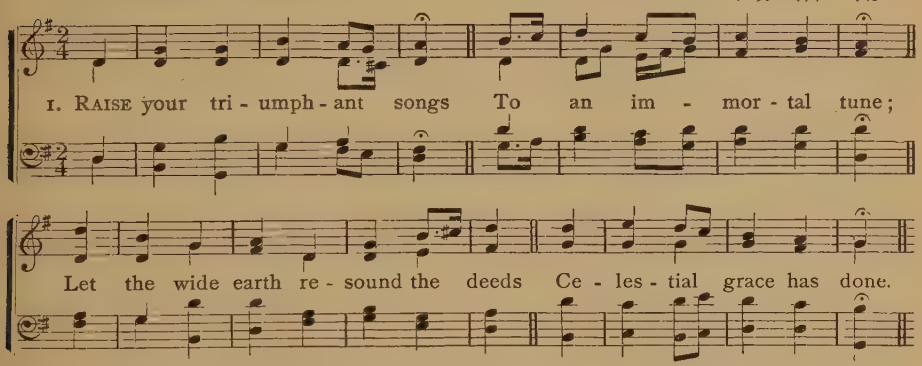
2 Where'er Thy name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest
And find Thy mercy sweet.

3 Light Thou my weary way,
Place Thou my weary feet,
That while I stray on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

4 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell. (1811—) 1862. ab.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. William Tansur. (1699—1774.) 1743.



145 *Christ sent to save us.*

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief belovéd chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

5 Lord, we obey Thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

146 *Christ our Righteousness.*

1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

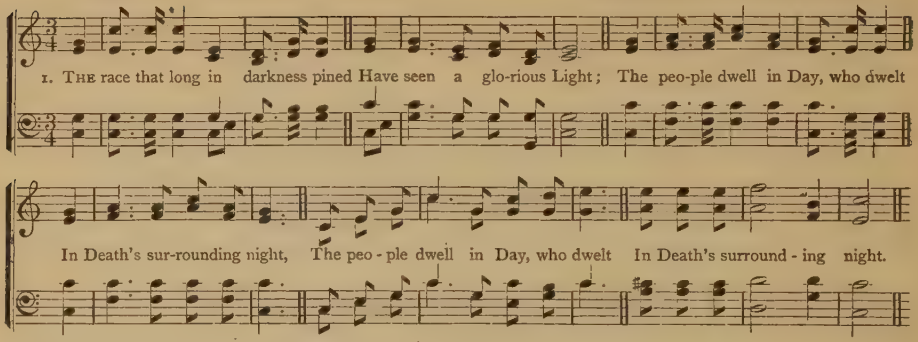
3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the curséd chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

ZERAH. C. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1837.


1. The race that long in darkness pined Have seen a glo-rious Light; The peo-ple dwell in Day, who dwelt
In Death's sur-rounding night, The peo - ple dwell in Day, who dwelt In Death's surround - ing night.

147 *The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.* Is. ix. 1—7.

2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And Peace abound below.

Rev. John Morrison. (1749—1798.) 1770. ab.

148 *Song of the Angels.* Luke ii. 7—15.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Tate and Brady's Supplemen.. 1703.

149 *The Saviour's Errand.* Is. lxi.

1 Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

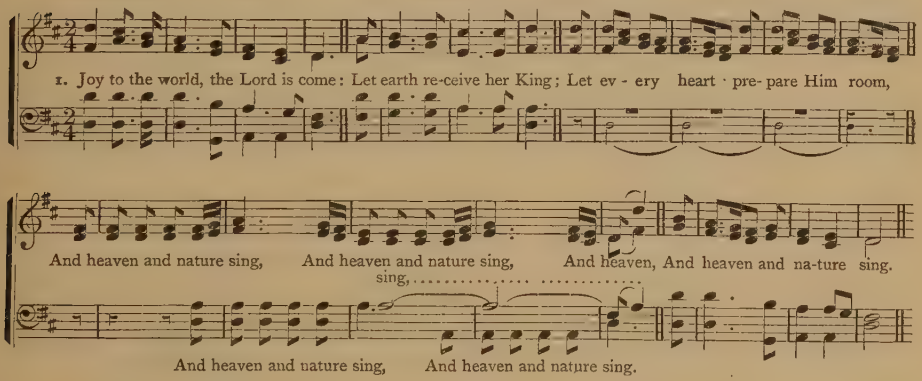
3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1735.

ANTIOCH. C. M. From George Frederick Handel. Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart · pre- pare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and na-ture sing.
sing,
And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.

150 "*Joy to the World.*" Ps. xcviii.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

151 *Christ's Coming.* Ps. xcvi.

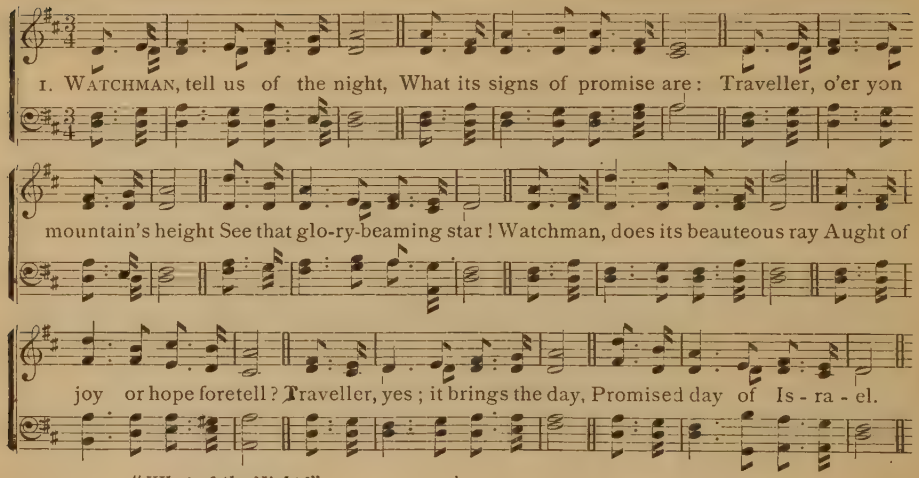
1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue:
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

3 Behold He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

MORNING STAR. 7. D. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.


1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are: Traveller, o'er yon
mountain's height See that glo-ry-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
joy or hope foretell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

152 *"What of the Night?"* Is. xxi. 11.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring. (1792—1872.) 1825. sl. alt.

153 *"The Herald Angels."*

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!

2 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1739. ab. and alt

154 *The Names and Offices of Christ.*

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born:
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful, names most high.

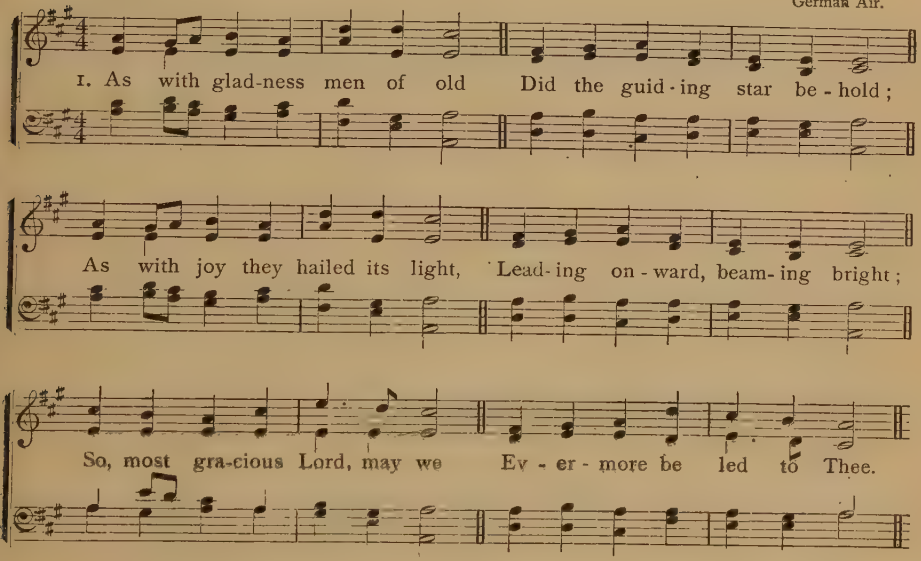
2 Wonderful in counsel, He,
The incarnate Deity:
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet;
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1853.

BETHLEHEM. 7. 6 l.

German Air.


1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.

155 *The guiding Star.* Matt. ii. 10.

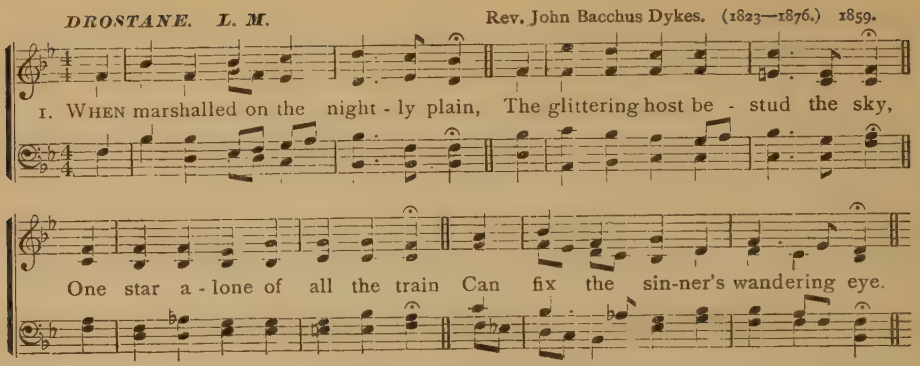
2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts more rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William Chatterton Dix. (1837—) 1860.


DROSTANE. L. M.
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823—1876.) 1859.
1. When marshalled on the night - ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky,
One star a - lone of all the train Can fix the sin-ner's wandering eye.

156 *The Star of Bethlehem.*

2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

Henry Kirke White. (1785—1806.) 1806.

157 *"Quæ stella sole pulchrior."*

1 What star is this, with beams so bright,
Which shame the sun's less radiant light?
It shines to announce a new-born King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed:"
And lo, the Eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

3 O Jesus, while the star of grace,
Invites us now to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well.

Prof. Charles Coffin. (1676—1749.) 1736. alt.
Tr. by Rev. John Chandler. (1806—) 1837. ab.

158 *The Birth at Bethlehem.*

1 When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

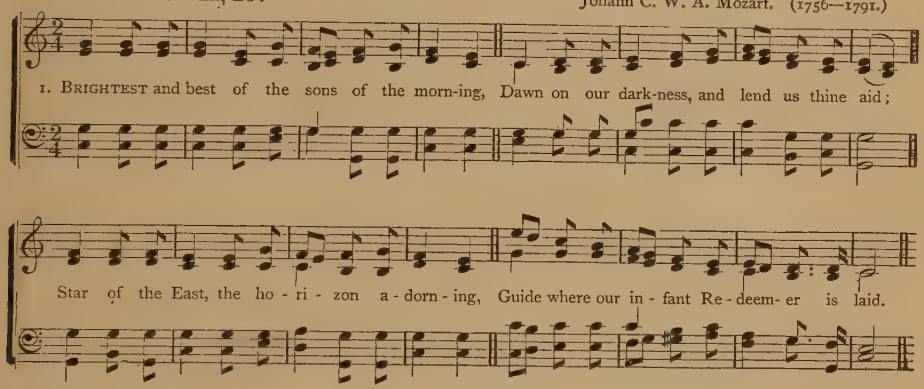
3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps, and sung:

4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
Renewed, creation smiles again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

Thomas Campbell. (1777—1844.) 1820. ab.

FOLSOM. 11, 10. Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)


1. BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem- er is laid.

159 "*Star of the East.*'

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

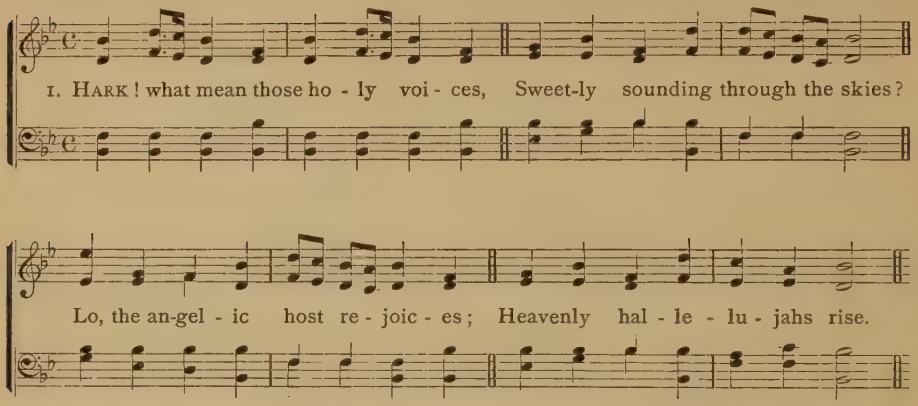
3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bp. Reginald Heber. (1783—1826.) 1811.

WILMOT. 8, 7. Carl Maria von Weber. (1786—1826.)


1. HARK! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sounding through the skies?
Lo, the an-gel - ic host re - joic - es; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

160 *The holy Voices.*

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing:
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy:
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most high.'"

Rev. John Cawood. (1775—1852.) 1819. ab.

161 *Desired of all Nations.*

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1744.

162 *Christ praised.*

1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

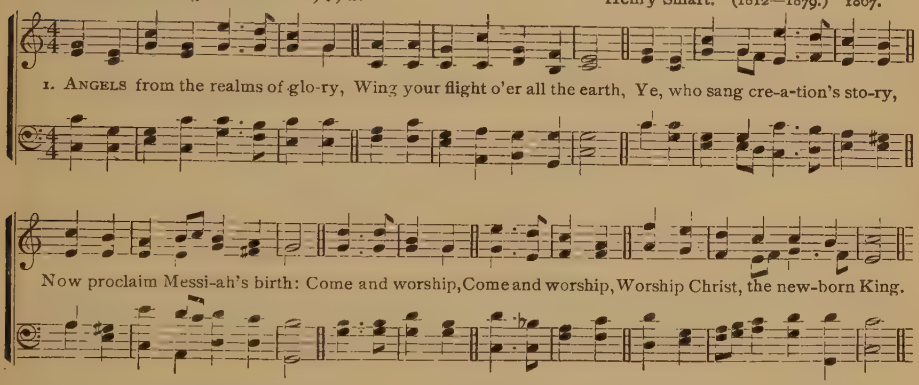
2 Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

4 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;
Be the Kingdom all Thine own.

Rev. Robert Robinson. (1735—1790.) 1774. sl. alt.

REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 4. Henry Smart. (1812—1879.) 1867.


1. Angels from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth, Ye, who sang cre-a-tion's sto-ry,
Now proclaim Messi-ah's birth: Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

163 "*Good Tidings of great Joy.*" Luke ii. 10.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you, break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1825. ab.

164 *Christ's Coming.*

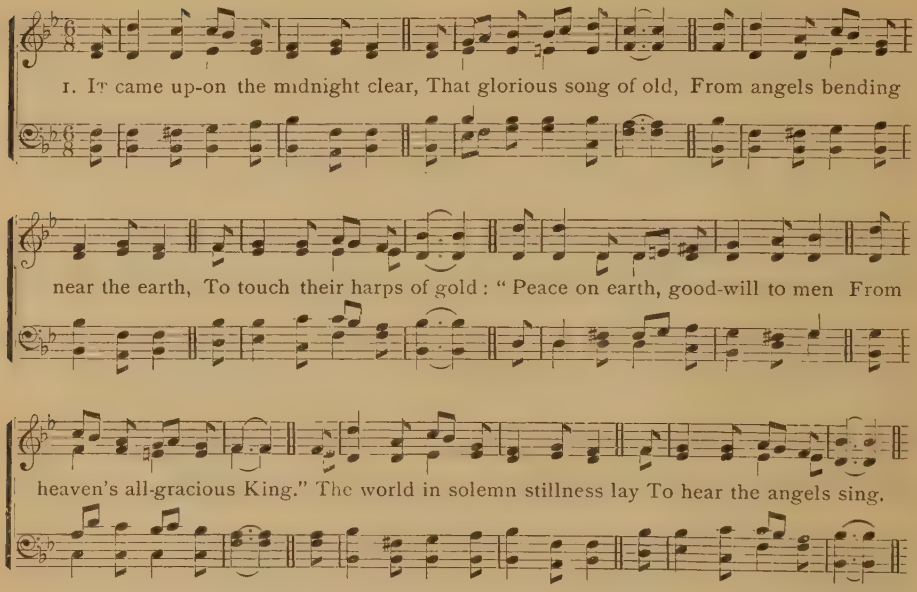
1 Jesus came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

3 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Hallelujah! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

Rev. Godfrey Thring. (1823—) 1866. ab.

CAROL. C. M. D. Richard Storrs Willis. (1819—.)


1. It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending
near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on earth, good-will to men From
heaven's all-gracious King." The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.

165 *Christmas Carol.*

2 Still thro' the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For lo, the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears. (1810—). 1850

166 *Christmas Song.*

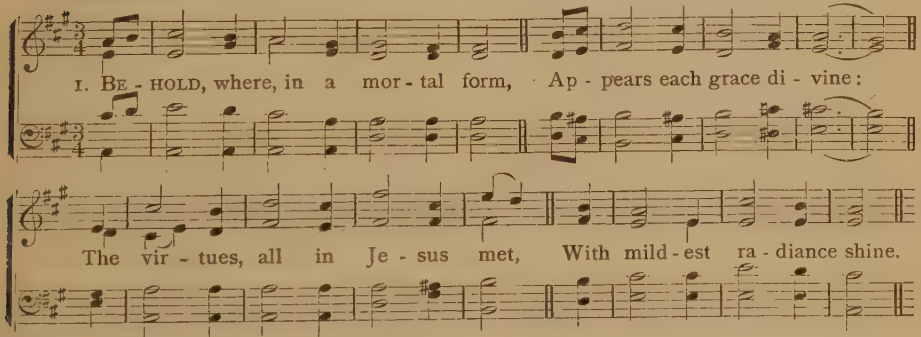
1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 Glory to God! the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears. 1835. ab.

MANOAH. C. M. Arr. from Gioacchimo Rossini. (1792—1868.)



167 *"Who went about doing Good."* Acts x. 38.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all His friends
A Friend and Servant found,
He washed their feet, He wiped their [tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life:
He labored for their good.

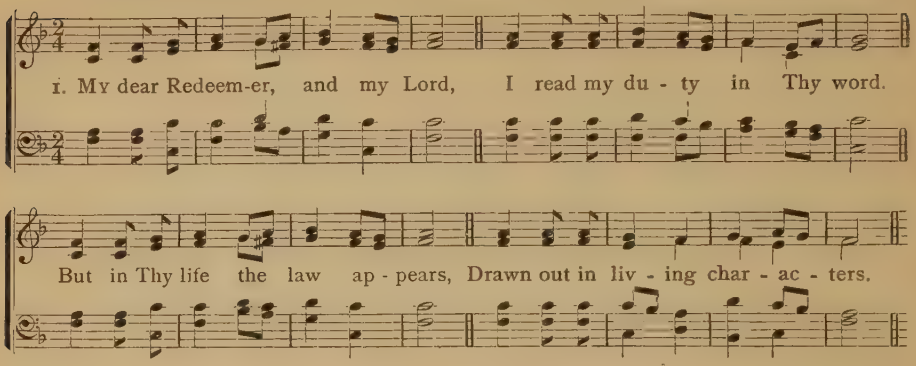
5 To God He left His righteous cause,
And still His task pursued;
With humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renewed.

6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear;
O may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

Prof. William Enfield. (1741—1797.) 1771. alt.

HAMBURG. (GREGORIAN.) L. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1825.



168 *Christ's Example.* 1 Pet. ii. 21.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

169 *Christ in the Desert.*

1 AWHILE in spirit, Lord, to Thee
Into the desert would we flee;
Awhile upon the barren steep
Thy Fast with Thee in spirit keep;

2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn
The daily snares of sin to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
Man liveth not by bread alone.

3 And while at Thy command we pray,
Give us our bread from day to day,
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
Thou Word of God, Thou Living Bread.

4 Incarnate Lord, we come to Thee,
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Be Thou our Helper in the strife,
Be Thou our True, our inward Life.

Rev. Joseph Francis Thrupp. 1860?

170 *Christ's Works of Mercy.*

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er He went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld His face, for He was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.

3 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
With melancholy transport smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

4 His touch the outcast leper healed,
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;
Warm tears o'er Lazarus He shed,
Then spake the word that raised the dead.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1797. ab.

171 *The Meekness of Christ.* L. M.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God.

2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?

3 O who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

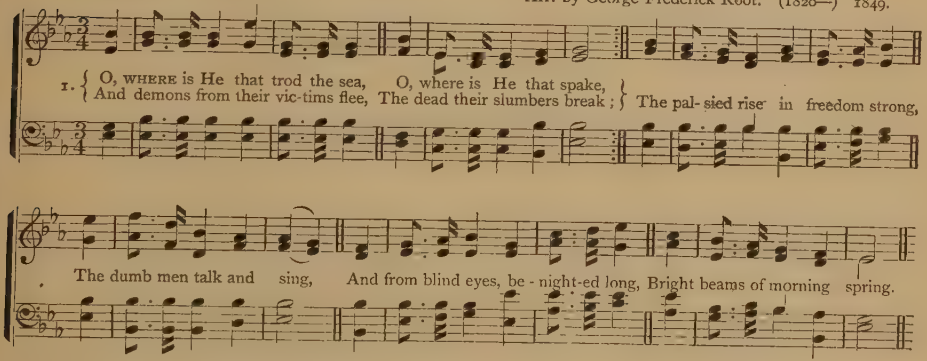
4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee,
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever, on the road,
To trace Thy footsteps, O my God.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. (1818—) 1840. ab.

VARINA. C. M. D.

Johann C. H. Rink. (1770—1846.)
Arr. by George Frederick Root. (1820—) 1849.


1. O, WHERE is He that trod the sea, O, where is He that spake,
And demons from their vic-tims flee, The dead their slumbers break; The pal-sied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing, And from blind eyes, be-night-ed long, Bright beams of morning spring.

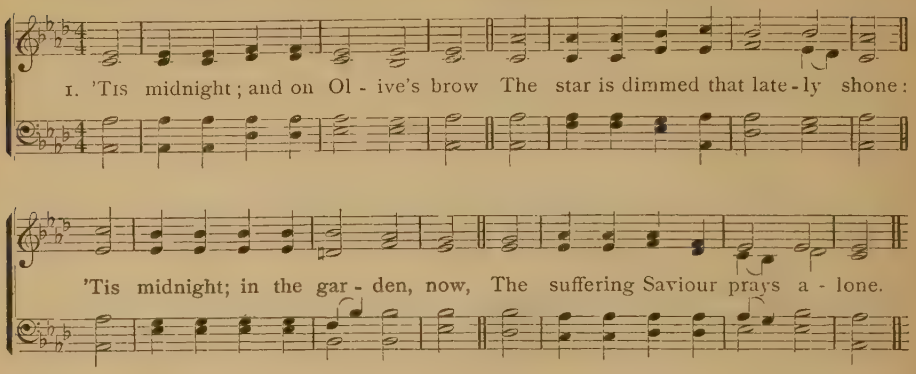
172 *"O, where is He that trod the Sea?"*

2 O, where is He that trod the sea,
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon with food celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take; [bread,
'Twas springtide when He blest the
And harvest when He brake.

3 O, where is He that trod the sea,
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all Thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased, or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," said Christ, "I come."

Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch. (1818—1871.) 1855. ab.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1853.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.

173 *Christ in Gethsemane.*

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Rev. William Bingham Tappan. (1794—1849.) 1819.

174 *"Behold the Man!"*

1 Ye that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of Griefs condemned for you:
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear;
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His blood.

3 See there, His temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from His side.

4 O Thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth Thy heart to sinners move:
Sprinkle on us Thy precious blood,
And melt us with Thy dying love.

5 The rocks could feel Thy powerful death,
And tremble and asunder part:
O rend with Thine expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

175 *Gazing upon the Cross.*

1 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

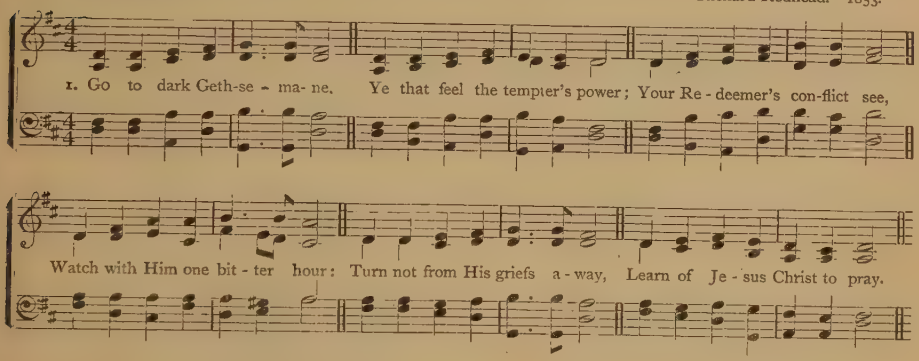
3 O Holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And, in the mystery of Thy death,
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

Rev. William Walsham How. (1823—) 1854.

REDHEAD. 7. 6 l.

Richard Redhead. 1853.


1. Go to dark Geth-se - ma- ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Re - deemer's con-flict see,
Watch with Him one bit - ter hour: Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

176 *Christ our Example in Suffering.*

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that Miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822, 1853.

177 *"By Thy Night of Agony."*

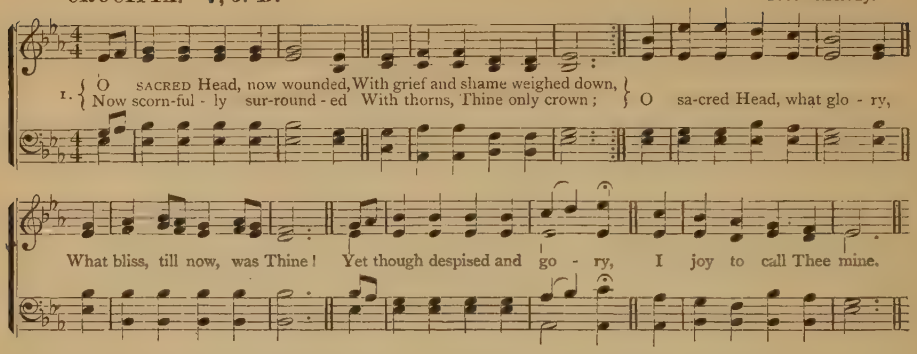
1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

2 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

Rev. Isaac Williams. (1802—1865.) 1844. ab. and alt.

CRUCIFIX. 7, 6. D. Greek Melody.


1. O SACRED Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn-ful - ly sur-round - ed With thorns, Thine only crown; O sa-cred Head, what glo - ry,
What bliss, till now, was Thine! Yet though despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

178 *"Salve, caput cruentatum."*

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux. (1091—1153.)
Rev. Paul Gerhardt. (1606—1676.) 1659.
Rev. James Waddell Alexander. (1804—1859.) 1849. ab.

179 *Standing at the Door.*

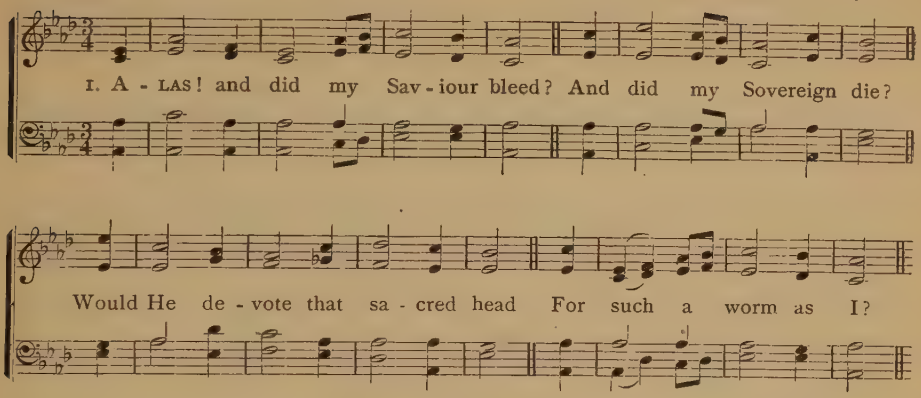
1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

Rev. William Walsham How. (1823—) 1854.

AVON. (MARTYRDOM.) C. M. Hugh Wilson. 1768.



180 *Godly Sorrow in View of Christ's Sufferings.*

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, mine eyes, to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

181 *Kneeling at the Cross.*

1 O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head,
And all Thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear Thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from Thy dying eye,
And from each piercéd hand.

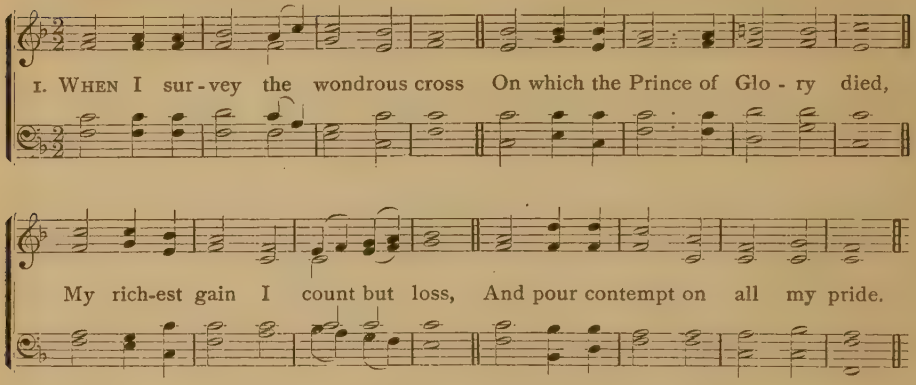
4 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on Thee.

5 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, Thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

6 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On Thy great judgment-day.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1867

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. Henry Kemble Oliver. (1800—) 1832.


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

182 *Crucifixion to the World.*

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1672—1748.) 1709.

183 *"'Tis finished!"* John xix. 30.

1 "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head, and died:
"'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished! all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient Prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished! this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this My last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1778. ab.

184 *"Our Lord is crucified."*

1 O come, and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed; [dried;
His throat with parching thirst is
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab. and alt.

185 *The Song of Songs.*

1 COME, let us sing the song of songs,
The saints in heaven began the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls at His soul's price to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1853. ab. and alt.

186 *Our Priest and King.*

1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of noble praise above.

2 'Twas He who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His precious blood;
'Tis He who makes us priests and kings
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
He now displays His pard'ning love.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1707. ab. and sl. alt.

187 *The enthroned High Priest.*

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands, [hands,
The house of God not made with
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

2 He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

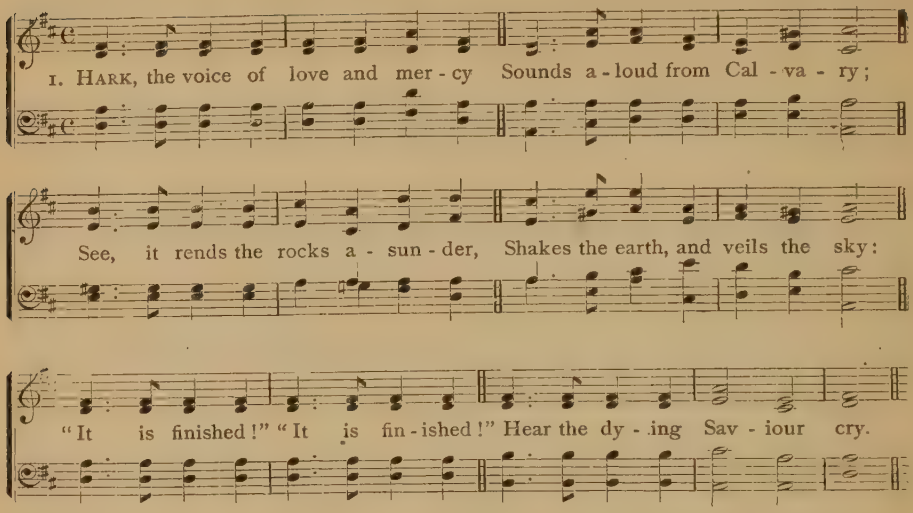
4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce. (1745—1767.) 1781

BREST. 8, 7, 4. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1836.


1. HARK, the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;
See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!" "It is fin - ished!" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.

188 "*It is finished!*"

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. Jonathan Evans. (1749—1809.) 1787. ab.

189 "*Thou art worthy, O Lord.*" Rev. iv. 11.

1 GLORY, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the cross!
Who redeemed our souls, by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us;
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus.

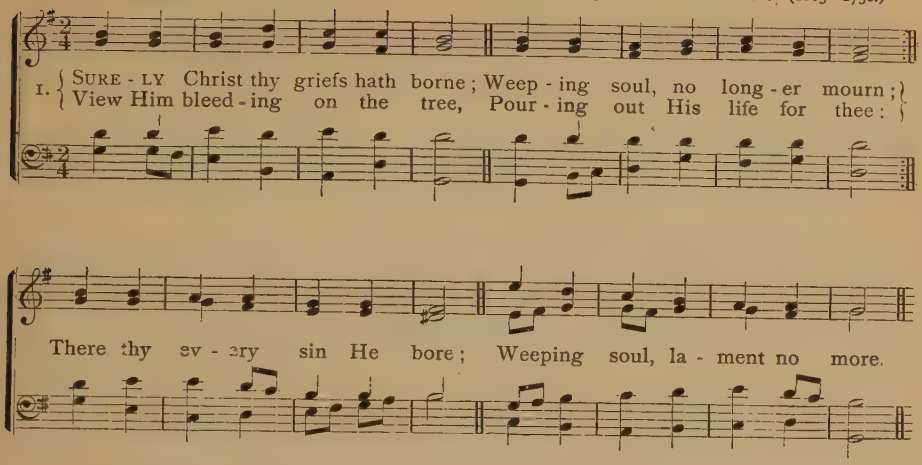
2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend:
Praise the Saviour!
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we "Everlasting glory
Be to God, and to the Lamb:"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1809.

MEINHOLD. 7. 6 l.

Arr. from Johann Sebastian Bach. (1685—1750.)


1. SURE - LY Christ thy griefs hath borne; Weep - ing soul, no long - er mourn;
View Him bleed - ing on the tree, Pour - ing out His life for thee:
There thy ev - ery sin He bore; Weeping soul, la - ment no more.

190 "*He hath borne our Griefs.*" Is. liii. 4, 5, 12.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice:
There the incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see;
There His Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

3 See thy God His head bow down,
Hear the Man of Sorrows groan;
For thy ransom, there condemned,
Stripped, derided, and blasphemed;
Bleeds the guiltless for the unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin.

4 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1759, 1770. ab.

191 *The Heart breaking before the Cross.*

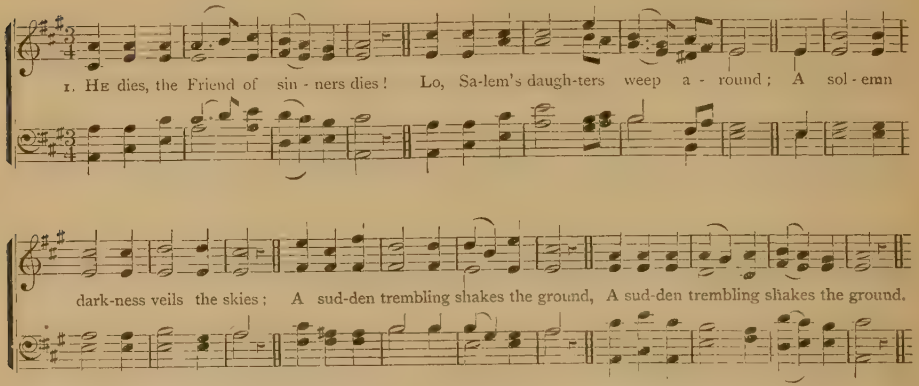
1 HEART of stone, relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued!
See His body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the Incarnate Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed Him there,
Crowned with thorns His sacred head,
Pierced Him with the cruel spear,
Made His soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man He dies.

3 Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all His wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Break, O break, my bleeding heart!

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1745 alt

PARK STREET. L. M. Frederick Marc Antoine Venua. (1788—) 1810.


1. He dies, the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo, Sa-lem's daugh-ters weep a - round; A sol - emn
dark-ness veils the skies; A sud-den trembling shakes the ground, A sud-den trembling shakes the ground.

192 *Christ dying, rising and reigning.*

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo, what sudden joys I see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to His Father's court He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

5 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1706. ab.
Alt. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.)

193 *Christ interceding.* Heb. vii. 25.

1 He lives, the Great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives;
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of His blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's loving face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

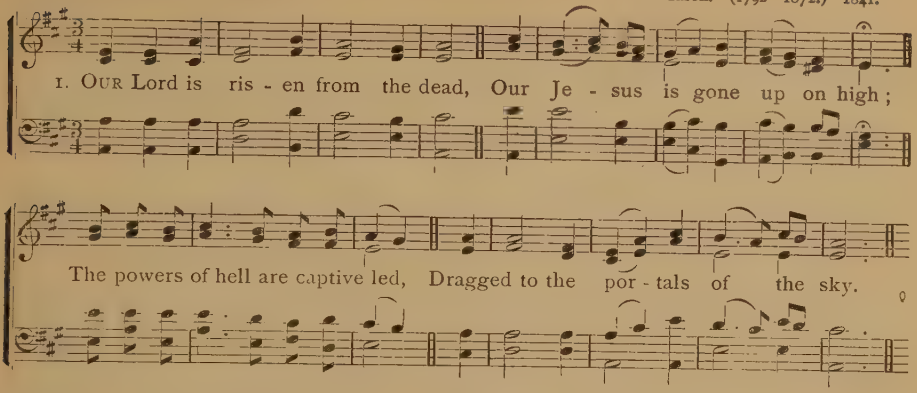
3 Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour;
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760.

MIGDOL. L. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1841.


1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky.

194 "*Our Lord is risen.*" Ps. xxiv.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in."

4 "Who is this King of glory, who?"
"The Lord that all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name."

5 Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

6 "Who is this King of glory, who?"
"The Lord of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels, too:
God over all, forever blest."

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1743. ab.

195 "*He lives.*"

1 "I know that my Redeemer lives:"
What comfort this sweet sentence gives,
He lives, He lives, who once was dead
He lives, my ever-living head.

2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

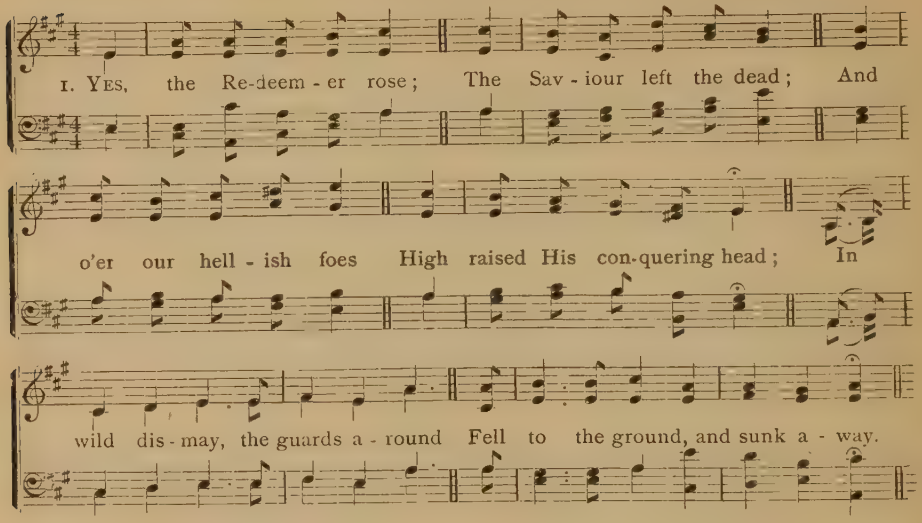
3 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

4 He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 He lives, all glory to His Name;
He lives, my Jesus, still the same:
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

Rev. Samuel Medley. (1738—1799.) 1789. ab. and sl. alt.

STOW. H. M. English Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1833.


1. YES, the Re-deem - er rose; The Sav - iour left the dead; And
o'er our hell - ish foes High raised His con-quering head; In
wild dis - may, the guards a - round Fell to the ground, and sunk a - way.

196

The Resurrection of Christ.
Luke xxiv. 34.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, to such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air:
Their anthems say, 'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead; He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry, 'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die.'

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who savest us with Thy blood!
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
And empires gain beyond the skies.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

197

Captivity led captive.
Ps. lxviii. 18. Eph. iv. 8.

1 THE happy morn is come;
The Saviour leaves the grave;
His glorious work is done,
Almighty now to save:
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Hail the triumphant Lord!
The resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred word,
Before Thy throne we bow:
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Rev. Thomas Haweis. (1732—1820.) 1792. ab

198 *The Work that saves.*

1 DONE is the work that saves,
Once and forever done;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one:
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.

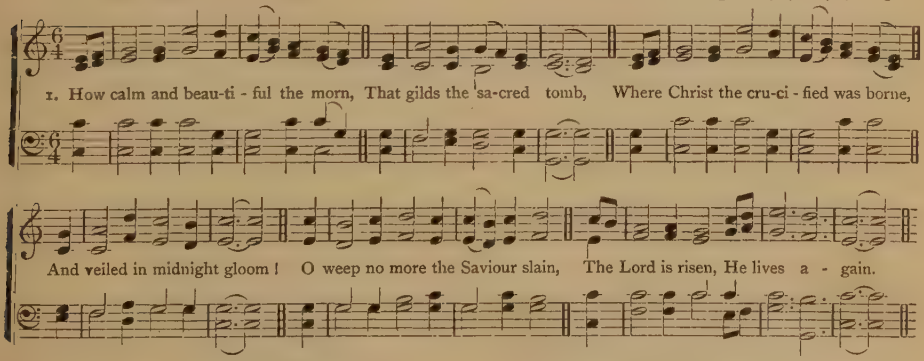
2 The sacrifice is o'er,
The veil is rent in twain,
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain:
Why stand we then without, in fear?
The blood divine invites us near.

3 The gate is open wide,
The new and living way
Is clear, and free, and bright,
With love, and peace, and day:
Into the holiest now we come,
Our present and our endless home.

4 Upon the mercy-seat
The High Priest sits within;
The blood is in His hand
Which makes and keeps us clean:
With boldness let us now draw near;
That blood has banished every fear.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1866. ab.

HASTINGS. *C. L. M.* Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1832.


1. How calm and beau-ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa-cred tomb, Where Christ the cru-ci - fied was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom! O weep no more the Saviour slain, The Lord is risen, He lives a - gain.

199 *The Sepulchre on Sabbath Morning.*

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place, He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

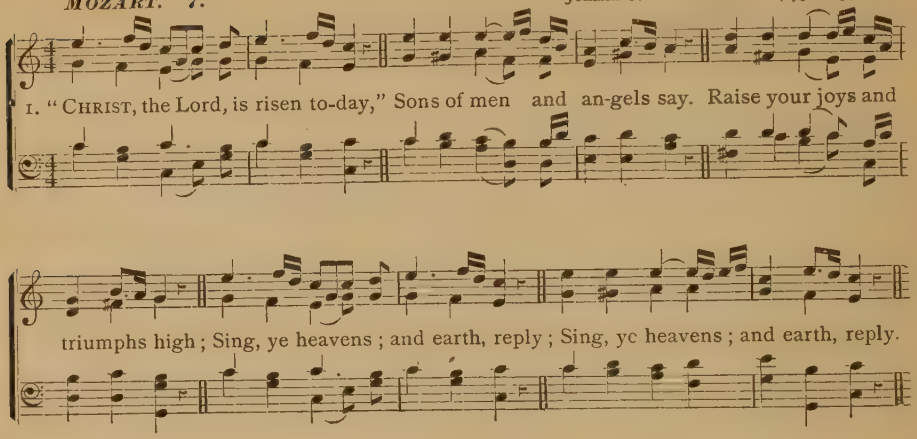
3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Thomas Hastings. 1832.

MOZART. 7. Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)


1. "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day," Sons of men and an-gels say. Raise your joys and
triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply; Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply.

200

"*He is risen.*"
Mark xvi. 6.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise:
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1739. ab.

201

"*Christus ist erstanden.*"

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain:
Hark, the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high.

2 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry.

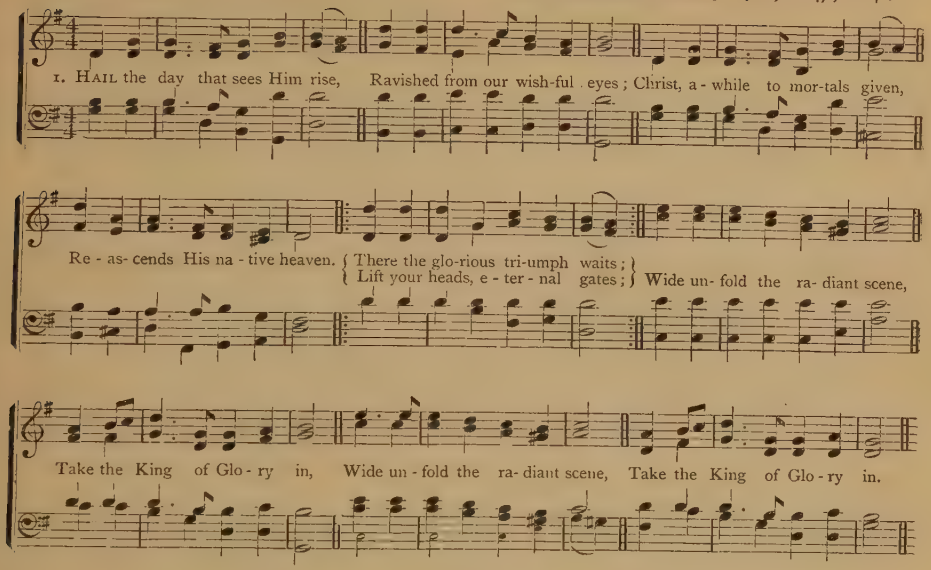
3 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings,
That the Lamb is King of kings.

4 Now He bids us tell abroad,
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven.

5 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away;
Let us sing by night and day.

Rev. Michael Weisse. (—1540.) 1531.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth. (1829—) 1858. ab.

HERALD ANGELS. 7. D. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. (1809—1847.) 1846.


1. HAIL the day that sees Him rise, Ravished from our wish-ful eyes; Christ, a-while to mor-tals given,
Re-as-cends His na-tive heaven. { There the glo-rious tri-umph waits; / Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates; } Wide un-fold the ra-diant scene,
Take the King of Glo-ry in, Wide un-fold the ra-diant scene, Take the King of Glo-ry in.

202 *Christ ascending.*

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves:
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

3 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1739. ab.

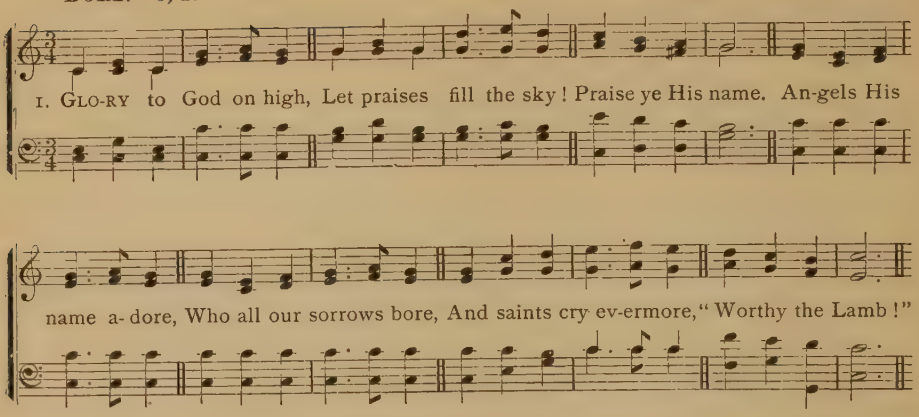
203 *The Shout of Triumph.*

1 SONS of Zion, raise your songs,
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His the victor's crown and fame,
Glory to the Saviour's name.
Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes;
Glorious is the work achieved,
Satan vanquished, man relieved.

2 Sing we then the Victor's praise,
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid Him welcome to His throne,
He is worthy, He alone.
Place the crown upon His brow;
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Him the brightest seraph sings,
Heaven proclaims Him "King of kings."

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1839.

DORT. 6, 4. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.


1. GLO-RY to God on high, Let praises fill the sky! Praise ye His name. An-gels His
name a-dore, Who all our sorrows bore, And saints cry ev-ermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"

204 "*Worthy the Lamb.*"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name.
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear fame abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 To Him our hearts we raise;
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye His name!
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising His name;
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Rev. James All (1784—1804.) 1761. ab.

205 *Praise to Jesus.*

1 COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what His love has done;
Trust in His name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears;
Dry up your mournful tears;
Join our glad theme;
Beauty for ashes bring;
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love
Dwell on His name;
There too may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Rev. James Boden. (1757—1841.) 1801. sl. alt.

206 *Christ ascending.*

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies;
Assume Thy right;
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light.

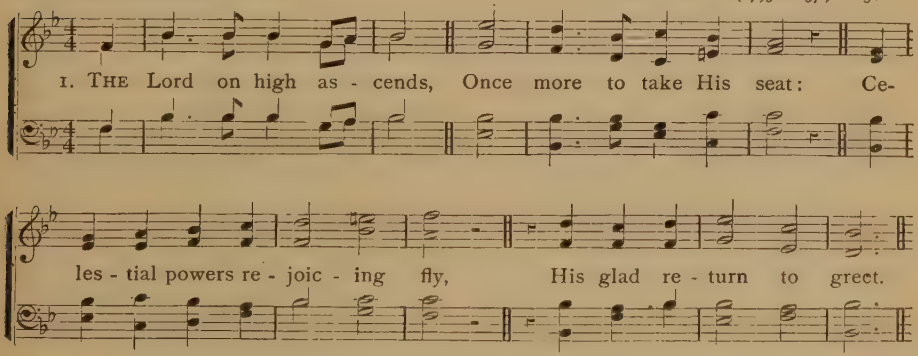
2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain.

3 Enter, Incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown.

4 Lion of Judah, Hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges. (1800—) 1848. ab.

ALEXANDER. *S. M.* Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1832.



207 "*Ascendens in altum Dominus.*"

2 The mighty battle gained,
The world's great Prince undone,
Before His Father He presents
The mortal palm He won.

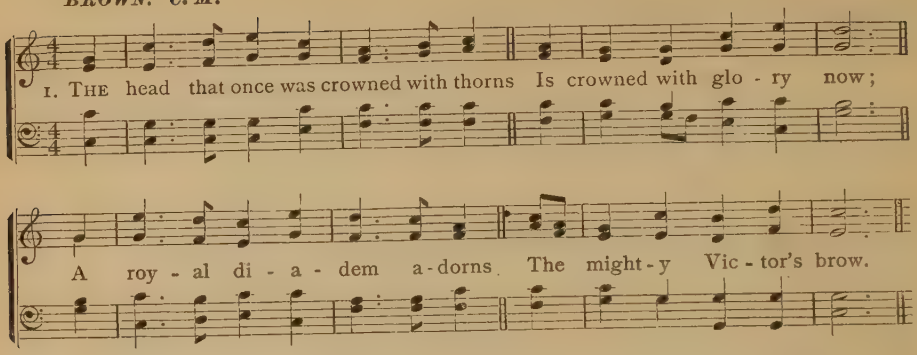
3 Upborne above the clouds,
Sweet hope He sheds on all;
He flings the gates of Eden back,
Shut fast by Adam's fall.

4 To our Redeemer's name
All thanks and praise be given,
That He hath borne our mortal shape,
To tread the courts of heaven.

5 May we, while waiting Christ,
To heavenly works arise,
And ever live such saintly lives,
That we may reach the skies.

Ambrose of Milan. (340—397.)
Tr. by Robert Corbet Singleton. 1870. ab.

BROWN. C. M. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1844.



208

"*Perfect through Sufferings.*" Heb. ii. 10.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1820.

209

The Gates opened.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

4 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the eternal King,
That lays His fury by.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

210

"*The Desire of all Nations.*" Hag. ii. 7.

1 INFINITE excellence is Thine,
Thou glorious Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at Thy feet;
To Thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In Thee their wishes meet.

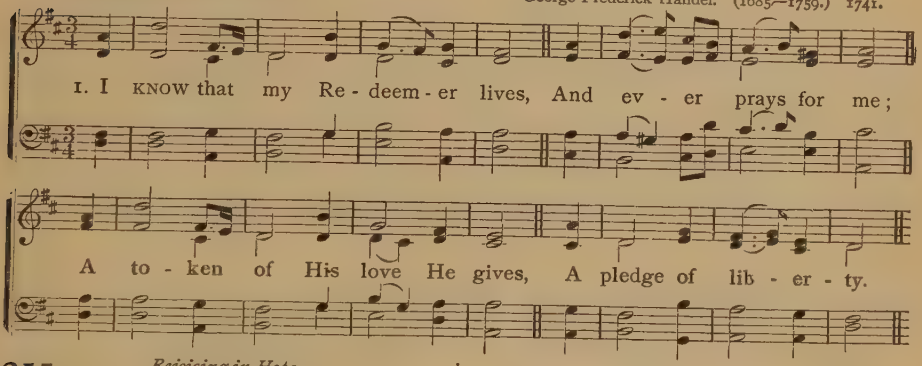
3 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thy exhaustless store;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph, and their joy;
They find their all in Thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett. (1739—1817.) 1782. ab.

BRADFORD. C. M.

George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.) 1741.



211 *Rejoicing in Hope.* Rom. xii. 12.

2 I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

212 *Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.* Heb. iv. 16; v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

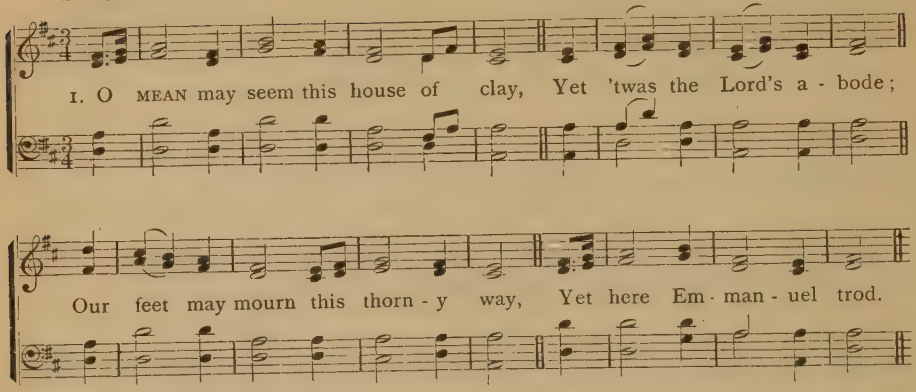
3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And, in His measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruiséd reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. alt.

SILOAM. *C. M.* Isaac Beverly Woodbury. (1819—1858.) 1842.



213 *Our double Kindred to Emmanuel.* 1 Cor. xv. 47, 49.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 O vale of tears no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O happy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emmanuel!

4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

6 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine!

Thomas Hornblower Gill. (1819—) 1860. ab.

214 *"Clothed with our Nature still."*

1 COME, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven, with all our names
Engraven on His breast.

2 Below He washed our guilt away,
By His atoning blood;
Now He appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, He knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which He Himself o'ercame.

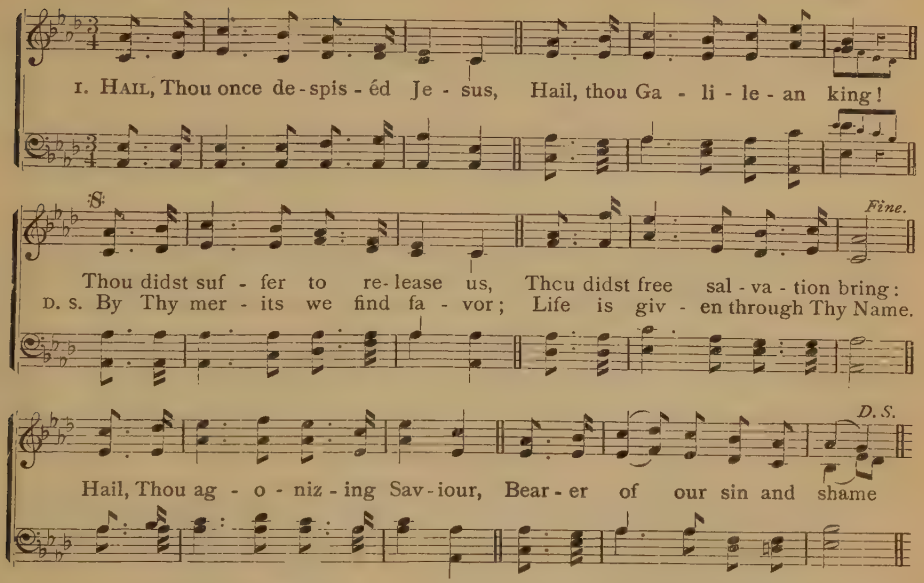
4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervors of His love;
For us He died in kindness here,
Nor is less kind above.

5 O may we ne'er forget His grace,
Nor blush to wear His name;
Still may our hearts hold fast His faith,
Our mouths His praise proclaim.

Rev. Alexander Pirie. (—1804.) 1786.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

Spanish Melody. From Marechio.


1. HAIL, Thou once de-spis-éd Je-sus, Hail, thou Ga-li-le-an king!
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us, Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring:
D. S. By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en through Thy Name.
Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame
Fine.
D. S.

215 "*Enthroned in Glory.*"

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

Rev. John Bakewell. (1721—1819.) 1760. alt.
Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1776.

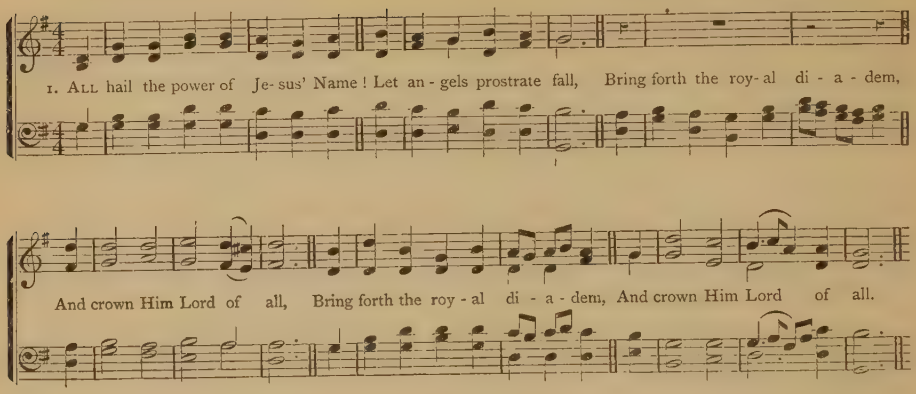
216 "*Thou art worthy.*" (Second Part of preceding Hymn.)

1 WORSHIP, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

2 Soon we shall, with those in glory,
His transcendent grace relate;
Gladly sing the amazing story
Of His dying love so great:
In that blessed contemplation
We for evermore shall dwell,
Crowned with bliss and consolation,
Such as none below can tell.

Rev. John Bakewell. 1760. alt.
Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. 1776.

CORONATION. C. M. Oliver Holden. (1756—1831.) 1793.


1. ALL hail the power of Je- sus' Name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy- al di - a - dem,
And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

217

"*Lord of all.*" Acts x. 36.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet. (—1792.) 1780. ab. and alt.

218

The Lamb worshipped by all Creatures. Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

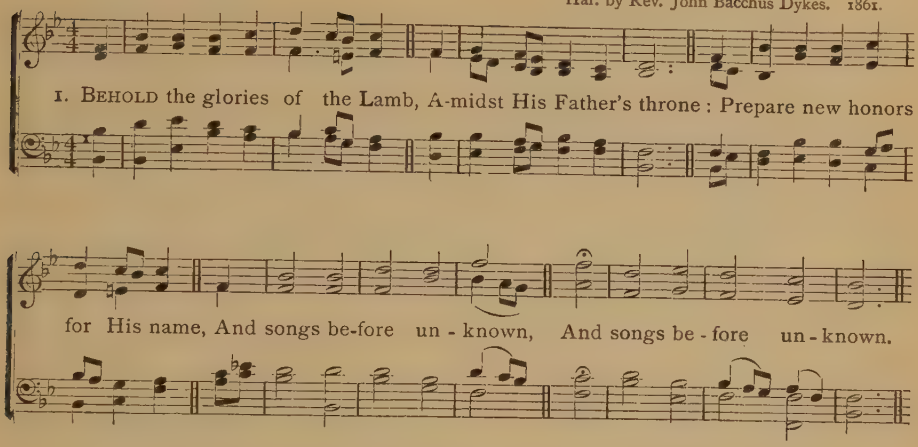
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

MILES LANE. C. M.

Rev. William Shrubsole. (1729—1797.) 1793.
Har. by Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.


1. BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb, A-midst His Father's throne: Prepare new honors
for His name, And songs be-fore un - known, And songs be - fore un - known.

219 *To the Lamb that was slain.*
Rev. v. 6—12.

2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on Thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with [blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

220 *"Our great High Priest above."*

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honors crowned;

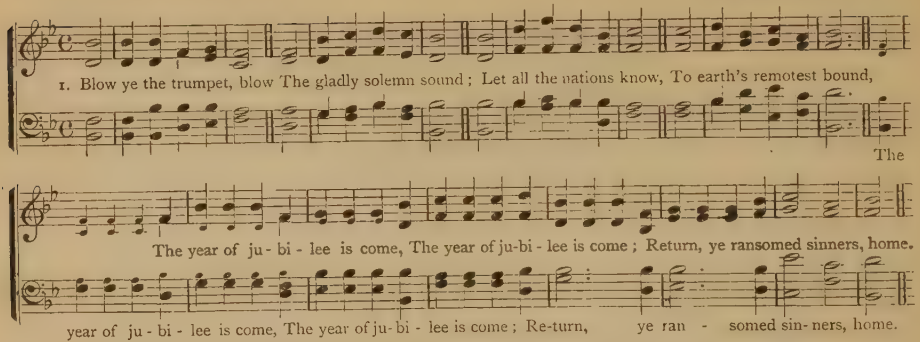
3 The names of all His saints He bears,
Deep graven on His heart:
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

LENOX. H. M. Jonathan Edson. 1782.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
The
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju-bi - lee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju-bi - lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran - somed sin- ners, home.

221 "*The Year of Jubilee is come.*"

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest.
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

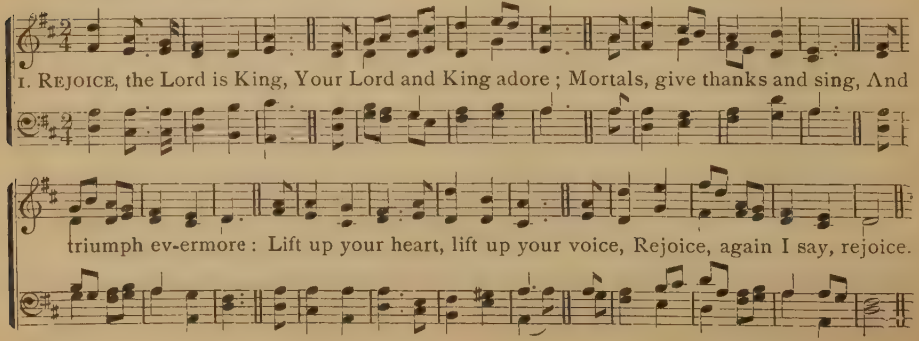
3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1750. ab.

WARSAW. H. M. Thomas Clark. 1804.


1. Rejoice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King adore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And
triumph ev-ermore: Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

222 *"The Lord is King."*

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

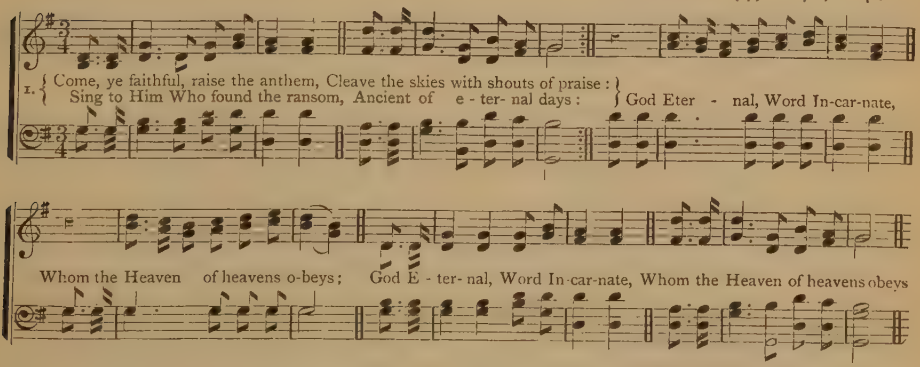
3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice.
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1748. ab.

HARWELL. 8, 7. 6 l. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1840.


1. Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem, Cleave the skies with shouts of praise:
Sing to Him Who found the ransom, Ancient of e - ter- nal days:
God Eter - nal, Word In-car-nate,
Whom the Heaven of heavens o-beys;
God E - ter- nal, Word In-car-nate, Whom the Heaven of heavens obeys

223 *A Hymn of Praise to the Redeemer.*

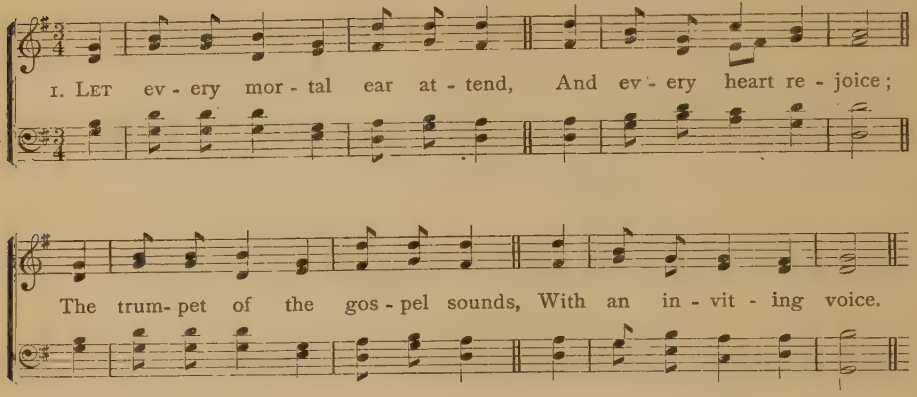
2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Forced the Lord of Life to die;
Lifted up the Prince of princes
On the throne of Calvary.

3 Now on those eternal mountains
Stands the sapphire throne, all bright,
Where unceasing hallelujahs
They upraise, the sons of light:
Zion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

4 Bring your harps and bring your incense,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day:
He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye.

Rev. Job Hupton. (1762—1849.) 1808. ab.
Alt. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851.

MARLOW. C. M. English Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.



224

Without Money and without Price.
Is. lv. 1, 2.

2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

225

Christ's Commission.
John iii. 16, 17.

1 Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless, was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.

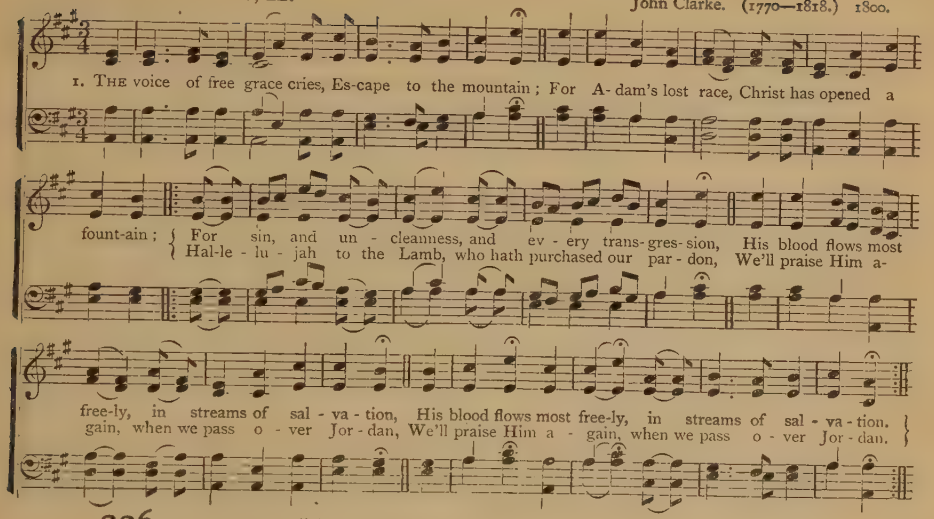
3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

SCOTLAND. 12, 11. John Clarke. (1770—1818.) 1800.


1. THE voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain; For A-dam's lost race, Christ has opened a
fount-ain; For sin, and un-cleanness, and ev-ery trans-gres-sion, His blood flows most
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our par-don, We'll praise Him a-
free-ly, in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most free-ly, in streams of sal-va-tion.
gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan, We'll praise Him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

226

"*The Voice of Free Grace.*"

2 Ye souls that are wounded, O flee to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy, 'tis infinite favor;
Your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain. Hallelujah, etc.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, He is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it, O trust in His passion,
He saves us most freely, O glorious salvation! Hallelujah, etc.

Rev. Richard Burdsall. (1735—1824.) 1796. ab. and alt.

227

"*The merciful Saviour.*"

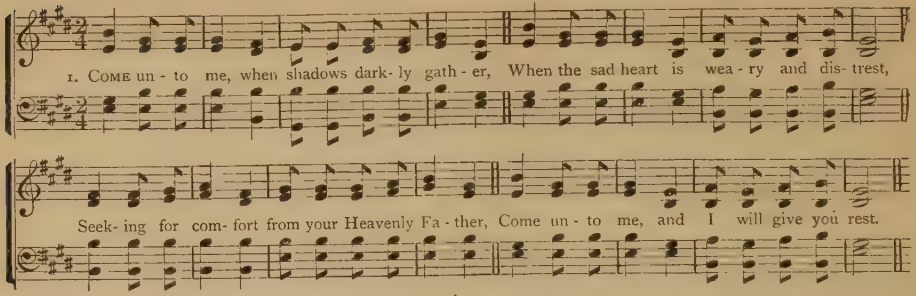
1 O COME to the merciful Saviour that calls you,
O come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above, where the sun never sets.

2 O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace.
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

3 Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
And fear not, 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab.

HENLEY. 11, 10. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1854.


1. Come un - to me, when shadows dark- ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis- trest,
Seek- ing for com- fort from your Heavenly Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

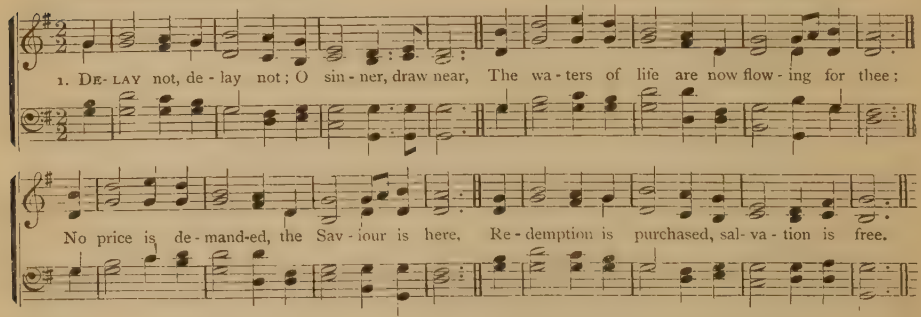
228 *Christ giving Rest.*

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, [dim,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling, [enly hymn.
Soft are the tones which raise the heav-

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness, [rudely pressed;
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too
Come unto me all ye who droop in sadness, [rest.
Come unto me, and I will give you

Unknown Author. 1854. ab.

EXPOSTULATION. 11. Rev. Josiah Hopkins. (1786—1862.) 1830.


1. De- lay not, de - lay not; O sin - ner, draw near, The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee;
No price is de - mand-ed, the Sav - iour is here, Re - demption is purchased, sal- va - tion is free.

229 *"Delay not!"*

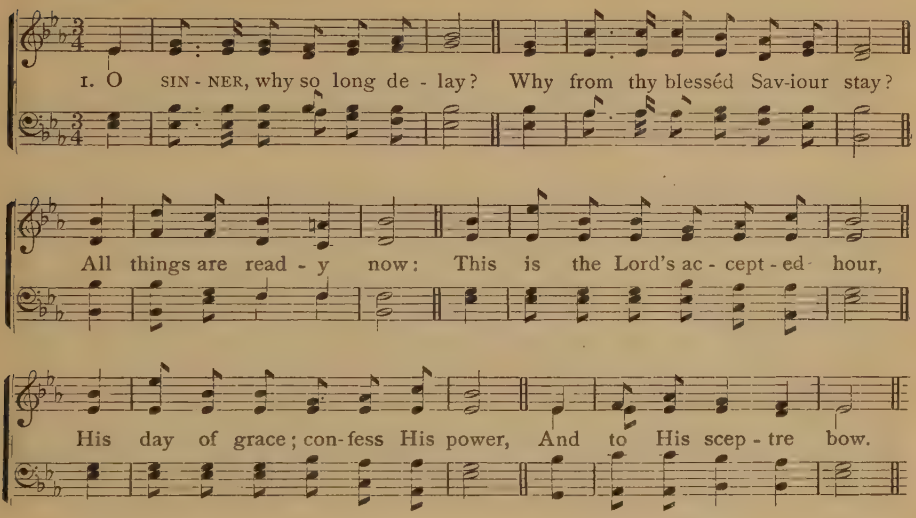
2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God? [refuse
A fountain is opened:—how canst thou
To wash and be cleansed in His pard-'ning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb, [away.
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace, [its sad flight;
Long grieved and resisted, may take
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1831.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.


1. O SIN - NER, why so long de - lay? Why from thy blesséd Sav-iour stay?
All things are read - y now: This is the Lord's ac - cept - ed hour,
His day of grace; con-fess His power, And to His scep - tre bow.

230 *The gracious Call.*

2 Why wilt thou thus His Spirit grieve;
Why wilt thou not at once believe?
Say wherefore dost thou doubt?
Come, weary one, to Him for rest,
O come to Jesus and be blest;
He will not cast thee out.

3 Come gladly now to Him who died,
Come to the Saviour crucified;
He waits with outstretched hands.
The nail-prints in those hands I see:
They plead with God, they plead with thee,
To join His chosen band.

4 Obey thy Master's gracious call,
Low at His feet for mercy fall;
He waits to welcome thee:
O sinner, ere it be too late,
Flee thou to mercy's open gate;
Christ waits to welcome thee.

Rev. Eli Corwin. (1824—) 1874.

231 *The Response.* Acts ix. 6.

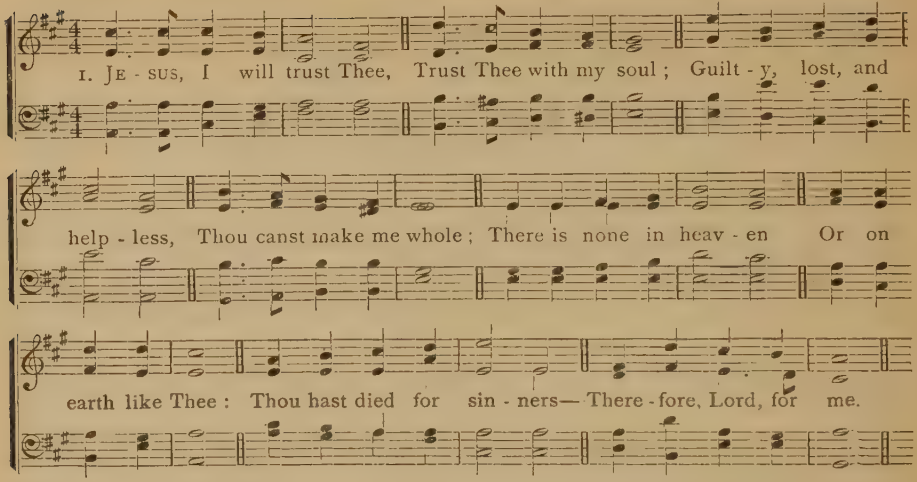
1 LORD, Thou hast won, at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to Thee;
Against Thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against Thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 If Thou hadst bid Thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
Come, take possession of Thine own,
For Thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by Thee.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab

HERMAS. 6, 5. D. Miss Frances Ridley Havergal. (1836—1879.) 1872.


1. Je - sus, I will trust Thee, Trust Thee with my soul; Guilt - y, lost, and
help - less, Thou canst make me whole; There is none in heav - en Or on
earth like Thee: Thou hast died for sin - ners— There - fore, Lord, for me.

232 *Trusting Jesus.*

2 Jesus, I may trust Thee,
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth!
Written, and for ever,
On Thy cross of shame;
Sinners, read and worship,
Trusting in that name.

3 Jesus, I must trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days:
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

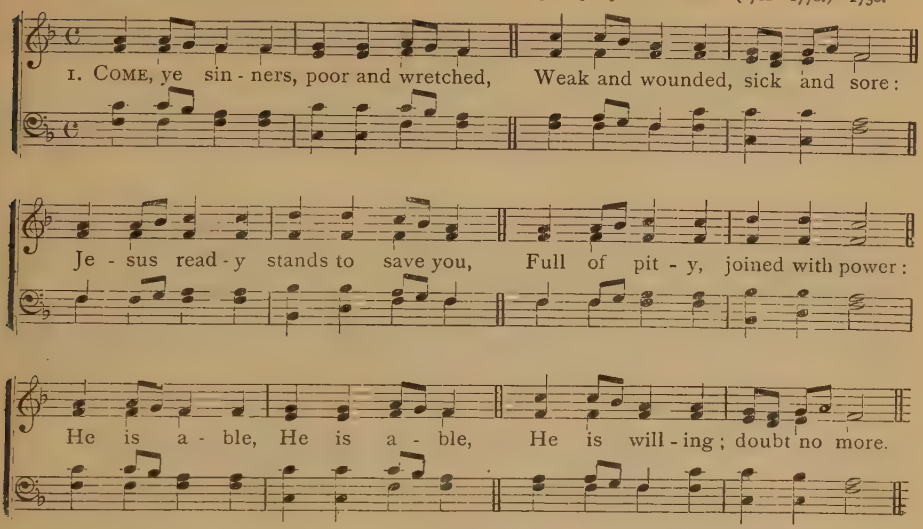
4 Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written Word,
Though Thy voice of pity
I have never heard:
When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet!
Only may I hearken
Sitting at Thy feet.

5 Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh,
Thou wilt not cast out;
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood,
Thou my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God.

Mrs. Mary Jane Walker. 1864.

ALVAN. 8, 7, 4. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1854.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4. Jean Jacques Rousseau. (1712—1778.) 1750.


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, joined with power:
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.

233 *"Come, and welcome."*

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Lo, the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Rev. Joseph Hart. (1712—1768.) 1759. ab.

234 *"Hear, and live."*

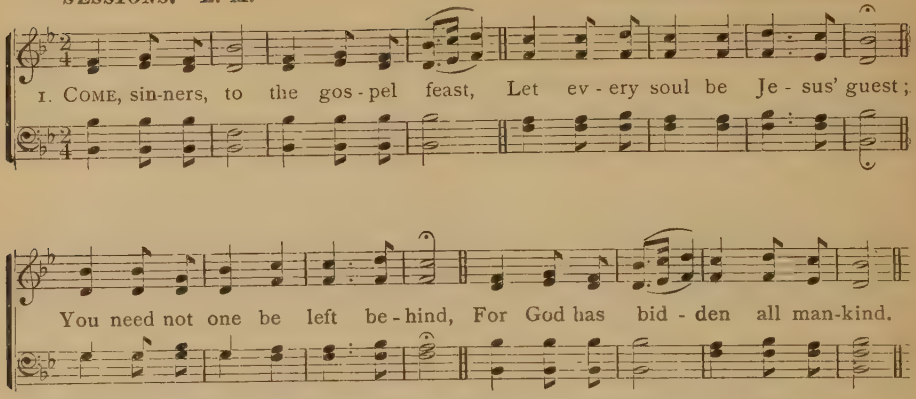
1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in His name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in His name."

3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Rev. Jonathan Allen. 1801. ab.

SESSIONS. L. M. Luther Orlando Emerson. (1820—) 1847.


1. COME, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev-ery soul be Je-sus' guest;
You need not one be left be-hind, For God has bid-den all man-kind.

235 "*The Gospel Feast.*" Luke xiv. 16—24.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world; come sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, then, ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1747. ab.

236 "*All Things are now ready.*" Luke xiv. 17.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss His late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.

3 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

4 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive, the lost is found!"

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1749. ab.

237 *No Hope after Death.*

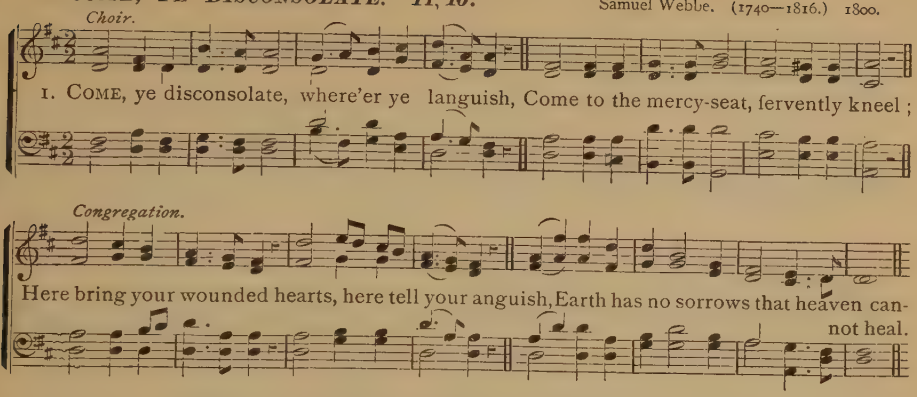
1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 Now God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Rev. Timothy Dwight. (1752—1817.) 1800. ab.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10. Samuel Webbe. (1740—1816.) 1800.


Choir.
1. COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Congregation.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrows that heaven can-
not heal.

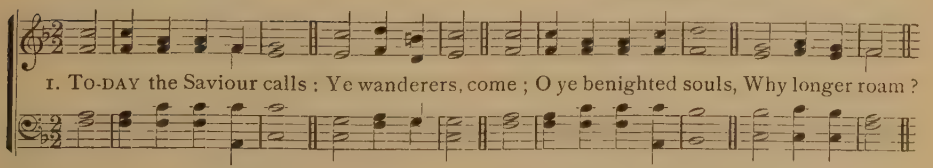
238 "*Come, ye disconsolate.*"

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore. (1779—1852.) 1816. vs. 1, 2. alt.
Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) v. 3.

TO-DAY. 6, 4. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1831



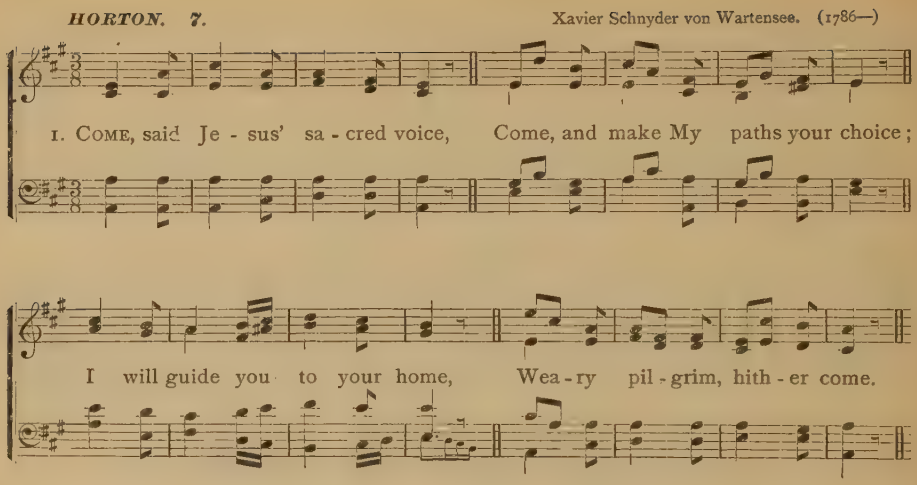
239 "*To-Day.*"

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith. (1808—) 1831.
Alt. by Thomas Hastings. 1831.


HORTON. 7.
Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee. (1786—)
1. COME, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.

240 *The gracious Call.*
Matt. xi. 28—30.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1825. ab. and alt.

241 *"Why will ye die?"*
Tune, MARTYN. 7. D.

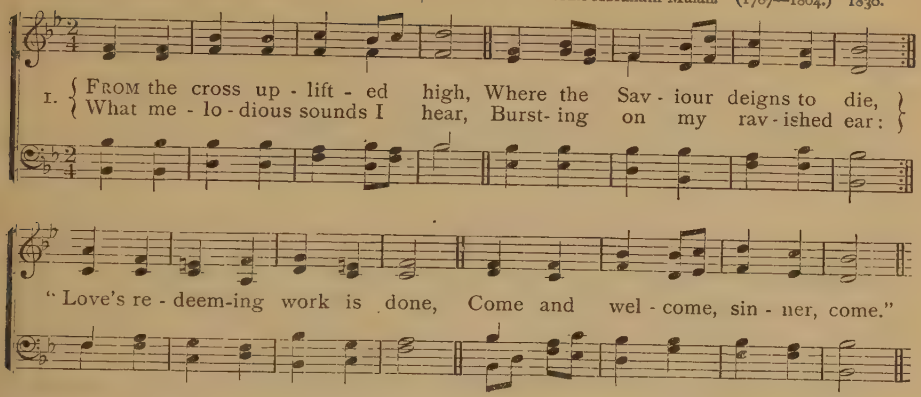
1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,
Why, ye thankful creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live:
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love:
Will you not His grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1745. ab

ROSEFIELD. 7. 6 l. Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1830.


1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - iour deigns to die,
What me - lo - dious sounds I hear, Burst- ing on my rav - ished ear:
"Love's re - deem-ing work is done, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come."

242 *"Let him come unto Me."* John vii. 37.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne;
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom prest,
Yet again a child confest,
Never from His house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

Rev. Thomas Haweis. (1732—1820.) 1792.

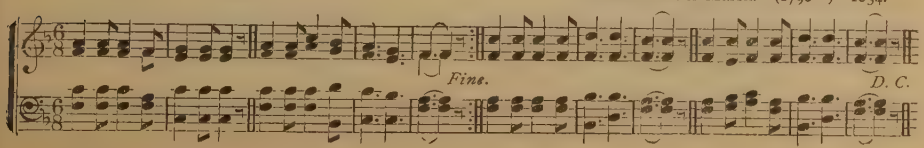
243 *"Take the Peace the Gospel brings."* Ps. cxxxv. 2.

1 Ye that in His courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

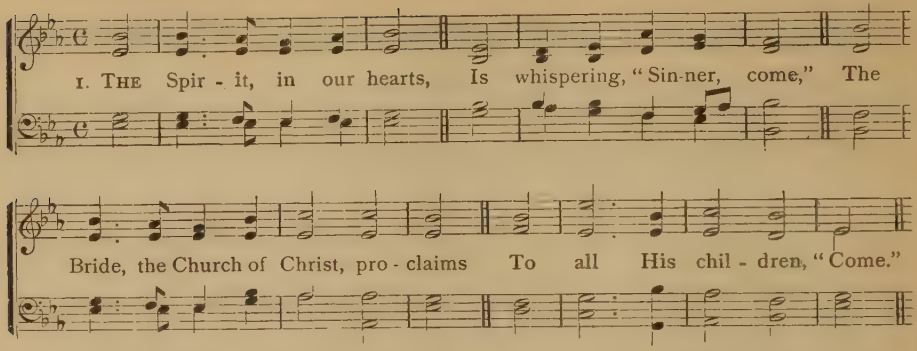
2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View His bloody sacrifice;
See, in Him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Rev. Rowland Hill. (1744—1833.) 1774.

MARTYN. 7. D. Simeon Butler Marsh. (1798—) 1834.



OLNEY. S. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.



244 "*And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.*" Rev. xxii. 17—20.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

Bp. Henry Ustick Onderdonk. (1789—1858.) 1826.

245 "*The Land of Peace.*"

1 Come to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest
Amid the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

5 "Come to our peaceful home,"
The saints and angels say,
"Forsake the world, no longer roam;
O wanderer, come away!"

Briggs' Collection.

246 *The Uncertainty of Life.* James iv. 13—15.

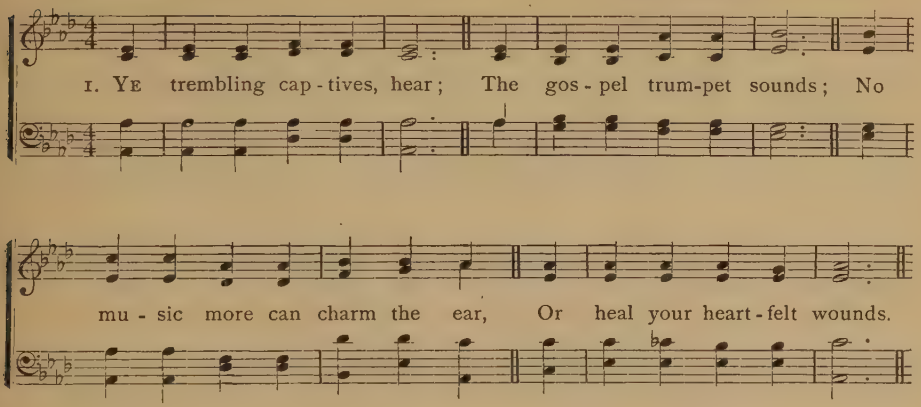
1 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 Since on this wingéd hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

3 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. abr.

GORTON. S. M. Ludwig von Beethoven. (1770—1827)



247 *The Gospel Trumpet.*

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news is spread afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the jubilee's release
With eager rapture claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all His willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

Samuel Boyce. 1801. sl. alt.

248 *"Now is the accepted Time."* 2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
Pardon and peace He freely gives;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with Thy love:
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

John Dobell. (1757—1840.) 1806. ab.

249 *"Behold the Ark of God."*

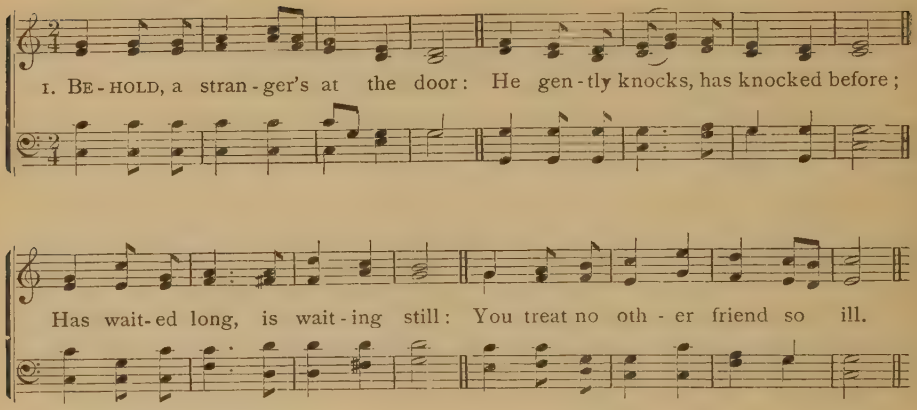
1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg. (1796—). 1826. ab.

ZEPHYR. L. M. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1844.


1. BE-HOLD, a stran-ger's at the door: He gen-tly knocks, has knocked before;
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

250 *Christ knocking at the Door.*
Cant. v. 2. Rev. iii. 20.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin;
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return!
Admit Him; or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg. (†1768.) 1765. ab. and alt.

251 *"Return!"*
Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thine injured Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

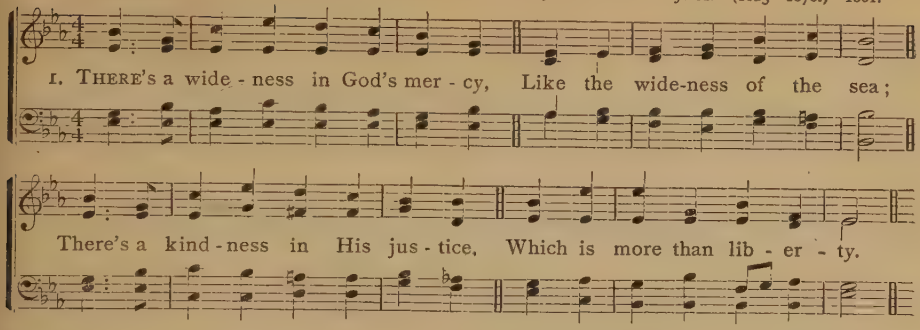
3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Rev. William Bengo Collyer. (1782—1854.) 1812. ab.

OSWALD. 8, 7. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823—1876.) 1861.



252 *Come to Jesus.*

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.

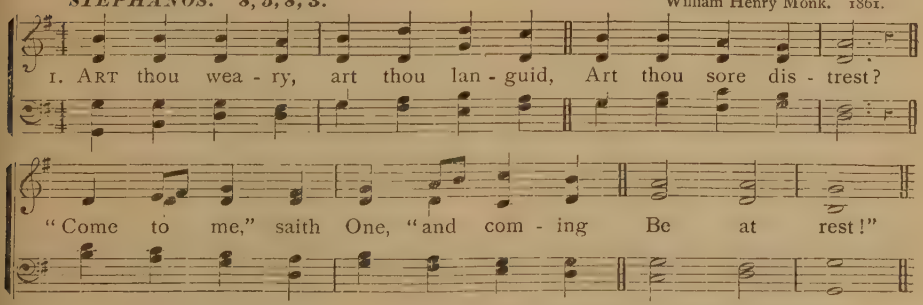
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus,
Come, but come not doubting thus,
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

5 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863). 1849. ab.

STEPHANOS. 8, 5, 8, 3. William Henry Monk. 1861.



253 *Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.*

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide? [prints,
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side."

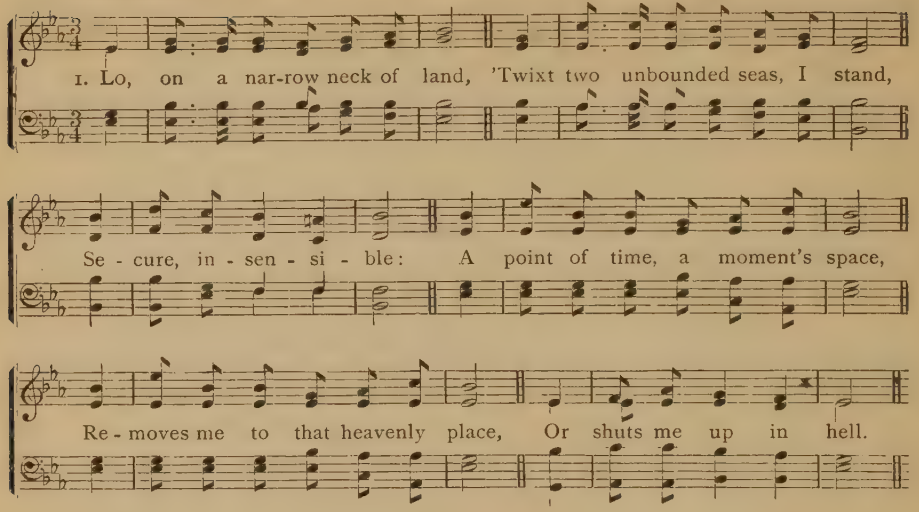
3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

5 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Stephen of St. Sabas. (725—794.)
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1862. ab

MERIBAH. C. P. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.


1. Lo, on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Se - cure, in - sen - si - ble: A point of time, a moment's space,
Re - moves me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

254 *Death and Judgment anticipated.*

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure,
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab. and alt. v. 4.

255 *The Prayer of Faith.*

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

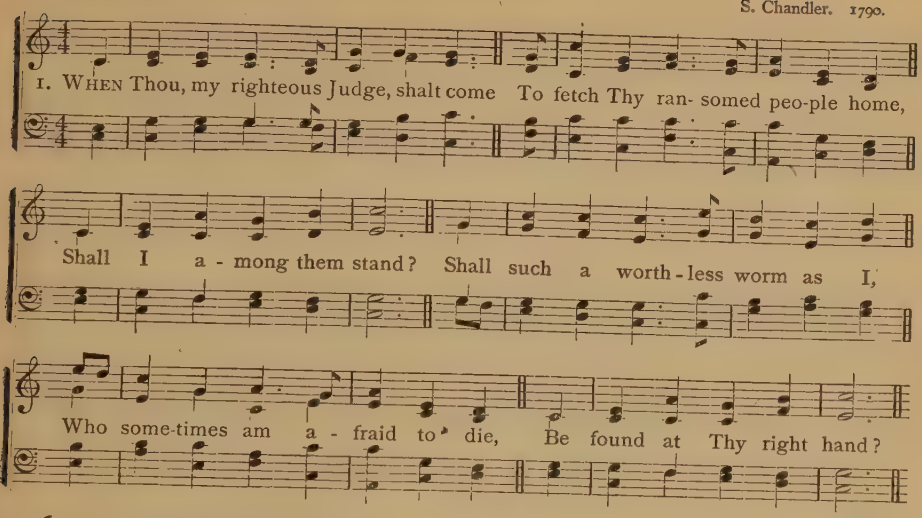
2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is Thy Friend."

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1759. alt.

GANGES. C. P. M.

S. Chandler. 1790.


1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To fetch Thy ran- somed peo-ple home,
Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth - less worm as I,
Who some-times am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?

256 *The Judgment anticipated.*

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. (1707—1791.) 1772. ab. and alt.

257 *Sinai, and the Saviour.*

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe."

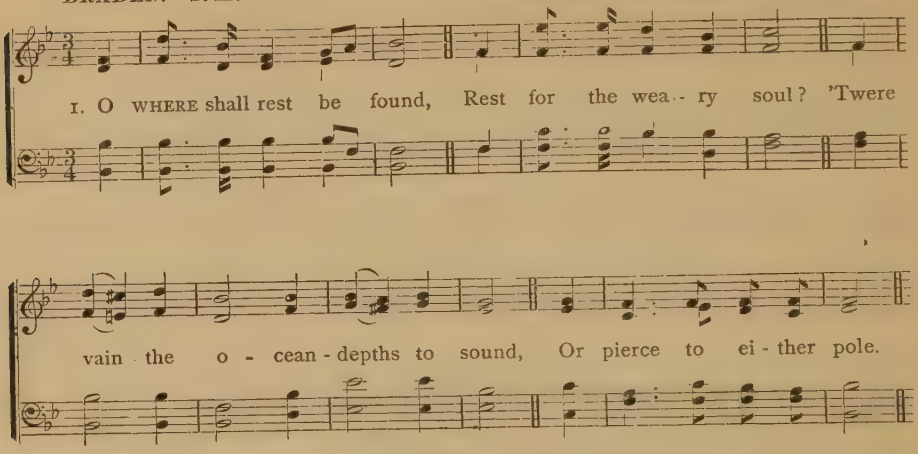
2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt His pity move;
The sinner, by His justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

Rev. Sampson Occum. (1723—1792.) 1760. alt.
Rev. Asahel Nettleton. (1783—1844.) 1824. ab.

BRADEN. S. M. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1844.



258 *The Issues of Life and Death.*

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,
Nor *all* of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853. ab.

259 *The shining Light.*

1 My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas, that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

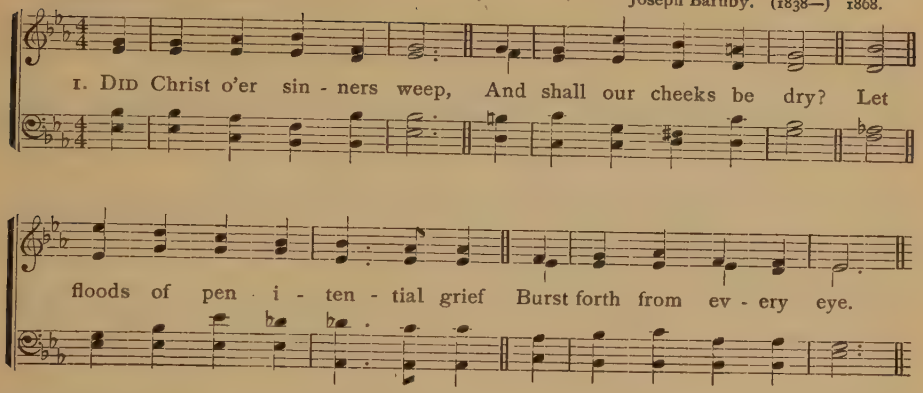
3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day, that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

MONSELL. S. M. Joseph Barnby. (1838—) 1868.



260 *Tears of Penitence.*

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1717—1795.) 1787.

261 *God's Goodness leading to Repentance.* Rom. ii. 4.

1 Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind?

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

262 *Mercy implored.*

1 Thou Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before Thy feet I fall,
And for Thy mercy cry.

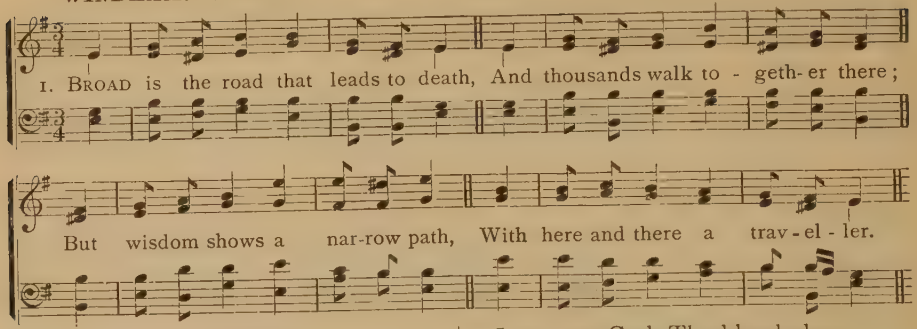
2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Bid a repenting sinner live,
Through Thine incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To Thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 One gracious look of Thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
O let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. 1818. ab.

WINDHAM. L. M. Daniel Read. (1757—1836.) 1785.


1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth- er there;
But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav - el - ler.

263 *The broad Road.*

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

264 *Sin confessed.* Ps. li.

1 Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Behold, I fall before Thy face;
My only refuge is Thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

3 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

4 Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1710. ab.

265 *Pleading for Pardon.* Ps. li.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

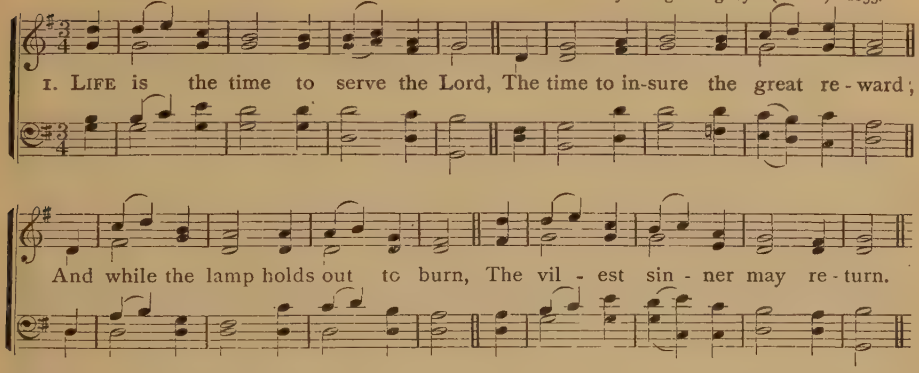
4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word, [there,
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

WARNER. L. M.

Gioacchimo Rossini. (1792—1868.)
Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1853.


1. LIFE is the time to serve the Lord, The time to in-sure the great re-ward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re-turn.

266

This our only Probation.
Eccl. ix. 10.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

267

Seeking Rest in Christ.
Matt. xi. 28.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

268

A contrite Heart.
Ps. li.

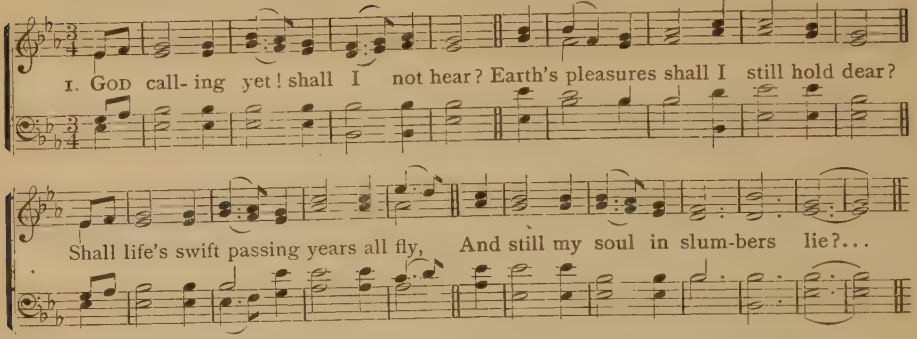
1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab. and alt.

WOODWORTH. L. M. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.


1. God call- ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-bers lie?...

269 "Gott rufet noch."

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from Thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen. (1697—1769.) 1730.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1854. ab. and alt.

270 "Come to Me!"

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to Me!"

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to Me!"

Miss Charlotte Elliott. (1789—1871.) 1841. ab.

271 *Help only in Christ.* Gal. iii. 22.

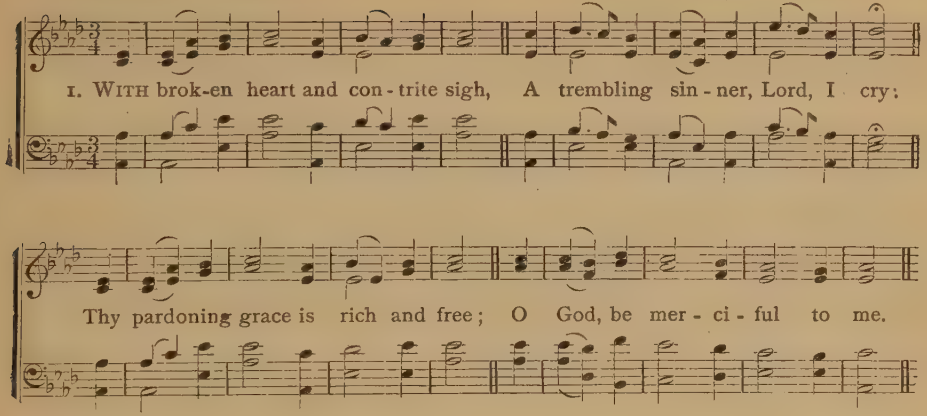
1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:
Here, then, to Thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1739. ab.

LOUVAN. L. M. Virgil Corydon Taylor. (1817—) 1847.


1. WITH brok-en heart and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.

272 *The Prayer of the Publican.* Luke xviii. 13.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Rev. Cornelius Elven. (1797—) 1852.

273 *The Spirit entreated to stay.*

1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

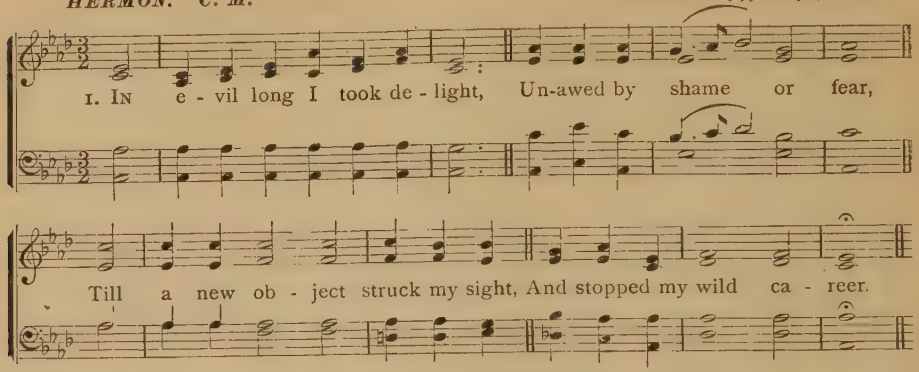
3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

4 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1749, ab.

HERMON. C. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.



274 *At the Cross.*

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure, never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain.

6 A second look He gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live."

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

275 *In Pilate's Hall.*

1 I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "crucify" appall,
With blasphemy between.

2 And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own.

3 I see the scourges tear His back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock
I feel that I am one.

4 Around yon cross the throng I see,
Mocking the Sufferer's groan;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

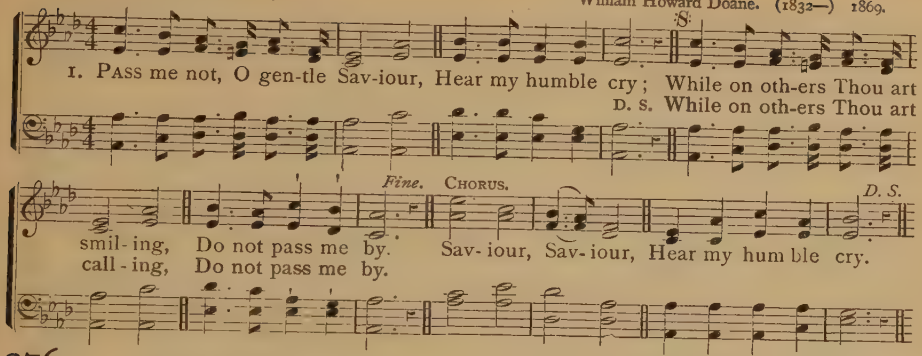
5 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

6 Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin;
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1859.

PASS ME NOT. 8, 5.

William Howard Doane. (1832—) 1869.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art
D. S. While on oth-ers Thou art
Fine. CHORUS. D. S.
smil-ing, Do not pass me by. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my hum ble cry.
call-ing, Do not pass me by.

276

"*Pass me not.*"

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief!

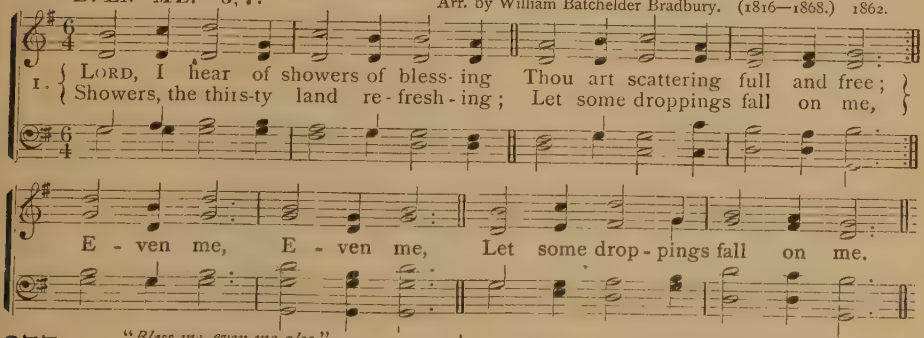
3 Trusting only in Thy merits,
Would I seek Thy face,
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace!

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom on earth have I besides Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee!

Mrs. Fanny Jane Crosby Van Alstyne. (1823—) 1869.

EVEN ME. 8, 7.

Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1862.


1. { LORD, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free; }
{ Showers, the thirs-ty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me, }
E-ven me, E-ven me, Let some drop-pings fall on me.

277

"*Bless me, even me also.*" Gen. xxvii. 34.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

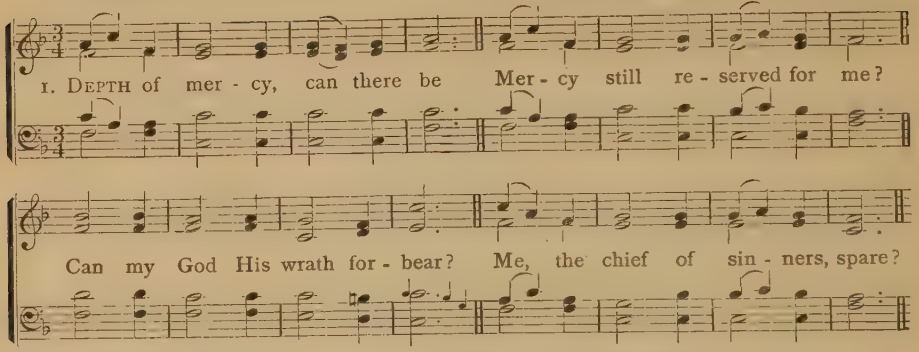
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Mrs Elizabeth Codner. 1860 alt.

ALETTA. 7. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1858.



278 *After a Relapse into Sin.* Heb. x. 29.

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1740. ab.

279 *The Penitent pardoned.*

1 Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at Thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear my ardent cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been;
Oft abused Thee to Thy face,
Trampled on Thy richest grace.

3 Justly might Thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might Thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with Thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Thou canst soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

Rev. Thomas Raffles. (1788—1863.) 1812. ab.

280 *Rest in Christ.*

1 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest word obey:
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.

2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;

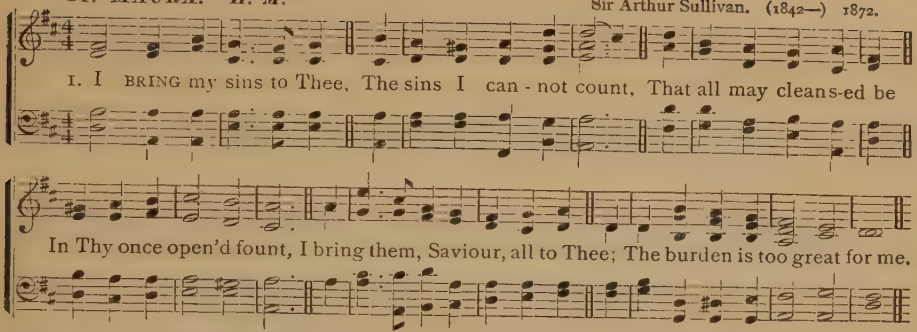
3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;

4 Lo, we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art;
Now our groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1747. ab. and alt.
Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1779.

ST. MAURA. H. M.

Sir Arthur Sullivan. (1842—) 1872.


1. I BRING my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That all may cleans-ed be
In Thy once open'd fount, I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee; The burden is too great for me.

281 "*Lord to whom shall we go?*" John vi. 68.

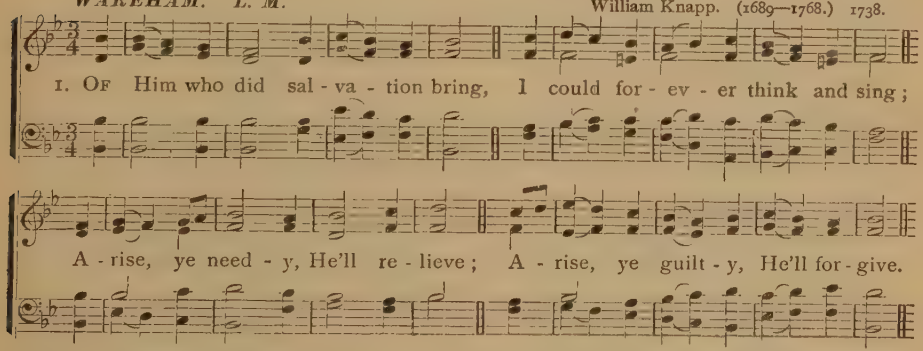
2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read—
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal. (1836—1879.)

WAREHAM. L. M.

William Knapp. (1689—1768.) 1738.



282 "*Jesu auctor clementiæ.*"

2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to Heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.

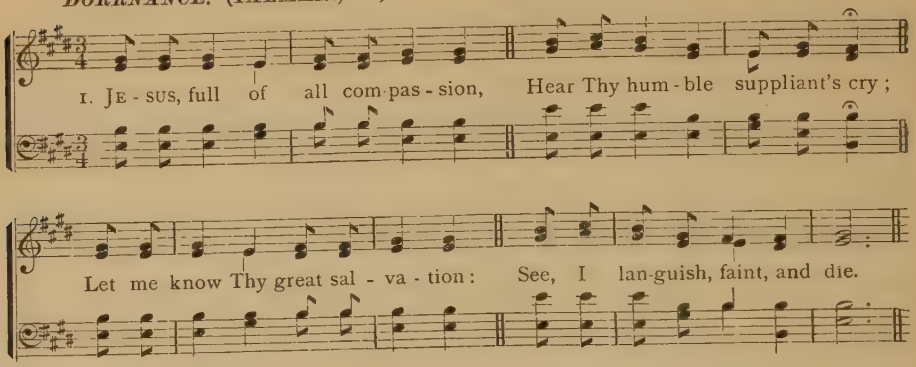
3 To shame our sins, He blushed in blood;
He closed His eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone
I shed my tears, and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate, to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah, who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah, who that loves can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux. (1091—1153.) 1140.
Tr. by Rev. Anthony Wilh. Boehm. (1673–1722.) 1712. alt.

DORRNANCE. (TALMAR.) 8, 7. Isaac Beverly Woodbury. (1819—1858.) 1850.


1. JE - SUS, full of all com-pas - sion, Hear Thy hum - ble suppliant's cry;
Let me know Thy great sal - va - tion: See, I lan-guish, faint, and die.

283

"*Have Mercy.*" Mark x. 47.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

4 On the word Thy blood hath sealéd
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let Thy arm be now revealéd;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall.

5 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul that perished sueing
For the boasted Saviour's aid.

6 *Saved!*—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with Thy love.

Rev. Daniel Turner. (1710—1798.) 1787. ab.

284

"*Take me.*"

1 TAKE me, O my Father, take me,
Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son;
That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.

2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

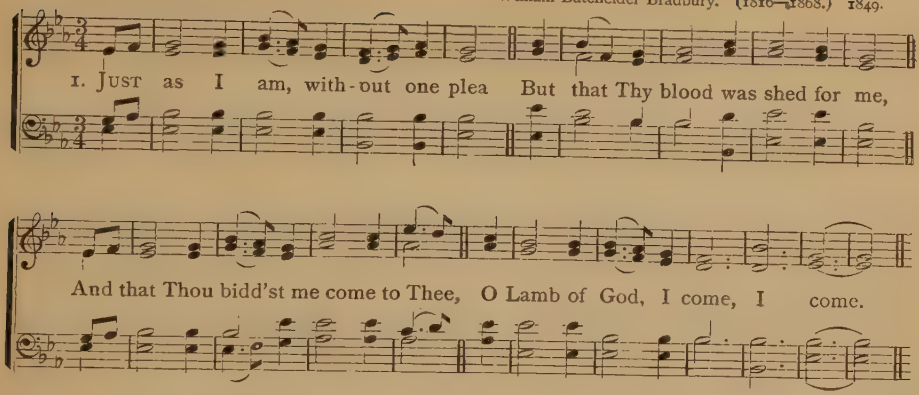
4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine:
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee;

6 Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1865.

WOODWORTH. L. M. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

285

"*Just as I am.*"
John vi. 37.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, *Thine alone*,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Miss Charlotte Elliot. (1789—1871.) 1836.

286

"*Entirely Thine.*"

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

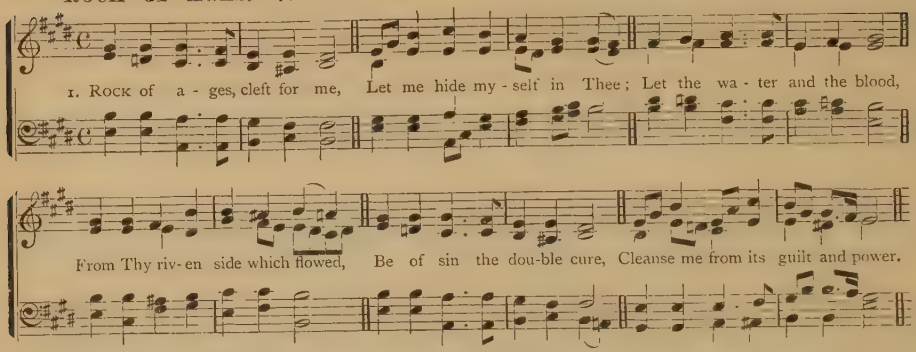
3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Rev. Samuel Davies. (1724—1761.) 1769.

ROCK OF AGES. 7. 6 l. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.


1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From Thy riv-en side which flowed, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

287 "*Rock of Ages.*"

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1776. sl. alt.

288 "*Only Thee.*"

1 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

2 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down;
Pardon from Thy pierced hand
Now I take, while here I stand:
Only then I live to Thee,
When Thy wounded side I see.

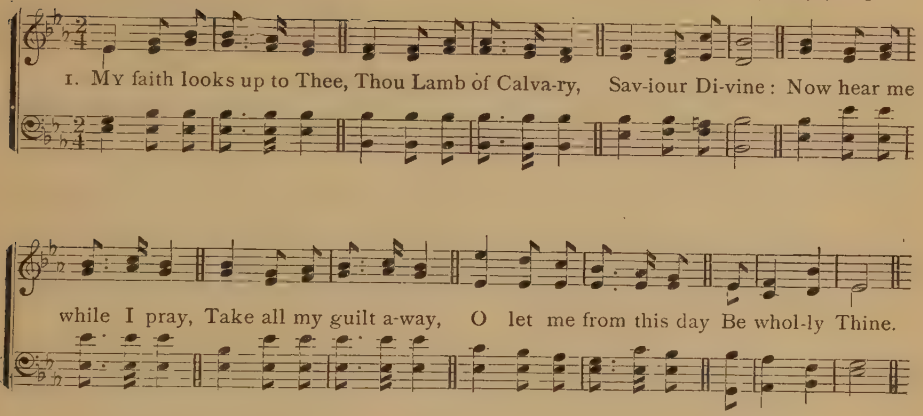
3 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee!

Rev. George Duffield. (1818—) 1859. ab.

TOPLADY. 7. 6 l. Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830.

OLIVET. 6, 4

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Sav-iour Di-vine: Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.

289 *"My Faith looks up to Thee."*

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1830.

290 *"Jesus, my Lord!"*

1 Jesus, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
O Thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

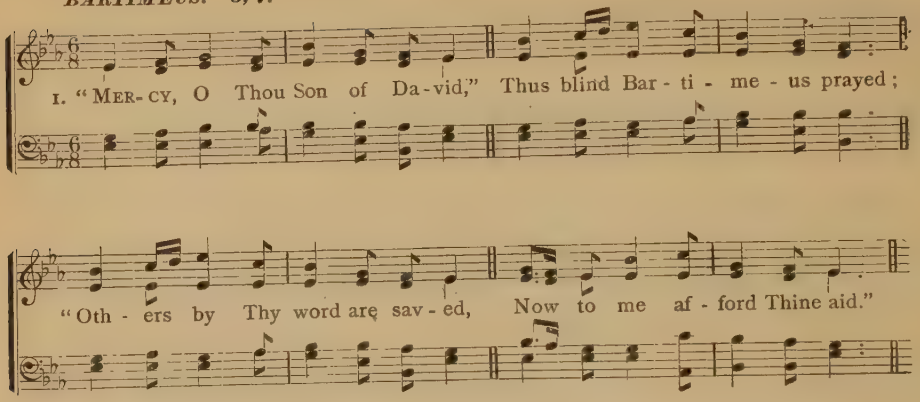
2 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon Thou wilt come again:
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

James George Deck. 1837. ad.

BARTIMEUS. *8, 7.*

Stephen Jenks. (—1856.) 1808.



291

Prayer for Sight.
Mark x. 47, 48.

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
"Come, and ask Me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 O methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 "O that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me,
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779.

292

"*He received his sight.*"
Mark x. 51, 52.

1 Lord, I know Thy grace is nigh me,
Though Thyself I cannot see;
Jesus, Master, pass not by me;
Son of David, pity me.

2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blesséd light,
Many taste Thy loving-kindness;
"Lord, I would receive my sight."

3 I would see Thee and adore Thee,
And Thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore Thee:
Let me see Thy face and live.

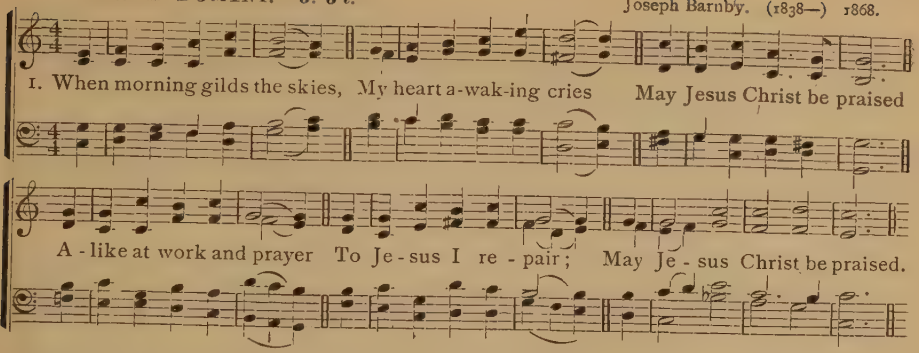
4 Ah, what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo, the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye saints that throng behind Him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find Him
Who can turn their night to day.

Rev. Hervey Doddridge Ganse. (1822—) 1869.

LAUDES DOMINI. C. M.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—) 1868.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries May Jesus Christ be praised
A-like at work and prayer To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised.

293 *Christ Praised.*

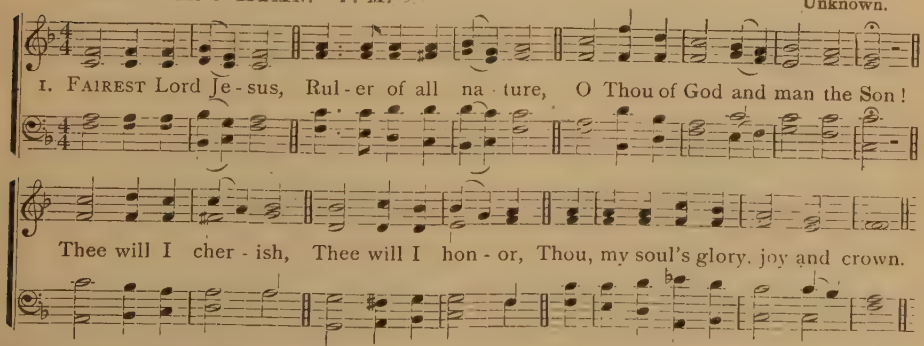
2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs
May Jesus Christ be praised:
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 In Heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Rev. Edward Caswall. (1814—1878.) 1849. ab.

CRUSADER'S HYMN. P. M.

Unknown.


1. FAIREST Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.

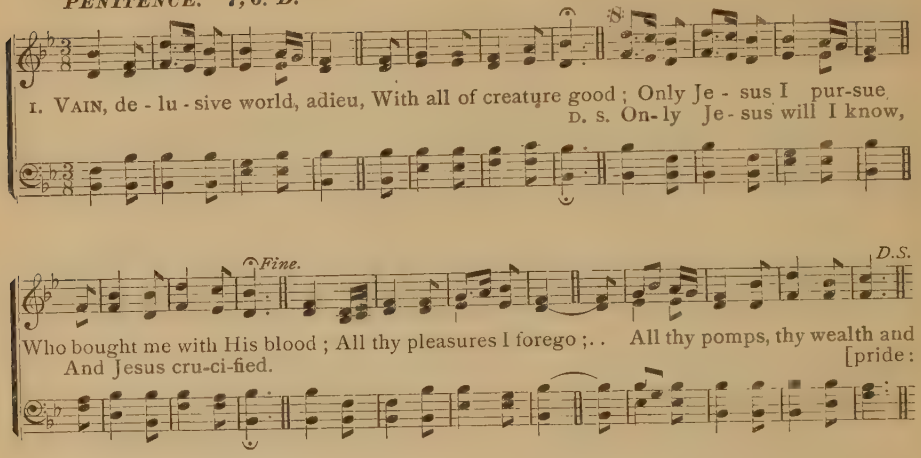
294 *"Schönster Herr Jesu."*

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Unknown Author of the 12th century.

PENITENCE. 7, 6. D. William Henry Oakley. (1808—) 1835.


1. VAIN, de - lu - sive world, adieu, With all of creature good; Only Je - sus I pur-sue.
D. S. On-ly Je - sus will I know,
Fine.
D.S.
Who bought me with His blood; All thy pleasures I forego;.. All thy pomps, thy wealth and [pride:
And Jesus cru-ci-fied.

295

Only Jesus, and Him crucified.
1 Cor. ii. 2.

1 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me;
Me to save from endless woe,
Christ, th' atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in His grace to grow,
Ever in His faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the tree;
Only of His love I speak,
Who freely died for me;
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing will I seek beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab. and alt.

296

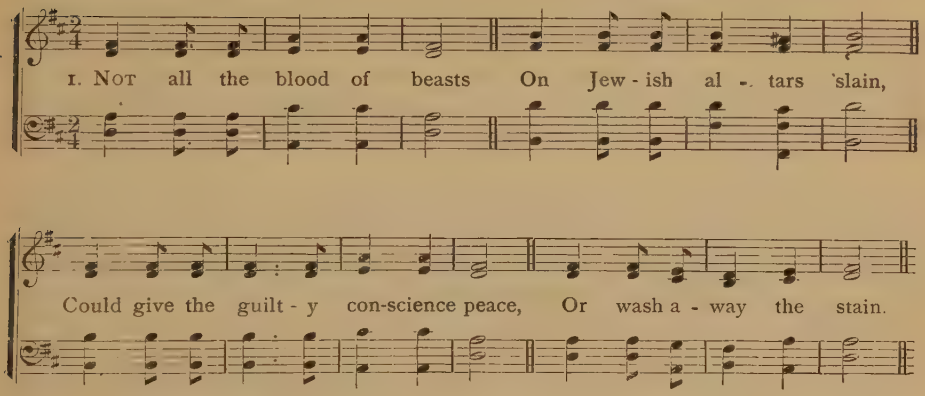
"*Look upon me, Lord.*"

1 SAVIOUR, see me from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from Thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Look, as when Thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again;
Speak my paradise restored;
Redeem me by Thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1749. ab.

SHAWMUT. S. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1833.



297 *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

298 *"And can I yet delay?"*

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.

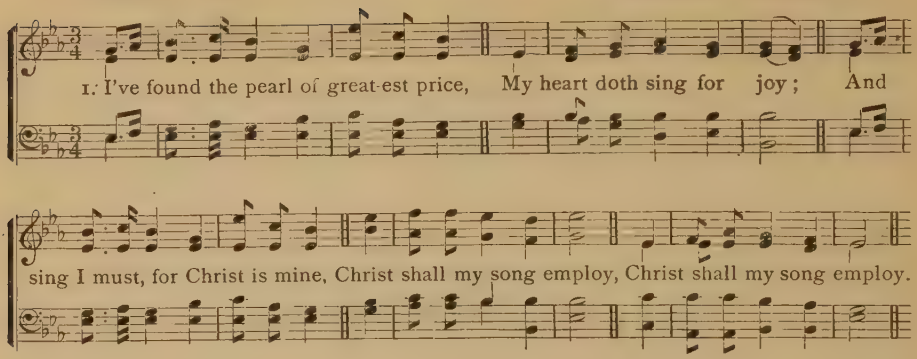
4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thine only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My Life, my Portion Thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740. ab.

COWPER. C. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.


1. I've found the pearl of great-est price, My heart doth sing for joy; And
sing I must, for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song employ, Christ shall my song employ.

299 *Singing for Joy.*

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

Rev. John Mason. (—1694.) 1683. ab. and alt.

300 *Fear disarmed.*

1 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Wrapt in the gloom of dark despair,
We helpless, hopeless lay;
But sovereign mercy reached us there,
And smiled despair away.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760. ab.

301 *"Old Things are passed away."* 2 Cor. v. 17.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

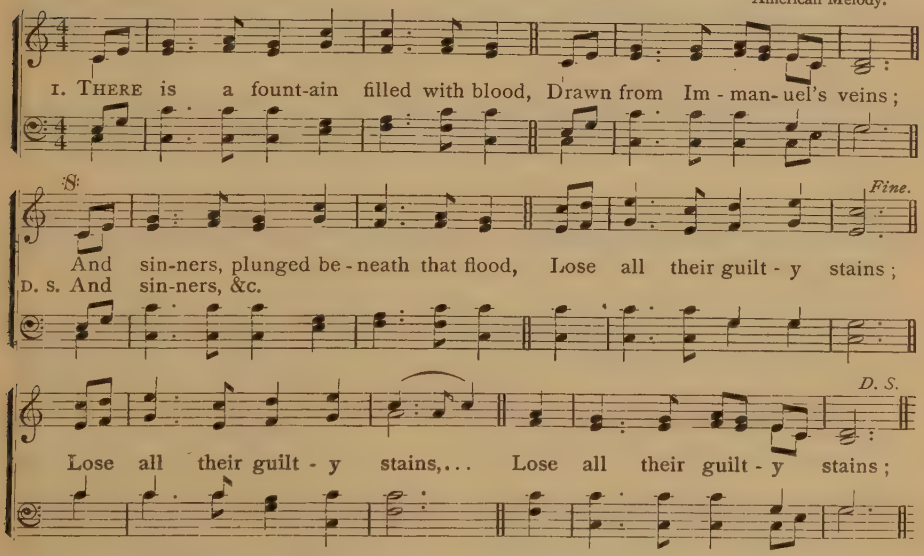
2 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

4 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee;
For if Thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

IMMANUEL. C. M. American Melody.


1. THERE is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
:S:
Fine.
And sin-ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
D. S. And sin-ners, &c.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains,... Lose all their guilt - y stains;

302 "*A Fountain opened.*" Zech. xiii. 1.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

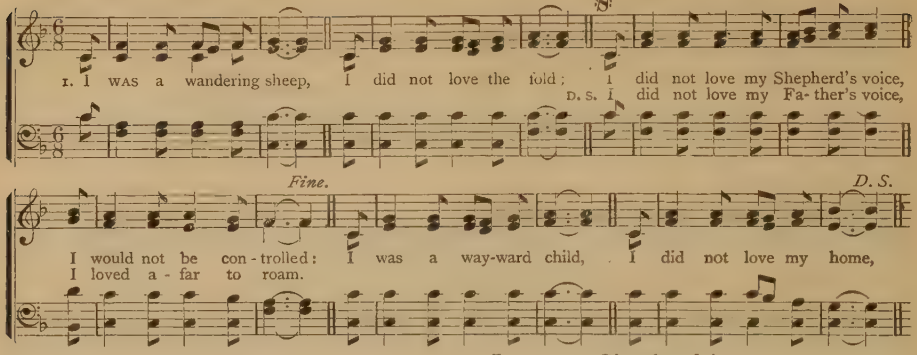
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

LEBANON. S. M. D. John Zundel. (1815—) 1855.


1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
D. S. I did not love my Fa-ther's voice,
Fine.
D. S.
I would not be con-trolled: I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a-far to roam.

303

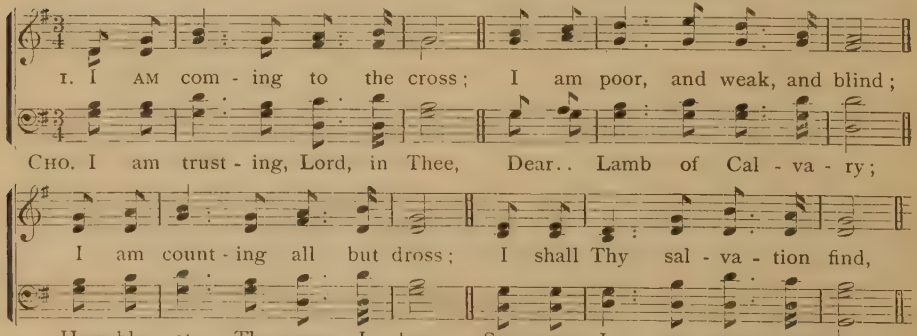
Lost but found.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1844. ab.

TRUSTING. 7. William Gustavus Fischer. (1835—) 1869.


1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
Cho. I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear.. Lamb of Cal-va-ry;
I am count-ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal-va-tion find,
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow: Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

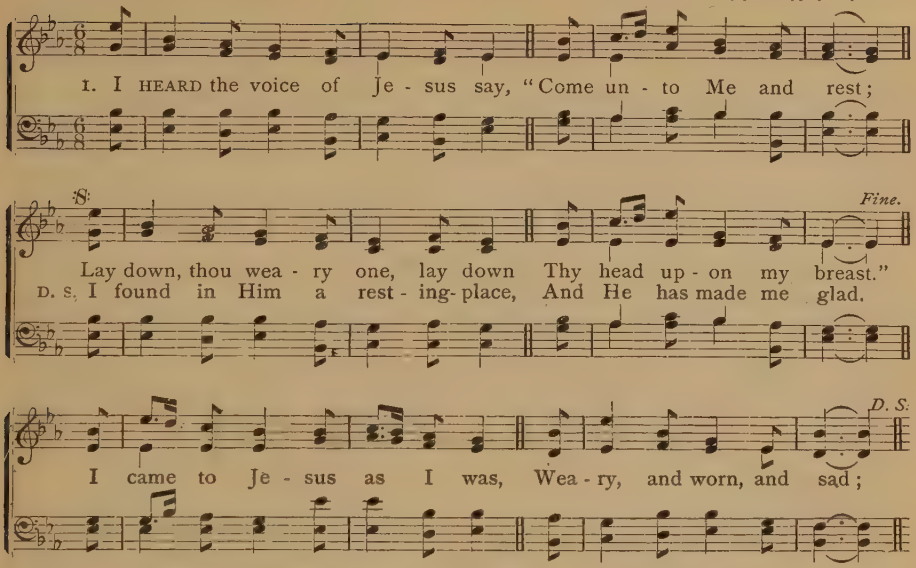
304

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore. *Cho.*

3 In the promises I trust:
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

Rev. William McDonald. (1820—) 1869. ab.

ATHENS. C. M. D. Felice Giardini. (1716—1796.) 1760.


1. I HEARD the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
D. S. I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
S.
Fine.
D. S.

305

The Voice from Galilee.
John i. 16.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. 1857. sl. alt.

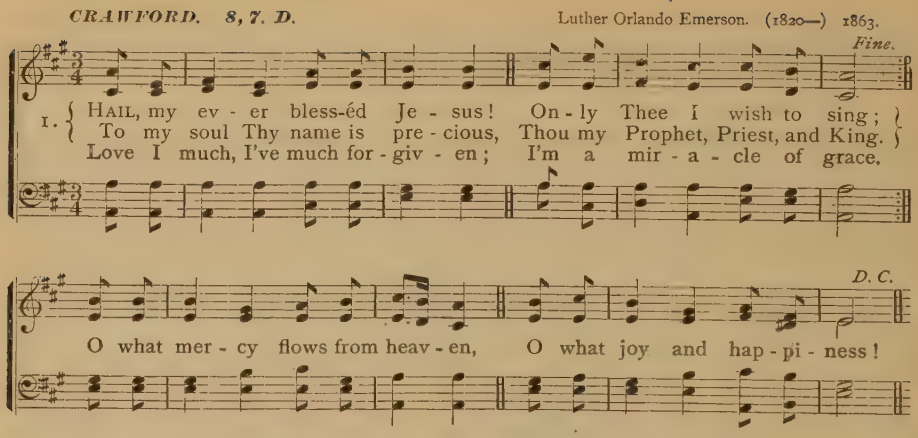
306

"*Amazing Grace.*"

1 AMAZING grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

2 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.


CRAWFORD. 8, 7. D.
Luther Orlando Emerson. (1820—) 1863.
Fine.
1. Hail, my ev - er bless-éd Je - sus! On - ly Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is pre - cious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
Love I much, I've much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
D. C.
O what mer - cy flows from heav - en, O what joy and hap - pi - ness!

307 "*A Miracle of Grace.*"

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay,
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness, all ye host of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness.
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
While, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received Him
Filled my soul with joy and peace.
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove. 1806.

308 *Praise for pardoning Grace.*

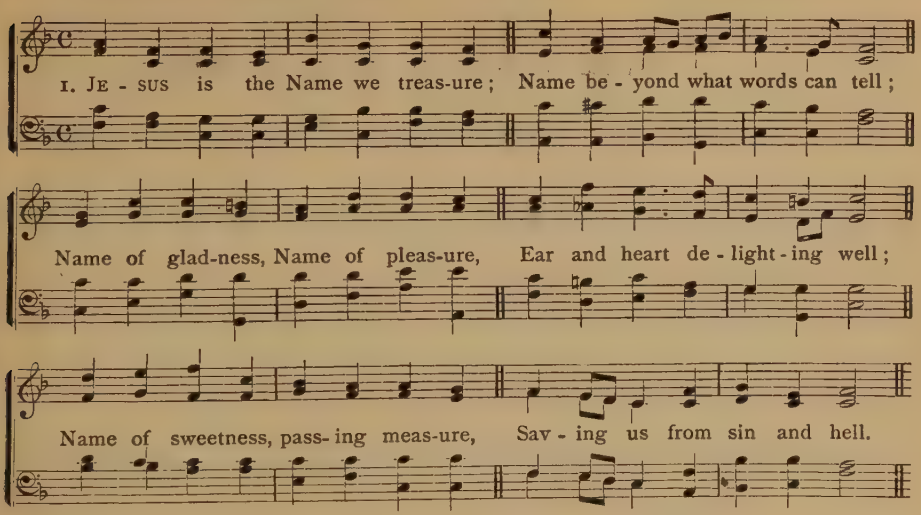
1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key. (1799—1843.) 1857.

JESU BONE PASTOR. (AMOR.) 8, 7, 6l. John Henry Willcox. (1827—)


1. Je - sus is the Name we treas-ure; Name be - yond what words can tell;
Name of glad-ness, Name of pleas-ure, Ear and heart de - light - ing well;
Name of sweetness, pass- ing meas-ure, Sav - ing us from sin and hell.

309 *Christ's Name precious.*

2 'Tis the name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

3 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

4 Therefore we in love adoring,
This most blesséd Name revere;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

Unknown Author of the 14th and 15th Century.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. ab. and alt.

310 "*Ich will Dich lieben.*" 1 Pet. i. 8.

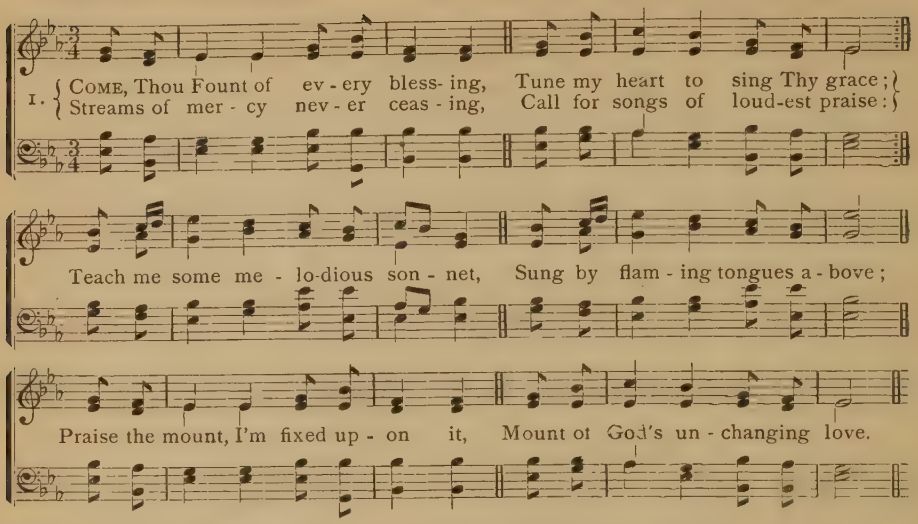
1 I WILL love Thee, all my treasure;
I will love Thee, all my strength;
I will love Thee without measure,
And will love Thee right at length:
I will love Thee, Light Divine,
Till I die and find Thee mine.

2 I will praise Thee, Sun of Glory,
For Thy beams have gladness bro't;
I will praise Thee, will adore Thee,
For the light I vainly sought;
Praise Thee that Thy words so blest
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.

3 I will love in joy or sorrow,
Crowning joy! will love Thee well;
I will love to-day, to-morrow,
While I in this body dwell:
I will love Thee, Light Divine,
Till I die, and find Thee mine.

Johann Angelus Silesius. (1624—1677.) 1657.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1854. ab.

NETTLETON. 8, 7. D. Rev. Asahel Nettleton. (1783—1844.) 1824.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise:
Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - changing love.

311 *Grateful Recollection.*

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson. (1735—1790.) 1758.

312 *"Bless the Lord, O my Soul."* Ps. ciii.

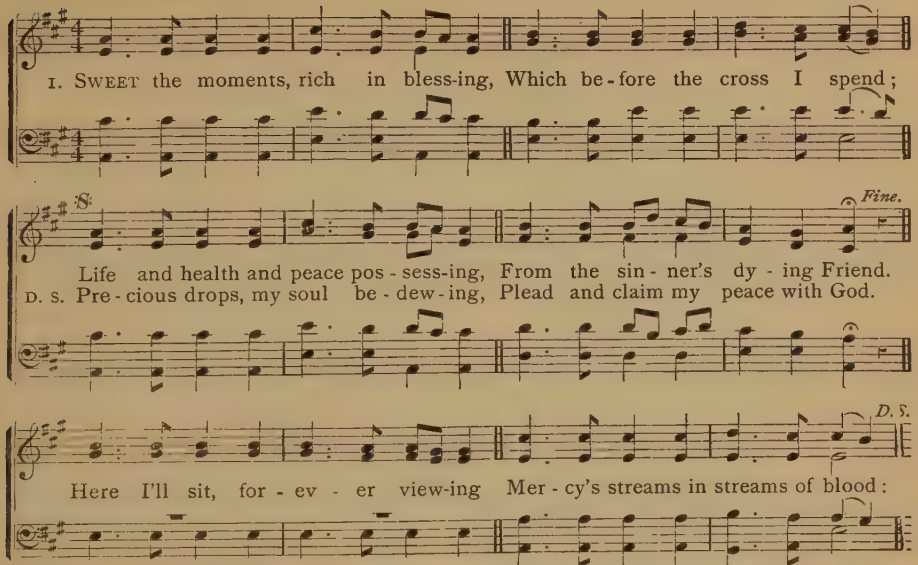
1 Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring,
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834. ab. and alt.
Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker. (1821—) 1861.

ELLESDIE. 8, 7. D. Arr. from Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)


1. SWEET the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
D. S. Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
Here I'll sit, for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood:
Fine.
D. S.

313

Before the Cross.

2 Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself most deeply know.

Rev. James Allen. (1734—1804.) 1757. alt.
Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley. (1725—1786.) 1771.

314

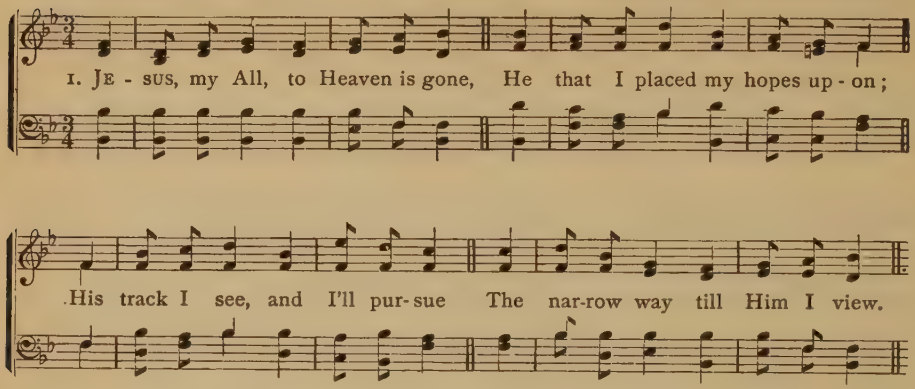
"Closer than a Brother."
(Abridged Form.)

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

2 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

HEBRON. L. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.



315 *"The Way to God."*

2 The way the holy Prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, for I'm the Way."

5 Lo, glad I come; and Thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live.

6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

Rev. John Cennick. (1717—1755.) 1743. ab.

316 *Christ, our Light and Life.*

1 LORD, I was blind! I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf! I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb! I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead! I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak
The dead to live, and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

Rev. William Tidd Matson. 1866.

317 *The new Joy.*

1 THE Saviour smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

2 Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

3 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

Abraham Lucas Hillhouse. (1792—1859.) 1822. ab.

318 *Parting with earthly Joys.*

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

319 *Longing for Communion with Christ.*

1 O THAT I could for ever dwell
With Mary at my Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all His tender words repeat.

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
O, is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

Rev. Andrew Reed. (1787—1862.) 1842. ab.

320 *Jesus the Best Beloved.*

1 JESUS, this heart within me burns,
To tell Thee all its conscious love;
And from earth's low delights it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.

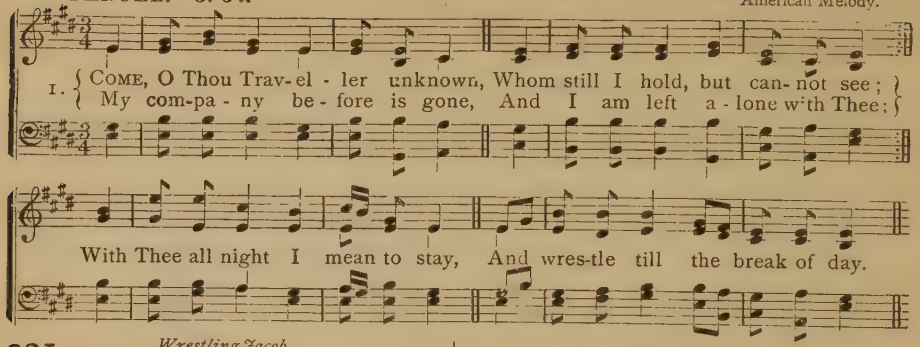
2 Though oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat;
To me the rapture ne'er grows old
That thrills me bending at Thy feet.

3 I breathe my words into Thine ear;
I seem to fix mine eyes on Thine;
And sure that Thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call Thee mine.

4 Reign Thou sole Sovereign of my heart,
My all I yield to Thy control;
O let me never from Thee part,
Thou Best Belovéd of my soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1869. ab.

PENUEL. 8. 6 l. American Melody.


1. { COME, O Thou Trav-el - ler unknown, Whom still I hold, but can- not see; }
{ My com-pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a - lone with Thee; }
With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wres-tle till the break of day.

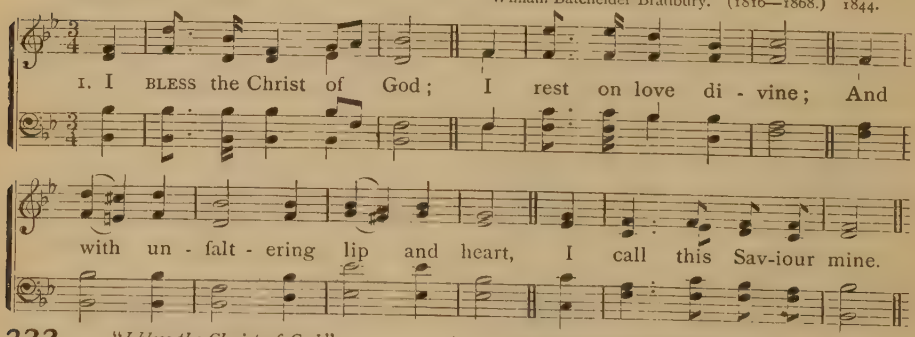
321 *Wrestling Jacob.* Gen. xxxii. 24

2 I need not tell Thee who I am?
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

BRADEN. S. M. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1844.



322 *"I bless the Christ of God."*

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

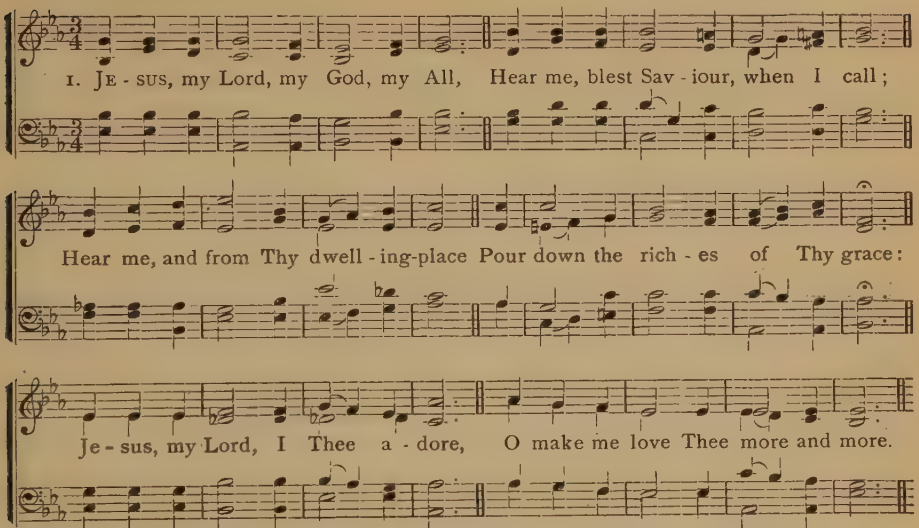
3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

5 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1863. ab.

BENEDICTION. L. M. 6 l. Joseph Barnby (1838—) 1872.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing-place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace:
Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore, O make me love Thee more and more.

323 *"O make me love Thee more and more.*

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought;
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine;
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

Rev. Henry Collins. 1852.

324 *"Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden."*

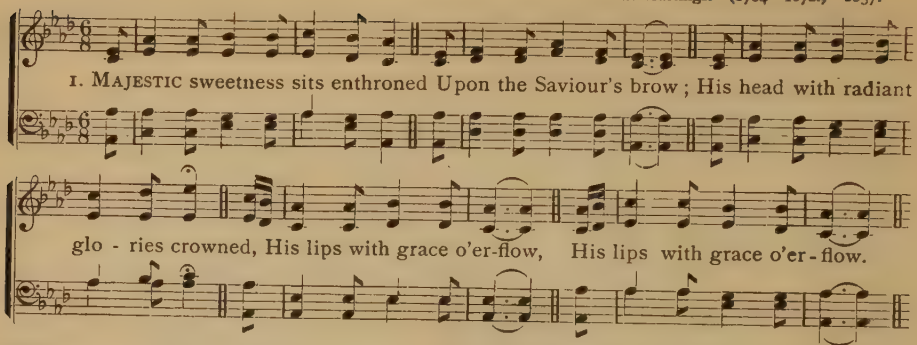
1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains in me:
While Jesus' blood thro'earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

3 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast.
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

Rev. John Andrew Rothe. (1688—1758.) 1728.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1740. ab.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1837.


1. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

325 "*Majestic Sweetness.*"

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1787.

326 *Christ precious.*
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

327 "*Jesu, Rex admirabilis.*"

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found;

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire;

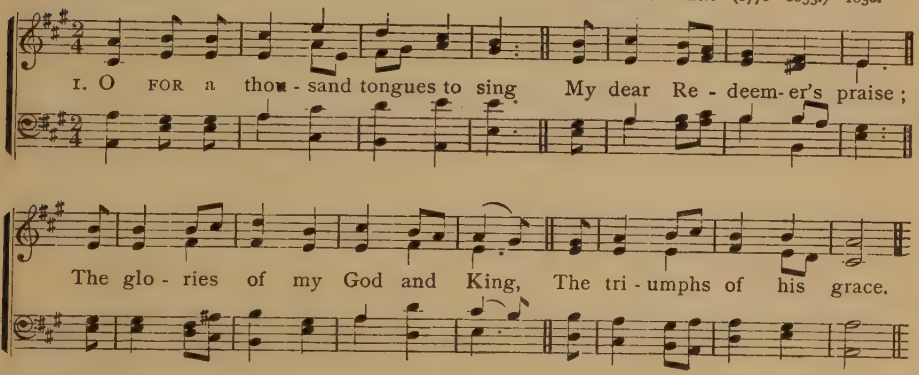
4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux. (1091—1153.) 1140.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall. (1814—) 1849.

DEDHAM. C. M.

William Gardiner. (1770—1853.) 1830.



328 *Converting Grace commemorated.*

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for *me*.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1740. ab.

329 *"Jesu, dulcis memoria."*

1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

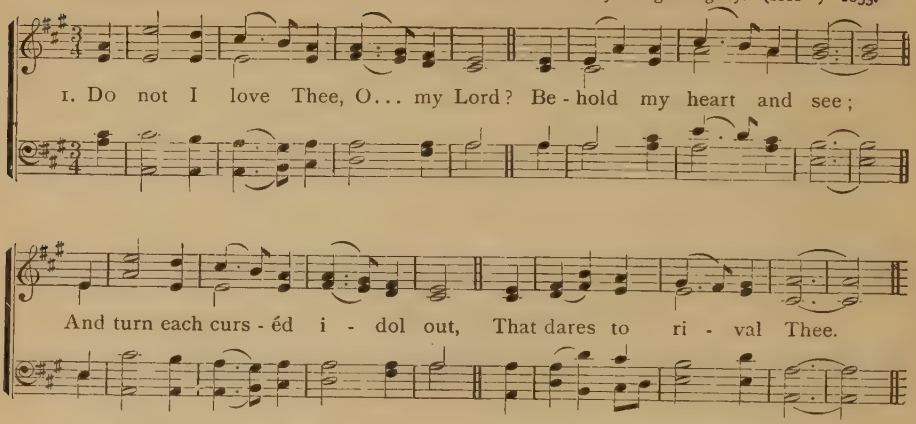
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. 1140.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall. 1849.

BOARDMAN. C. M. Devereux. Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1853.



330 "*Thou knowest that I love Thee.*" John xxi. 15.

2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not Thy Name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy Name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.

331 *Unseen, but loved.* 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blesséd face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

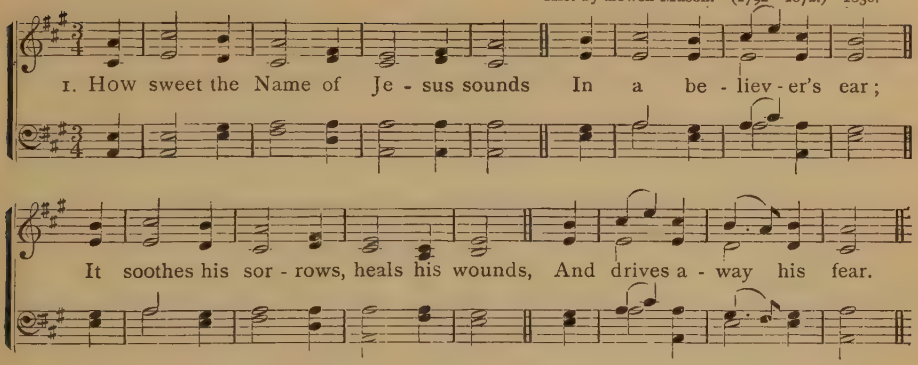
4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not Unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1858.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody. Hugh Wilson. 1768.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1836.



332 *The sweet Name.*

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

333 *"O Deus, ego amo Te."*

1 My God, I love Thee: not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

3 And griefs, and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

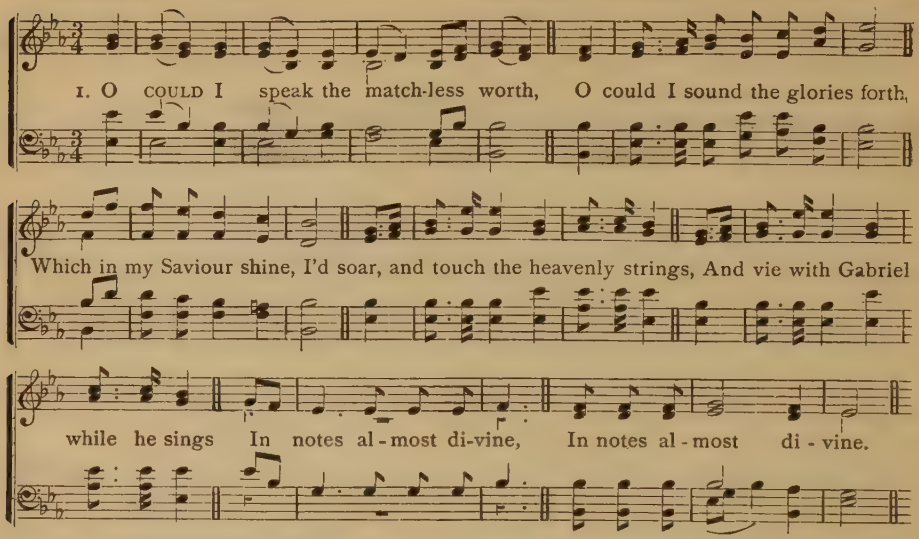
4 Then why, O blesséd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovéd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King.

Francis Xavier. (1506—1552.) 1552.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall. (1814—) 1849. sl. alt

ARIEL. C. P. M. Arr. from Mozart by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1836.


1. O COULD I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

334

"Make His Praise glorious."
Ps. lxvi. 2.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. Samuel Medley. (1738—1799.) 1789. ab.

335

Desiring to love.

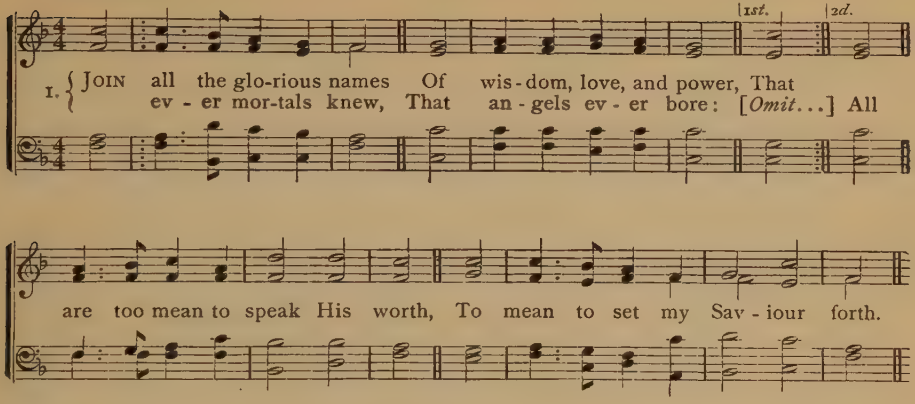
1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

3 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab.

ZEBULON. H. M. Lowell Mason. 1830.


1st.
2d.
1. JOIN all the glo-rious names Of wis-dom, love, and power, That
ev - er mor-tals knew, That an - gels ev - er bore: [Omit...] All
are too mean to speak His worth, To mean to set my Sav - iour forth.

336 *Prophet, Priest, and King.*

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

337 "*Behold the Man.*"

Tune, WARSAW, p. 98.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

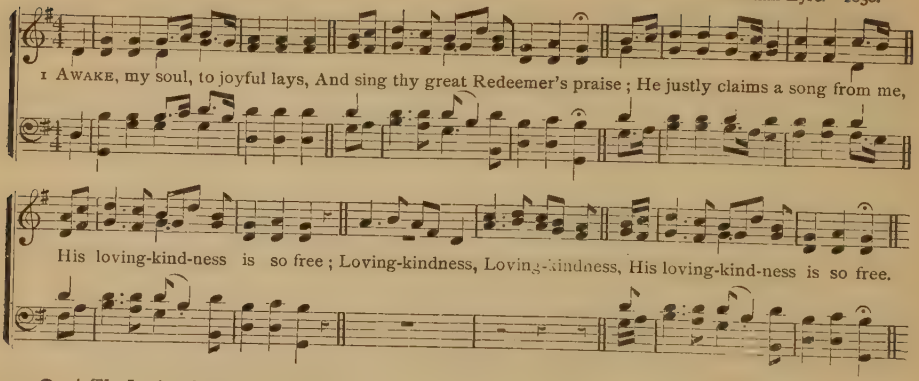
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1742. ab

LOVING-KINDNESS. ***L. M.*** Christian Lyre. 1830.


1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kind-ness is so free; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kind-ness is so free.

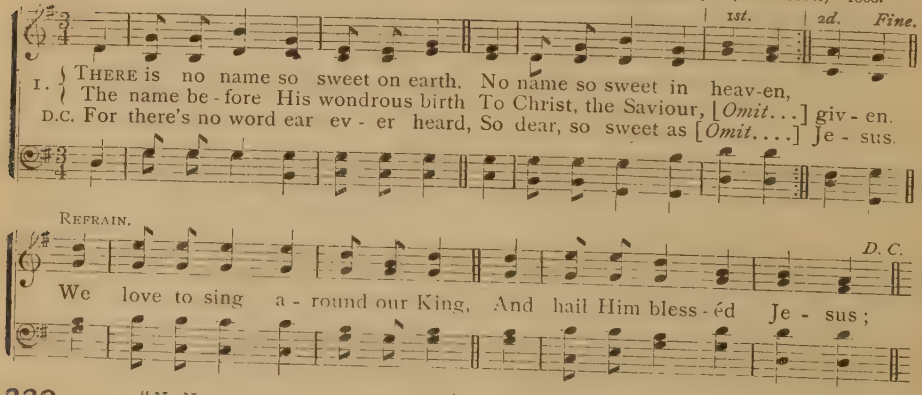
338 "*The Loving-Kindness of the Lord.*" Is. lxiii. 7.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

Rev. Samuel Medley. (1738—1799.) 1787. ab.

THE SWEETEST NAME. ***8, 7.*** William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1860.


1st.
2d.
Fine.
1. THERE is no name so sweet on earth. No name so sweet in heav-en,
The name be-fore His wondrous birth To Christ, the Saviour, [*Omit*...] giv-en.
D.C. For there's no word ear ev-er heard, So dear, so sweet as [*Omit*....] Je-sus.
REFRAIN.
D. C.
We love to sing a-round our King, And hail Him bless-éd Je-sus;

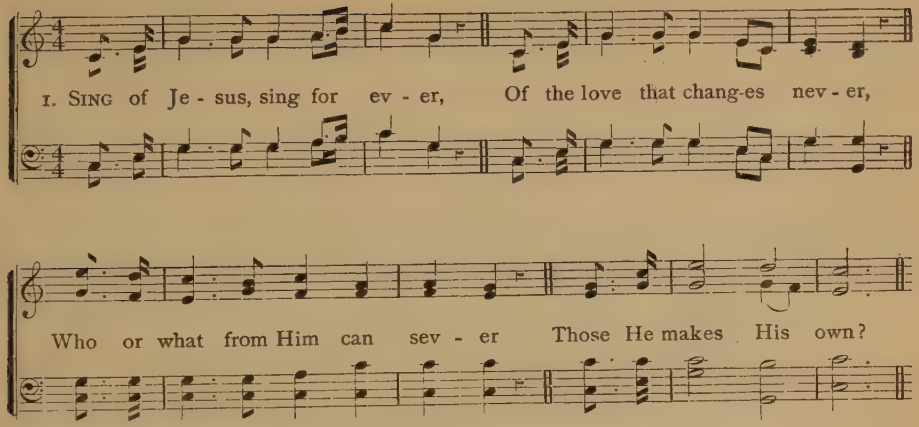
339 "*No Name so sweet.*"

2 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote His name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him. *Cho.*

3 So now upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus. *Cho.*

Rev. George Washington Bethune. (1805—1862.) 1858. ab.

SONG. 8, 5. German Melody. Adams' Church Pastorals. 1864.



340 "*Sing unto the Lord.*" Ps. xxvi. 2.

2 With His blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew Him not, He sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
And through all the way He speeds them
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven, and sought them,
Him who by His Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1815. ab.

341 *Our Song on Earth and in Heaven.*

1 SAINTS in glory, we together
Know the song that ceases never;
Song of songs, Thou art, O Saviour,
All that endless day.

2 Theme of Adam, when forgiven,
Theme of Abraham, David, Stephen;
Souls, ye chant it entering heaven,
Now, henceforth, alway.

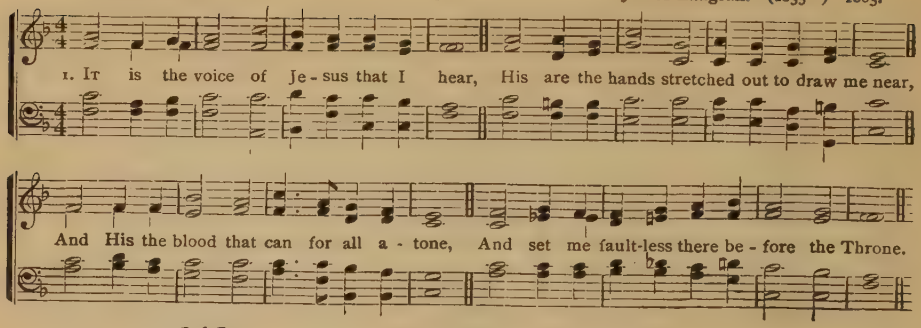
3 Come, ye angels, round us gather,
While to Jesus we draw nearer;
In His throne He'll seat forever
Those for whom He died.

4 Underneath His throne a river,
Clear as crystal, flows forever,
Like His fulness, failing never:
Hail enthronéd Lamb!

5 O the unsearchable Redeemer!
Shoreless Ocean, sounded never!
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus Christ, the same.

S. P. Mahmied. 3t

LANGRAN. 10. James Langran. (1835—) 1863.


1. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear, His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all a - tone, And set me fault-less there be - fore the Throne.

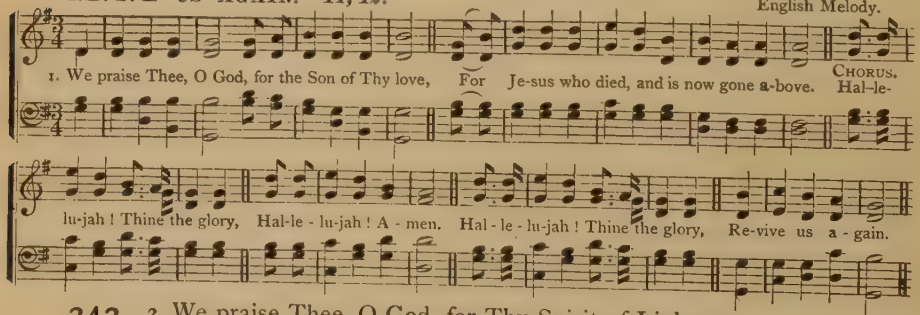
342 *All in Christ.*

2 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heav'n, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

3 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Rev. Samuel John Stone. (1839—) 1865. ab.

REVIVE US AGAIN. 11, 12. English Melody.


1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died, and is now gone a-bove. CHORUS. Hal-le-
lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glory, Re-vive us a - gain.

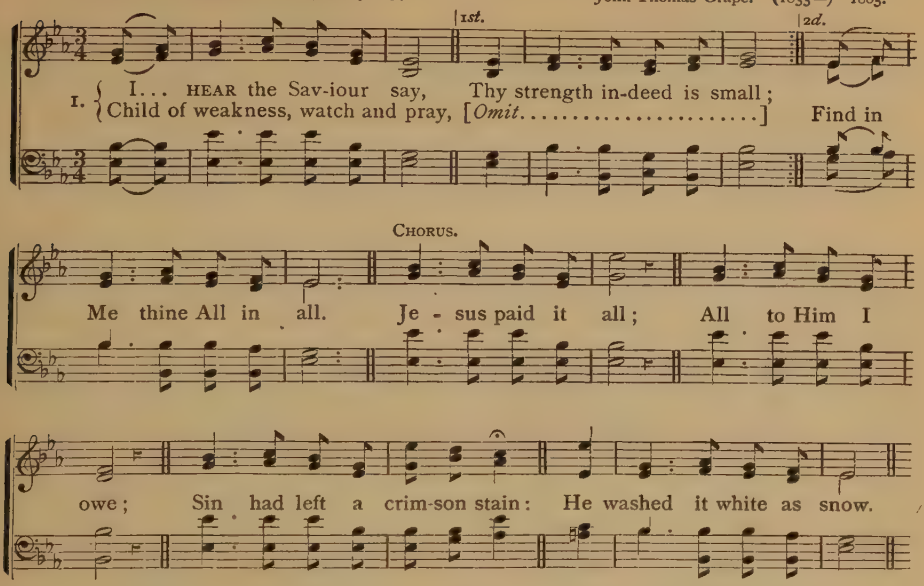
343 2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of Light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love,
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. Rev. W. P. Mackay. 1863

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. 6. John Thomas Grape. (1833—) 1865.


1st.
2d.
1. I... HEAR the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray, [Omit.....] Find in
CHORUS.
Me thine All in all. Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I
owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

344 *"Jesus paid it all."*

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy faith, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone. *Cho.*

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. *Cho.*

4 When from my dying bed,
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies. *Cho.*

5 And when before the throne
I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet. *Cho.*

Mrs. E. M. Hall.

345 *Wounded for us.*

1 THY tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blesséd day.—*Cho.*

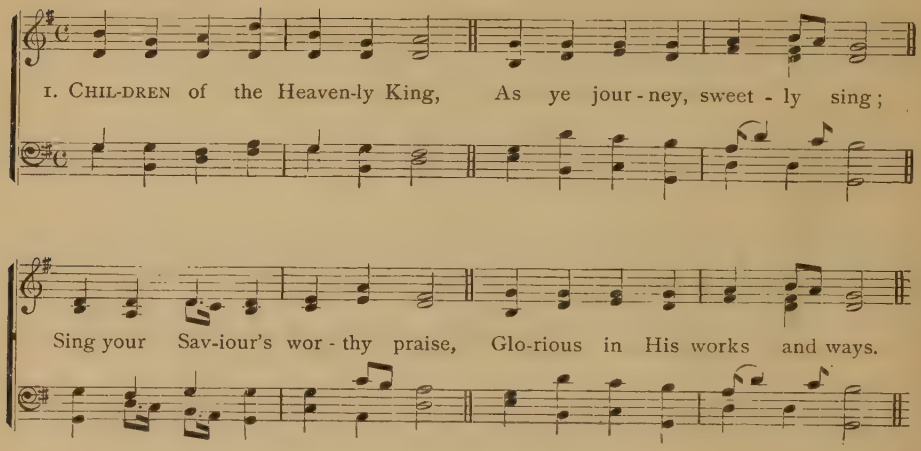
2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruiséd soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole. *Cho.*

3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God.—*Cho.*

4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.—*Cho*

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

NUREMBURG. 7. Johann Rudolph Ahle (1625 -1673.) 1664.


1. CHIL-DREN of the Heaven-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.

346 *Rejoicing on our Way.*

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick. (1717—1755.) 1742. ab.

347 *Redeeming Love.*

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

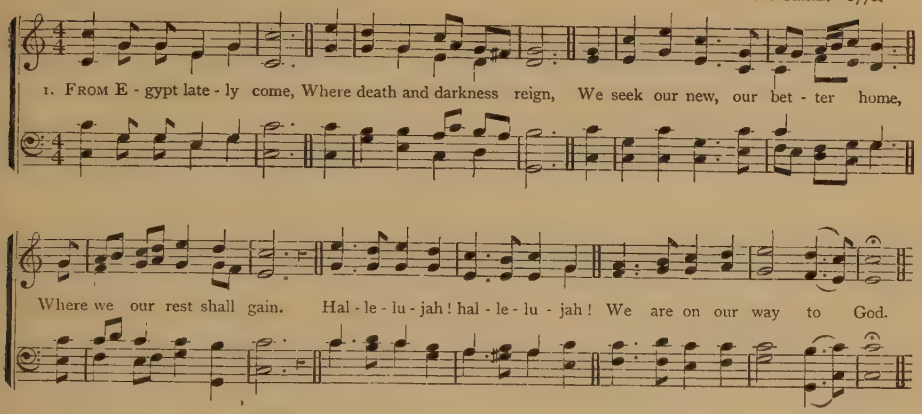
3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Rev. Martin Madan? (1726—1790.) 1763. ab.

SILVER STREET. S. M. Isaac Smith. 1770.


1. From E - gypt late - ly come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our bet - ter home,
Where we our rest shall gain. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We are on our way to God.

348 *Seeking a Country.* Heb. xi. 14.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

3 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

4 We soon shall join the throng;
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1812, 1853. ab.

349 *Pressing on.*

1 This is the day of toil
Beneath earth's sultry noon;
This is the day of service true,
But the rest cometh soon.
Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

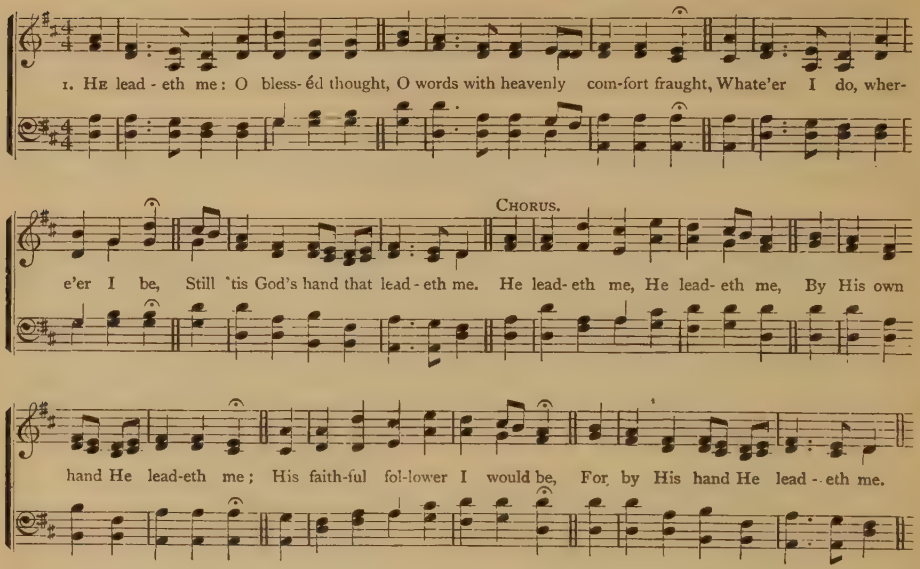
2 Spend and be spent would we,
While lasteth time's brief day;
No turning back in coward fear,
No lingering by the way.
Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

3 Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still;
Ours is the path the Master trod,
Through good report and ill.
Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

4 The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase;
We gird our loins, and hasten on:
The end, the end in peace.
Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1866. ab

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1864.


1. He lead - eth me: O bless- éd thought, O words with heavenly com-fort fraught, Whate'er I do, wher-
Chorus.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead- eth me, He lead- eth me, By His own
hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

350 *"He leadeth me."*

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me. *Cho.*

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. *Cho.*

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me. *Cho.*

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore. 1859.

351 *Home in View.*

1 As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

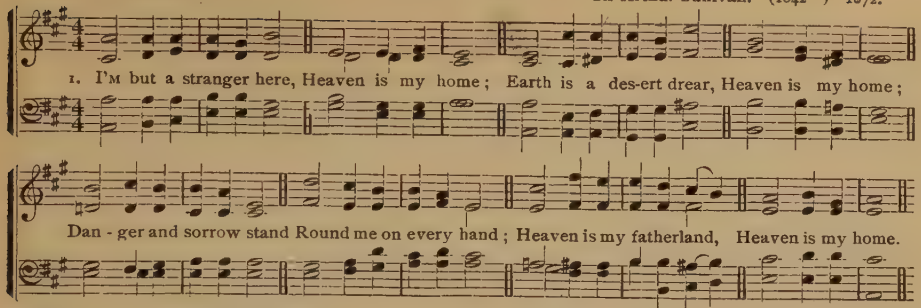
2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807). 1779. ab. and alt.

ST. EDMUND. 6, 4. Sir Arthur Sullivan. (1842—) 1872.


1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home;
Dan - ger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand; Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home.

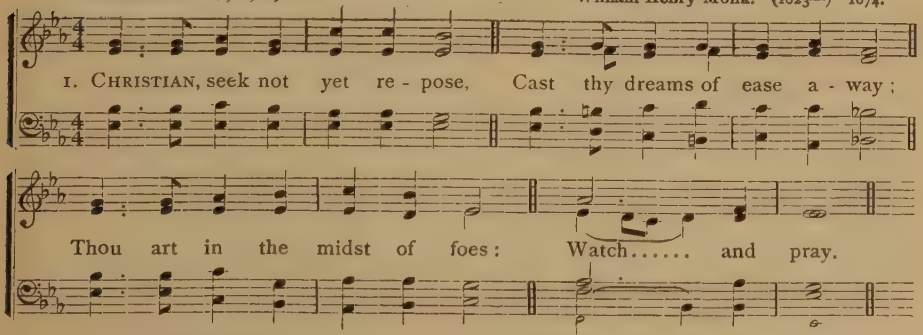
352 "*Strangers and Pilgrims.*" Heb. xi. 13.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas Ramson Taylor. (1807—1835.) 1834. ab.

VIGILATE. 7, 7, 7, 3. William Henry Monk. (1823—) 1874.



353 "*Watch and pray.*" Mark xiv. 38; Col. iv. 2.

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

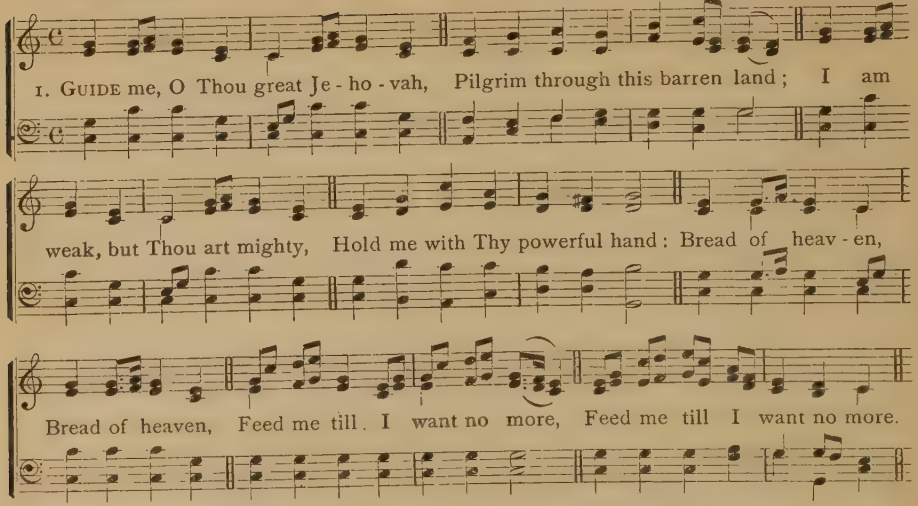
3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim:
Watch and pray.

4 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issues of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Bp. William Walsham How. (1823—) 1872. ab. and alt.
Miss Charlotte Elliott. (1789—1871.) 1859.

OLIPHANT. *8, 7, 4.*

Pierre-Marie-François de Sales Baillot. (1771—1842.) 1830.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.


1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am
weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of heav - en,
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

354 *Prayer for Guidance.*

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillow
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Song of Praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. Peter Williams. (1719—1796.) 1771. v. 1.
Rev. William Williams. (1717—1791.) 1773. ab.

355 *Working in the Vineyard.*

1 IN the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners too.

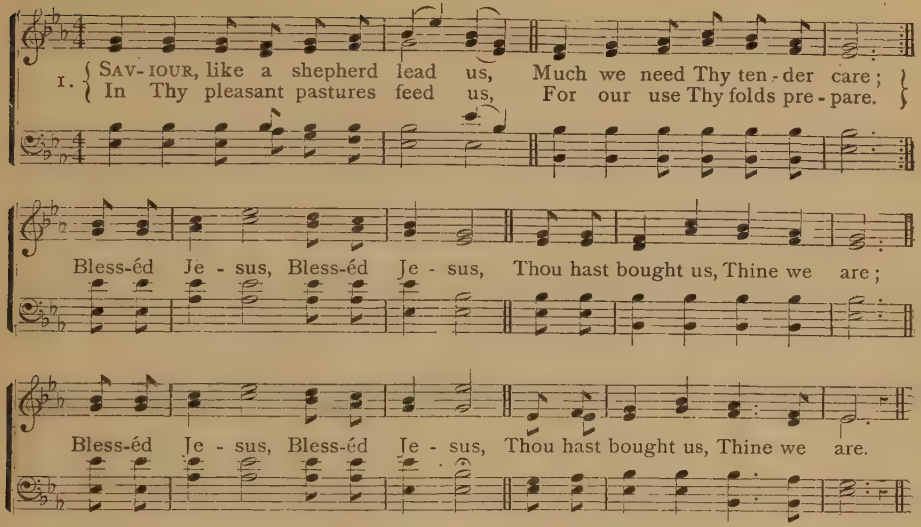
2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Hallelujah
Singing, all eternity.

Thomas MacKellar. (1812—) 1849.

SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1862.


1. { SAV-IOUR, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
{ In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare.
Bless-éd Je-sus, Bless-éd Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-éd Je-sus, Bless-éd Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

356

Prayer for Guidance.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
Blesséd Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blesséd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill;
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Miss Dorothy Ann Thrupp. (1779—1847.) 1838.

357

Prayer for Guidance.
Numbers x. 33.

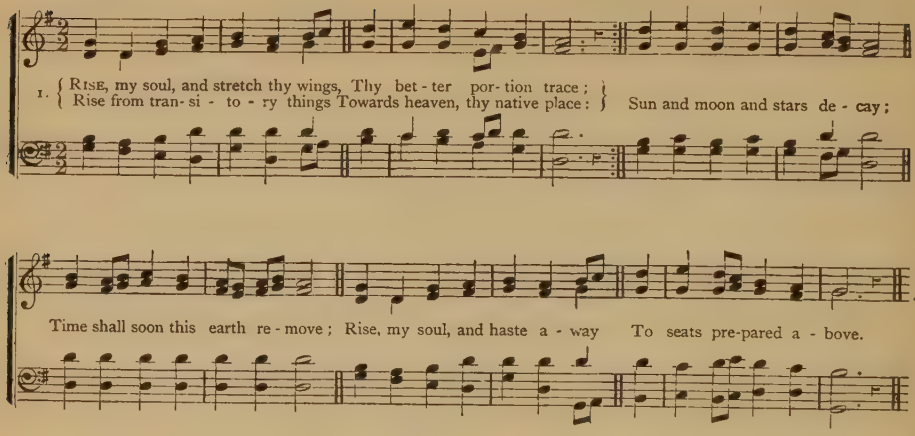
1 LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston. (1791—1867.) 1820.

AMSTERDAM. 7, 6. D. James Nares. (1715—1783.) 1760.


1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace ; }
{ Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heaven, thy native place : } Sun and moon and stars de - cay ;
Time shall soon this earth re - move ; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

358

The Pilgrim's Song.
Heb. xi. 13.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So, a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Rev. Robert Seagrave. (1693—) 1742 ab.

359

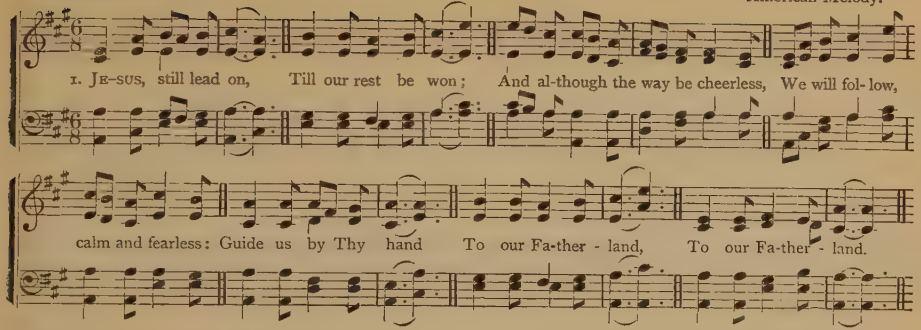
"*Time is winging us away.*"

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon, above,
Far beyond the world's annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

John Burton. (1773—1822.) 1815.

GUIDE. 5, 8. American Melody.


1. Je-sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al-though the way be cheerless, We will fol-low,
calm and fearless: Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa-ther - land, To our Fa-ther - land.

360 "*Jesu, geh voran.*"

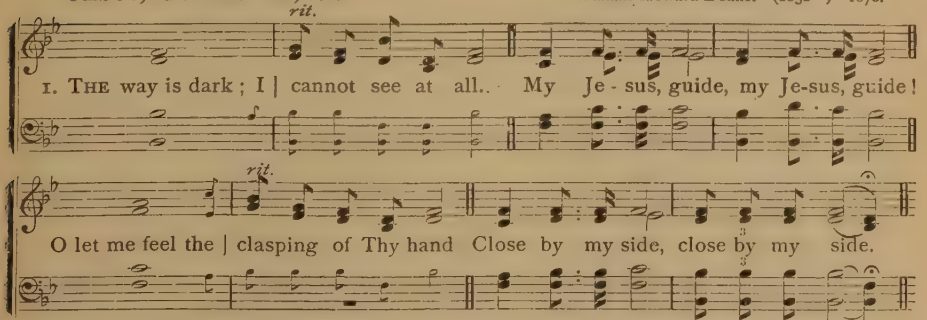
2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf. (1700—1760.) 1721.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1853. sl. alt.

JESUS, GUIDE. 10, 8. William Howard Doane. (1832—) 1870.


rit.
1. The way is dark; I | cannot see at all. My Je - sus, guide, my Je-sus, guide!
rit.
O let me feel the | clasping of Thy hand Close by my side, close by my side.

361 "*My Jesus, guide.*"

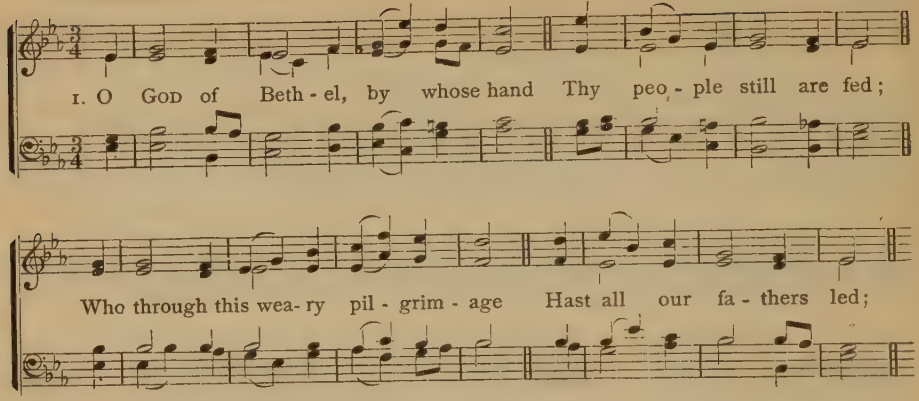
2 The way is rough; my | feet are very sore,
My Jesus, aid! my Jesus, aid!
O let me lean while | yet Thou leadest on,
Nor me upbraid! nor me upbraid!

3 The way is long; I | fear I yet may fall.
My Jesus, keep! my Jesus, keep!
O let my faith out- | last the weary road,
No more to weep! no more to weep!

4 The way, it ends; the | radiant gate appears!
All trials past! all trials past!
My spirit hastes and | bounds with joy, to be
At home at last! at home at last!

James Upham. 1869.

STRACATHRO. C. M. Scotch Melody.



362

Jacob's Vow.
Gen. xxviii. 20—22.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1737.
Michael Bruce. (1746—1767.) 1781. alt.

363

The hard Way.

1 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

2 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome travellers home.

3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.

4 Eternal glories to the King,
Who brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

364

"A Priest for ever."
Ps. cx. 4. Heb. v. 6.

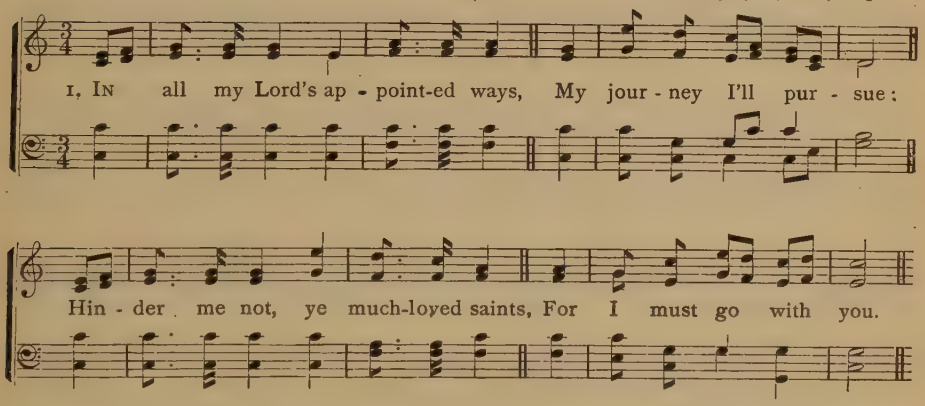
1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let me ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In Thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And Thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.
Rev. John Cennick. (1717—1755.) 1745. alt.

HEBER. C. M. George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.



365 "*Hinder me not.*" Gen. xxiv. 56.

2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes;
Hinder me not! shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at His command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not! come, welcome death!
I'll gladly go with thee.
Rev. John Ryland. (1753—1825.) 1773. ab.

366 *The High-way to Zion.* Is. xxxv. 8—10.

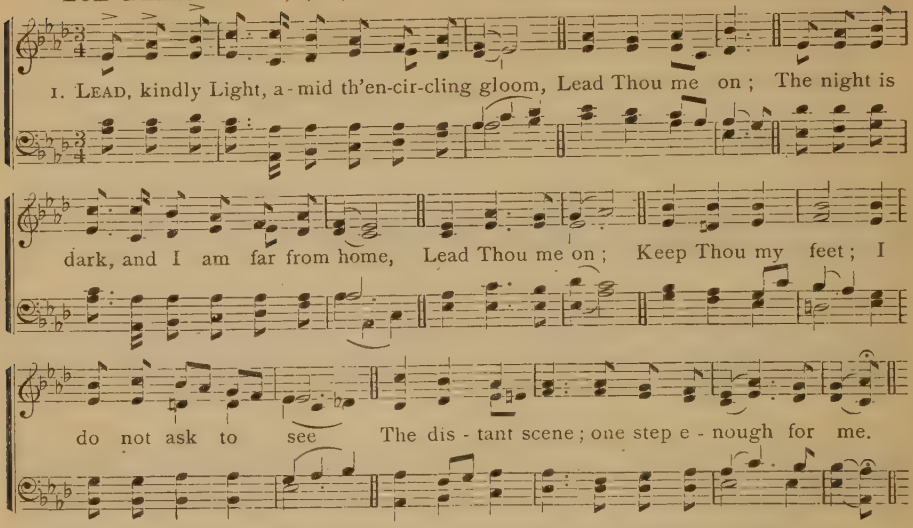
1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, crying, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.
Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755.

LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10, 10. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823—1876.) 1861.


1. LEAD, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

367

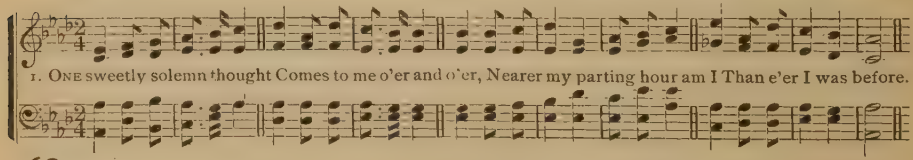
"*Lead Thou me on.*"

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou
I loved to choose and see my path;
Lead Thou me on! [but now
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure
Will lead me on [it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
The night is gone, [rent, till
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Rev. John Henry Newman. (1801—) 1833.

DAWN. S. M. Rev. Edwin Pond Parker. (1836—) 1871.



368

Nearing Home.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea;

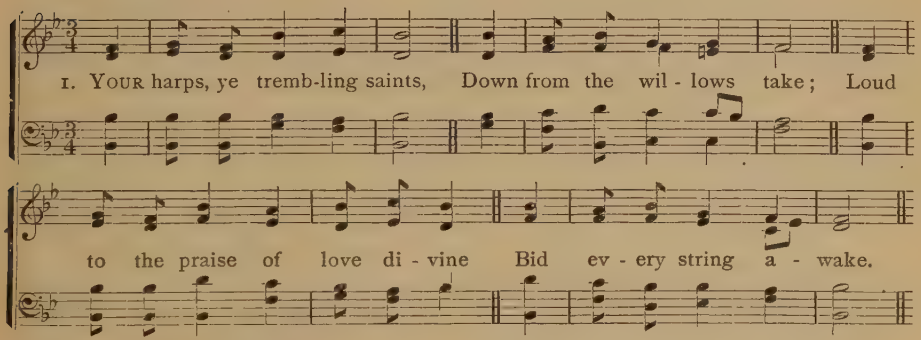
3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus, to Thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

Miss Phœbe Cary. (1825—1871.) 1852. ab. and alt.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.



369 *Weak Believers encouraged.*

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1772. ab.

370 *Through the Sea.* Ps. cvii. 24.

1 WE'RE bound for yonder land,
Where Jesus reigns supreme;
We leave the shore at His command,
Forsaking all for Him.

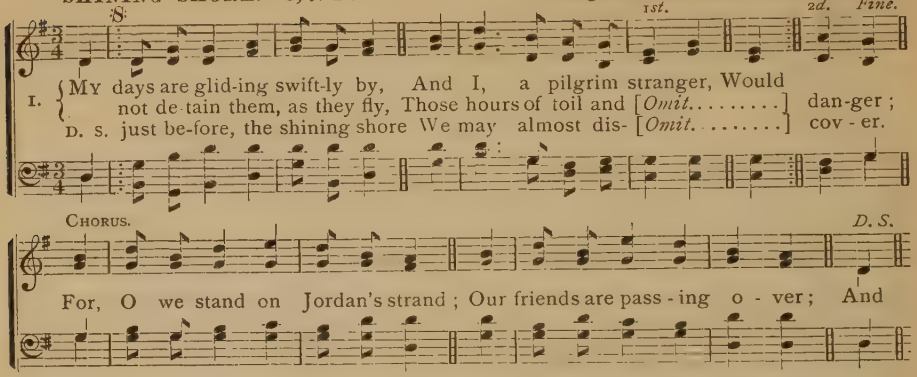
2 The Lord Himself will keep
His people safe from harm;
Will hold the helm, and guide the ship,
With His almighty arm

3 Then let the tempests roar,
The billows heave and swell;
We trust to reach the peaceful shore,
Where all the ransomed dwell.

4 And when we gain the land,
How happy shall we be!
How shall we bless the mighty Hand
That led us through the sea!

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1809. ab.

SHINING SHORE. 8, 7. D. George Frederick Root. (1820—) 1856.


1st.
2d. Fine.
I. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would
not de-tain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and [Omit.....] dan-ger;
D. S. just be-fore, the shining shore We may almost dis- [Omit.....] cov-er.
Chorus.
D. S.
For, O we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And

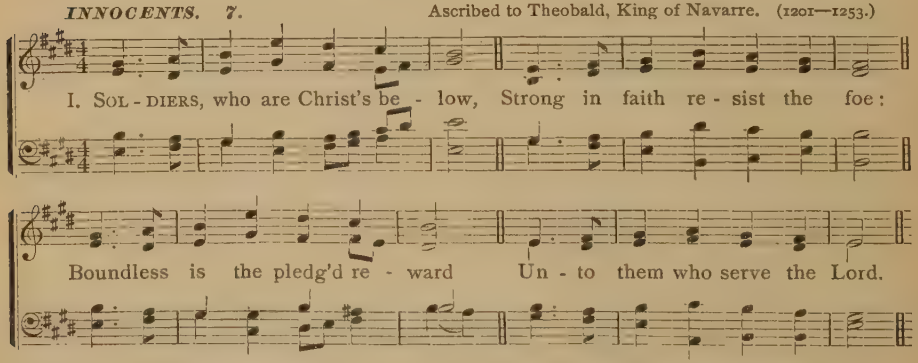
371 *Jordan's Strand.*

2 We'll gird our lines, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
"Let every lamp be burning:" *Cho.*

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home,
Forever, O forever: *Cho.*

Rev. David Nelson. (1793—1844.) 1835. ab.

INNOCENTS. 7. Ascribed to Theobald, King of Navarre. (1201—1253.)


I. Sol-diers, who are Christ's be-low, Strong in faith re-sist the foe:
Boundless is the pledg'd re-ward Un-to them who serve the Lord.

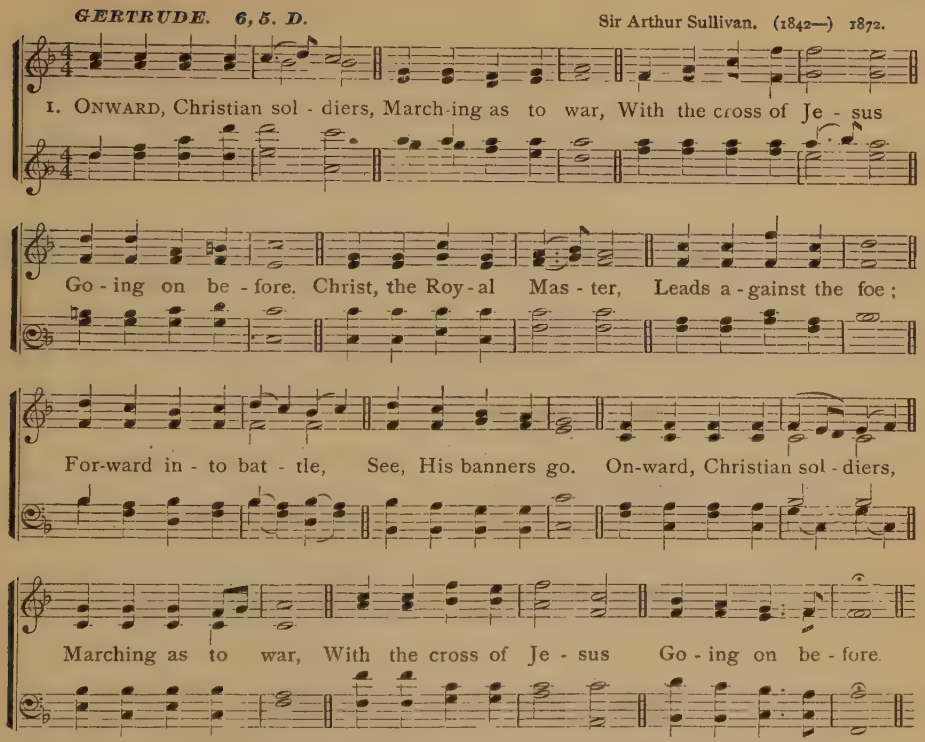
372 "*He that overcometh.*" Rev. iii. 21.

2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his, serene and pure,
Light, that ever shall endure.

3 For the souls that overcome,
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the blessèd evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

4 Father, who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by whose death we live,
Spirit, who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, Thy Name we praise.

Paris Breviary. (1736.)
Tr. by Rev. J. H. Clark. ab.


GERTRUDE. 6, 5. D.
Sir Arthur Sullivan. (1842—) 1872.
1. ONWARD, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

373 "*Onward, Christian Soldiers.*"

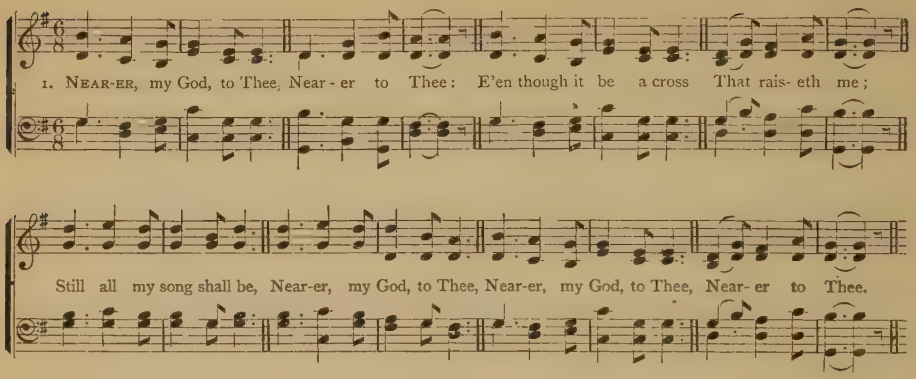
2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ our King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. (1834—) 1865. ab. and sl. alt.

BETHANY. 6, 4. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1859.


1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee: E'en though it be a cross That rais- eth me;
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near- er to Thee.

374

"*Nearer, my God, to Thee.*"
Gen. xxviii. 10—12.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams. (1805—1848.) 1840

375

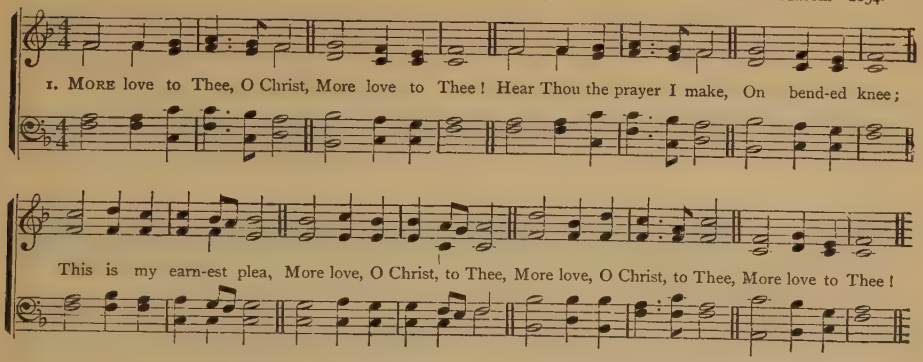
"*Jesus is mine.*"

1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. 1845. ab

OAK. 6, 4. Lowell Mason. 1854.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make, On bend-ed knee;
This is my earn-est plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!

376

"*More Love to Thee!*" John xxi. 17.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss. (1819—) 1869.

377

"*Jesus is mine.*"

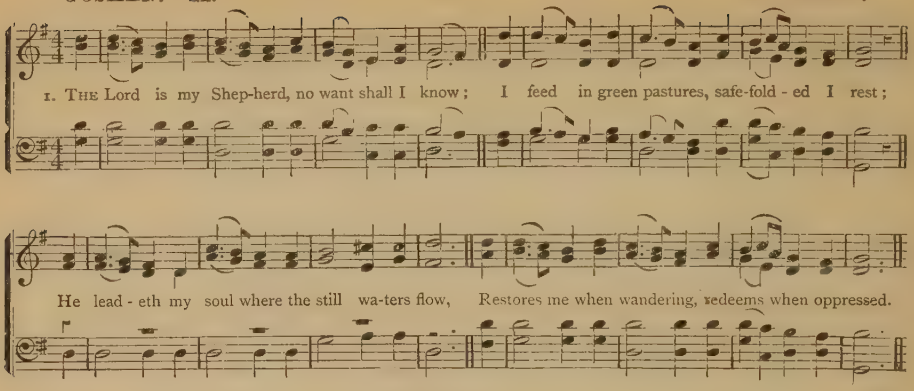
1 Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine:
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine:
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine:
O what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

Henry Joy McCracken Hope. (1809—1872.) 1852. ab.

GOSHEN. 11. German Melody.


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-fold - ed I rest;
He lead - eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

378

"*I will fear no evil.*"
Ps. xxiii. 4.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1821

379

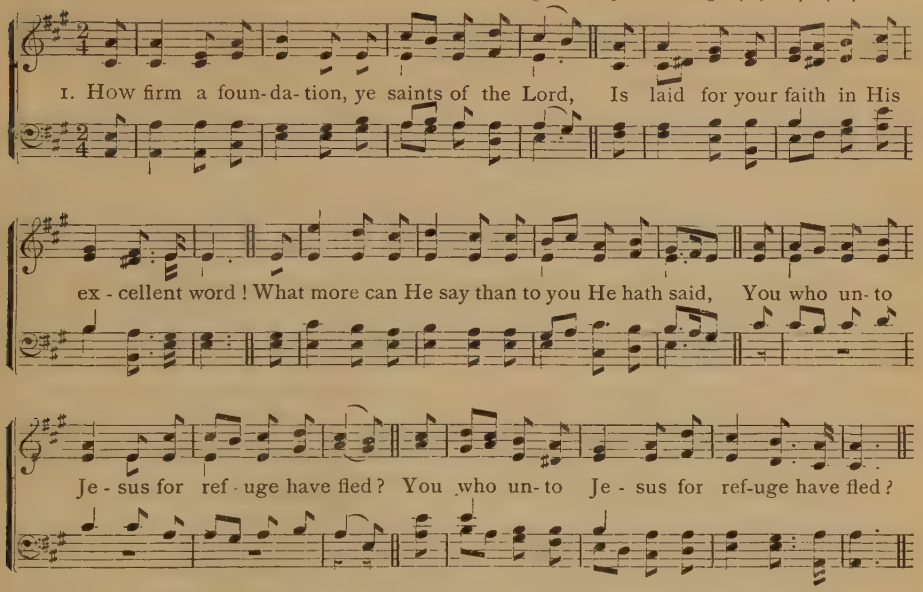
"*Faint, yet pursuing.*"

1 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, His Word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God.

Unknown Author. 1858. ab.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11. John Reading. (1690—1766.) 1760.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
ex - cellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un- to
Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? You who un- to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?

380 "*Exceeding great and precious Promises.*" 2 Pet. i. 4.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

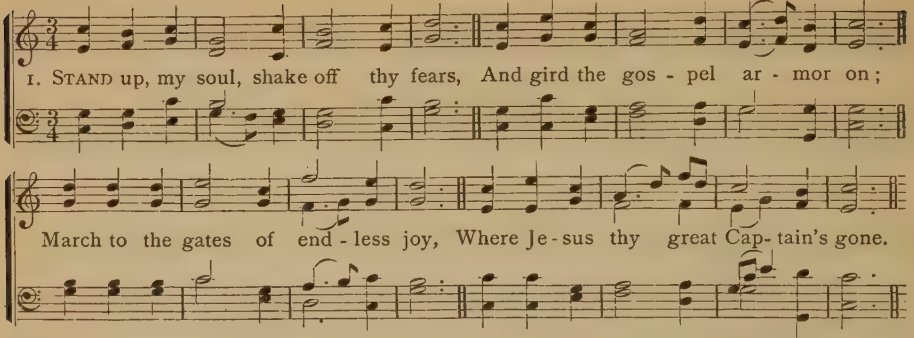
3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

George Keith. 1787. ab.

MENDON. L. M. German. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.


1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;
March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je - sus thy great Cap - tain's gone.

381 *The Christian Warfare.*

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate:
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab. and alt.

382 "*The good Fight.*" 1 Tim. vi. 12.

1 FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy [right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is All in all to thee.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell. (1811—) 1863.

383 *The Call to Vigilance.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes:
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host:
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

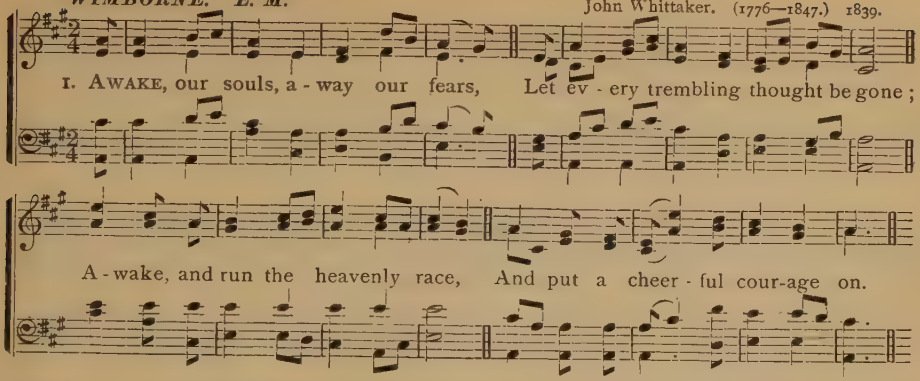
2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

3 Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should His faithful followers fear?

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1773. ab.

WIMBORNE. L. M. John Whittaker. (1776—1847.) 1839.


1. AWAKE, our souls, a - way our fears, Let ev - ery trembling thought be gone;
A - wake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer - ful cour-age on.

384

The Christian Race.
Is. xl. 28—31.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power,
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their nativestrength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

385

Walking by Faith.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

386

The City yet to come.
Heb. xiii. 14.

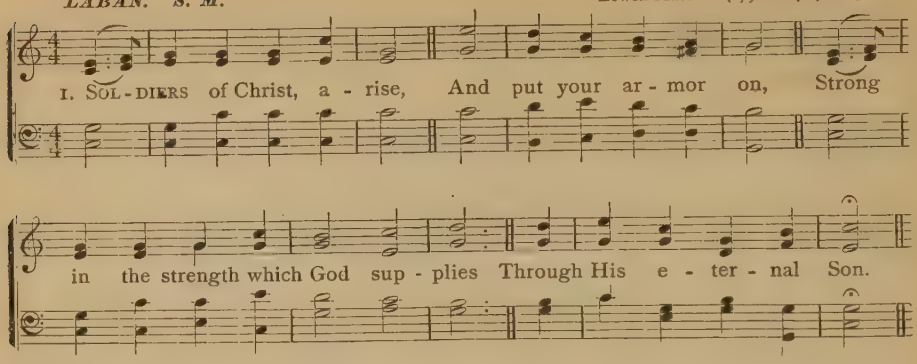
1 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

2 Zion! Jehovah is her strength!
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest:
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1812, 1853. ab.

LABAN. S. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.



387

"*The whole Armor.*" Eph. vi. 11—18.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab.

388

"*Be on thy Guard.*"

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou receive thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

George Heath. 1781.

389

"*Watch and pray.*" Eph. v. 14.

1 Gracious Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul;
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."

2 Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

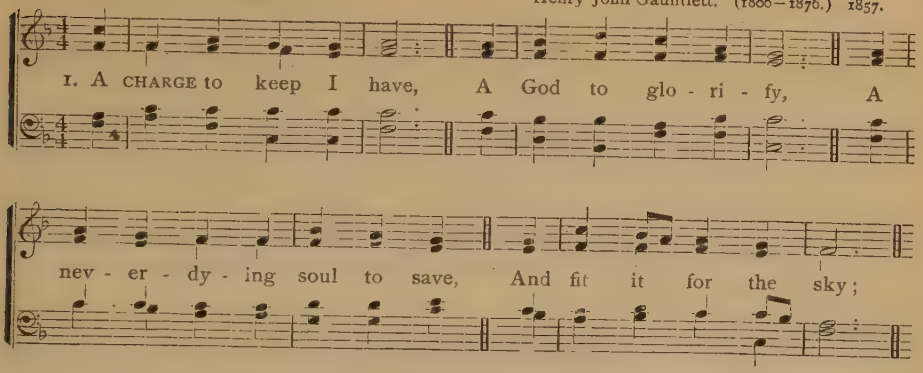
3 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to Thee.

4 Myself I cannot save;
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740. ab.

NEWLAND. S. M.

Henry John Gauntlett. (1806–1876.) 1857.



390 "*Keep the Charge of the Lord.*" Lev. viii. 35

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1762.

391 "*Weigh not thy Life.*"

1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil:
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Unknown Author

392 *God in All.*

1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee;

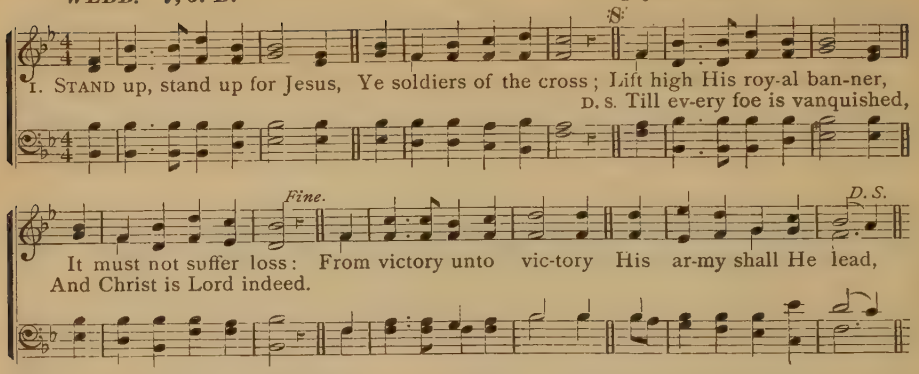
2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the Way,
In all be Thou the End.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

Rev. George Herbert. (1593—1632.) 1635. ab.

WEBB. 7, 6. D. George James Webb. (1803–) 1830.


8
1. STAND up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban-ner,
D. S. Till ev-ery foe is vanquished,
Fine.
D. S.
It must not suffer loss: From victory unto vic-tory His ar-my shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

393 *"Stand up, stand up for Jesus."*

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield, Jr. (1818—) 1858. ab.

394 *"Go forward, Christian Soldier."*

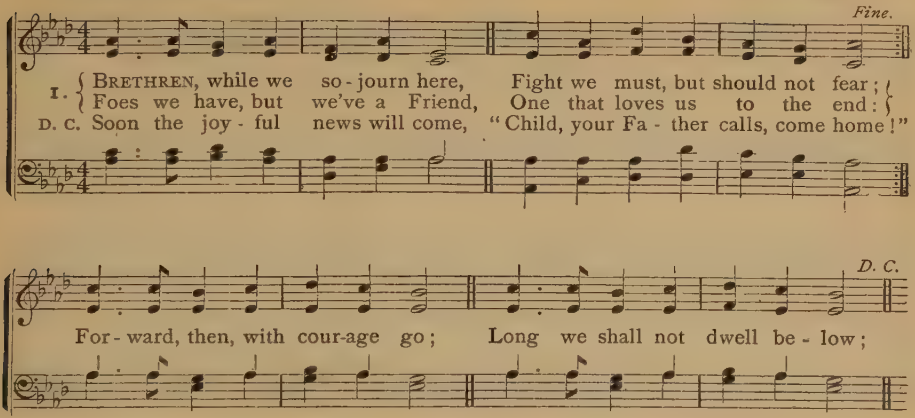
1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true:
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possest;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light;
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett. (1825—) 1866. at

SPANISH HYMN. 7. D. Spanish Melody.


Fine.
1. { BRETHREN, while we so-journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear;
{ Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end:
D. C. Soon the joy-ful news will come, "Child, your Fa-ther calls, come home!"
D. C.
For-ward, then, with cour-age go; Long we shall not dwell be-low;

395 *The Conflict soon over.*

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

Rev. Joseph Swain. (1761—1796.) 1792.

396 *"Was von aussen und von innen."*

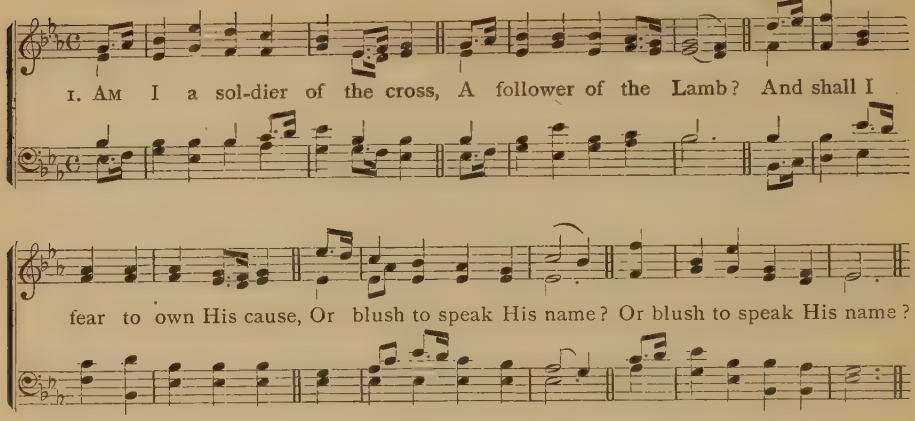
1 LORD, Thou art my Rock of strength,
And my home is in Thine arms;
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
Sin nor death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown;
Up to Thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are Thine own.

2 When my trials tarry long,
Unto Thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my trust in Thee abate.
And this faith I long have nursed
Comes alone, O God, from Thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

3 Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to Thee;
In the peace Thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my All; in all I do,
Let me only seek Thy will.
Where the heart to Thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm and still.

Rev. August Hermann Franke. (1663—1727.) 1711
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth. (1829—) 1855. ab

CHRISTMAS. C. M. George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.)


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I
fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?

397

"*Quit you like Men.*"
1 Cor. xvi. 13.

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1720.

398

Pressing on.
Phil. iii. 12—14.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

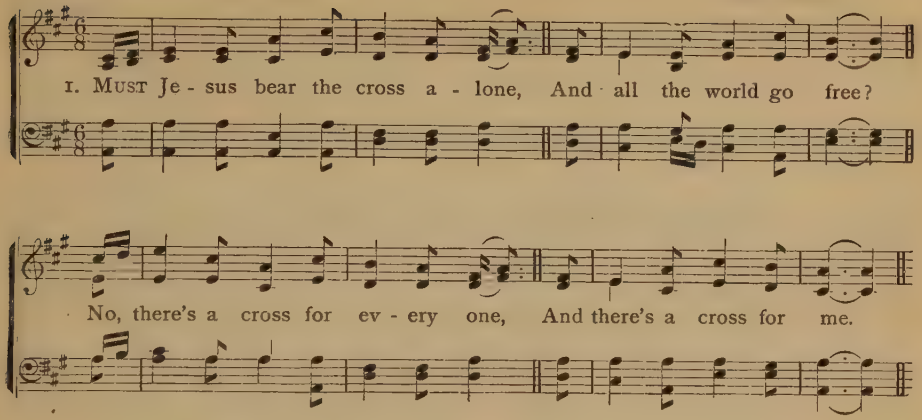
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

MAITLAND. C. M. Aaron Chapin. c. 1820.



399 *No Cross, no Crown.*

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives, no more to die.

6 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

G. N. Allen. vs. 1–3. 1849. alt.

400 *"I am not ashamed."* 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

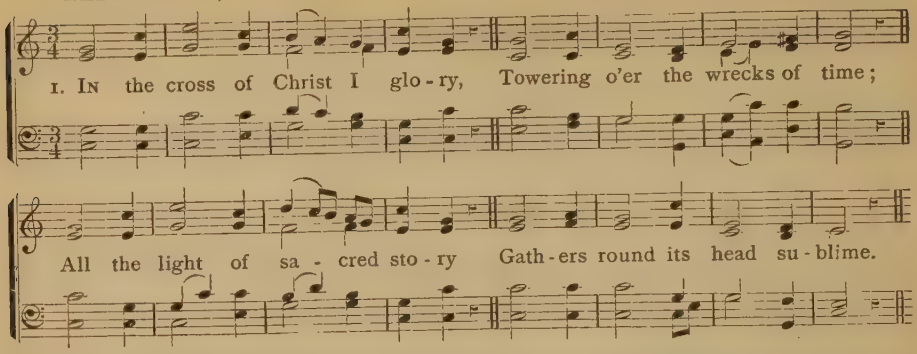
2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name,
His Name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

RATHBUN. 8, 7. Ithamar Conkey. (1815—1867.) 1851.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head su - blime.

401 *Glorying in the Cross.* Gal. vi. 14.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring. (1792—1872.) 1825.

402 "*God is Love.*" 1 John iv. 8.

1 God is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

403 "*I would love Thee.*"

1 I would love Thee, God and Father,
My Redeemer and my King:
I would love Thee; for, without Thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

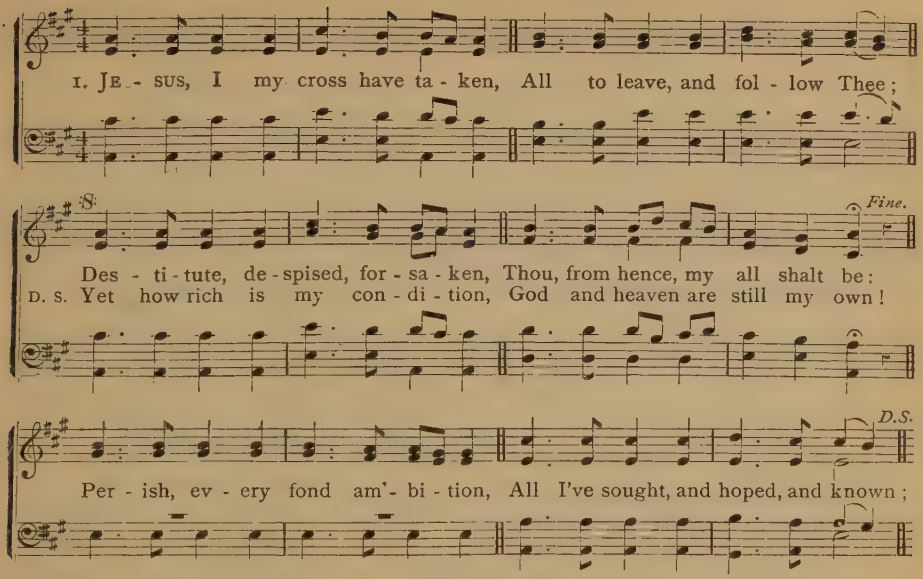
2 I would love Thee: look upon me,
Ever guide me with Thine eye;
I would love Thee: if not nourished
By Thy love, my soul would die.

3 I would love Thee: may Thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes;
I would love Thee: may Thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

4 I would love Thee, I have vowed it:
On Thy love my heart is set;
While I love Thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

Madame Jeanne M. B. de la M. Guyon. (1648—1717.) 1716.

ELLESDIE. 8, 7. D. Arr. from Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Fine.
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
D. S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!
D.S.
Per - ish, ev - ery fond am'- bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;

404

"*We have left all.*" Mark x. 28.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1825.

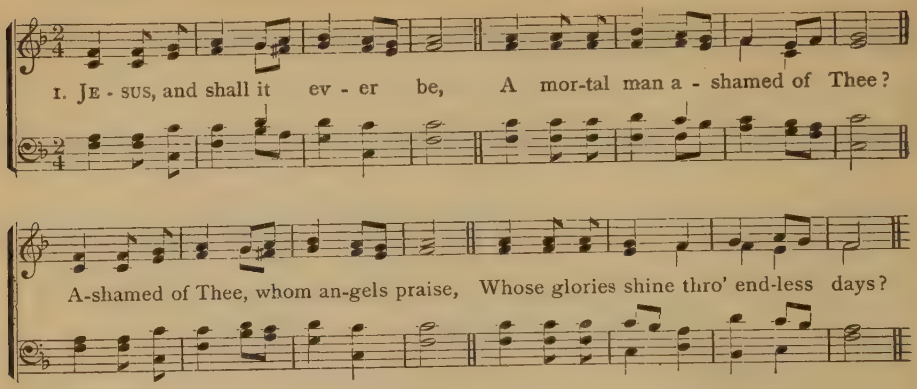
405

Dismission.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise

Unknown Author. 1775.

HAMBURG. (GREGORIAN.) L. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1825.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a - shamed of Thee?
A-shamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?

406

Not ashamed of Jesus.
Rom. i. 16. Heb. ii. 11.

2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg. (—1768.) 1765. ab. and alt.
Rev. Benjamin Francis. (1734—1799.) 1787.

407

Bearing the Cross for Christ.

1 My precious Lord, for Thy dear Name
I bear the cross, despise the shame;
Nor do I faint, while Thou art near;
I lean on Thee; how can I fear?

2 No other name but Thine is given
To cheer my soul, in earth or heaven;
No other wealth will I require;
No other friend can I desire.

3 Yea, into nothing would I fall
For Thee alone, my All in all;
To feel Thy love, my only joy,
To tell Thy love, my sole employ.

Moravian Collection. 1754. ab.

408

All in all.
Col. iii. 11.

1 In Christ I've all my soul's desire;
His spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes large and high;
And Christ will all my wants supply.

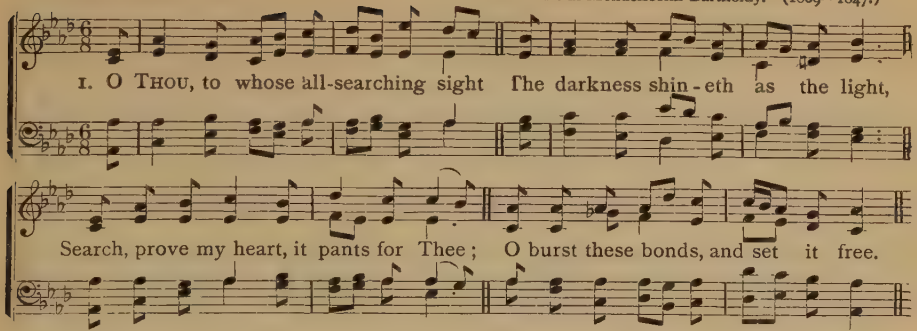
2 Christ is my Hope, my Strength, and Guide; [died;
For me He bled, and groaned, and
He is my Sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme Delight.

3 Christ is the source of all my bliss;
My wisdom and my righteousness;
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend;
On Him alone I now depend.

4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless.
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my Salvation and my All,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.

John Dobell's (1757—1840) Collection. 1806.

ASAPH. L. M. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. (1809—1847.)


1. O Thou, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shin - eth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free.

409 "*Seelenbräutigam, o Du Gottes-Lamm.*"

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

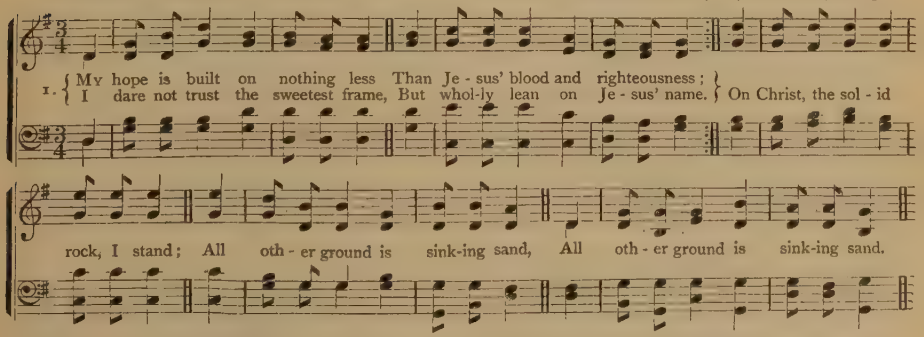
3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart, [heart.
And raise my head, and cheer my

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

Gerhard Tersteegen. (1697—1769.)
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1738. ab.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 l. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1865.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id
rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

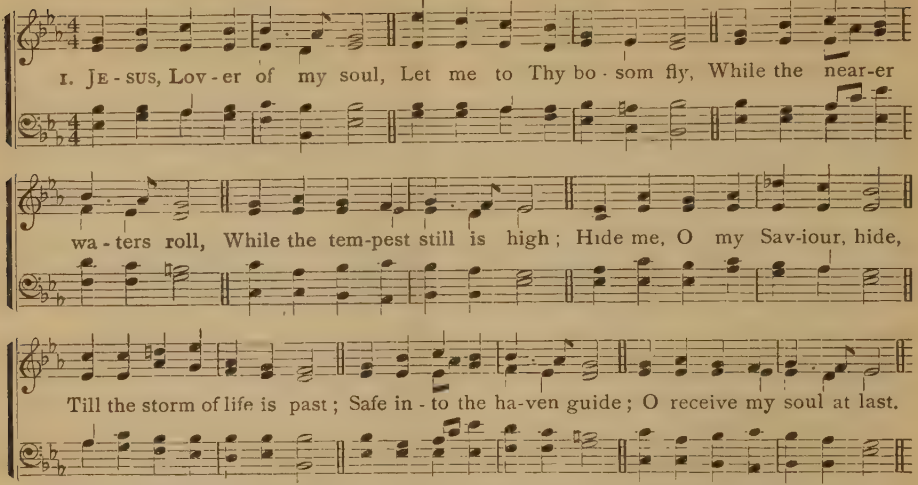
410 *The solid Rock.*

2 When darkness seems to vail His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev Edward Mote. 1865.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7. D. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823—1876.) 1861.


1. JE-SUS, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near-er
wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; O receive my soul at last.

411 "*Jesus, Lover of my Soul.*"

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1740.

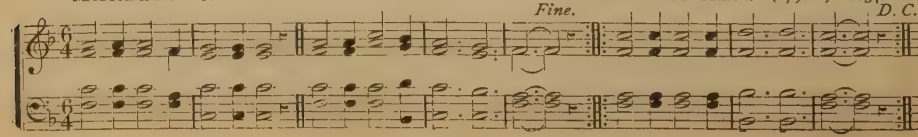
412 "*All I want.*"

1 THOU, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

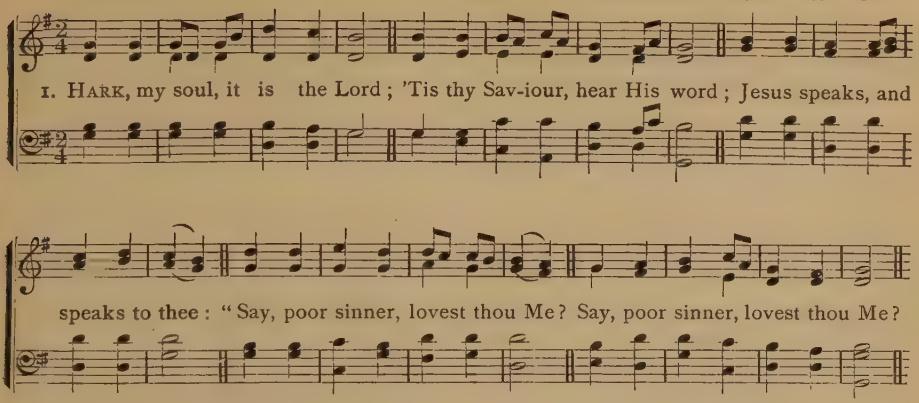
2 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740.

MARTYN. 7. D. Simeon Butler Marsh. (1798—) 1834.



HENDON. 7. Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1830.


1. HARK, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav-iour, hear His word; Jesus speaks, and
speaks to thee: "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me? Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

413 "*Lovest thou Me?*"

2 "I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, healed Thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

414 "*Loving Him who first loved me.*"

1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace:
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Unknown Author. 1854. ab.

415 "*Cast thy Burden upon the Lord.*" Ps. lv. 22.

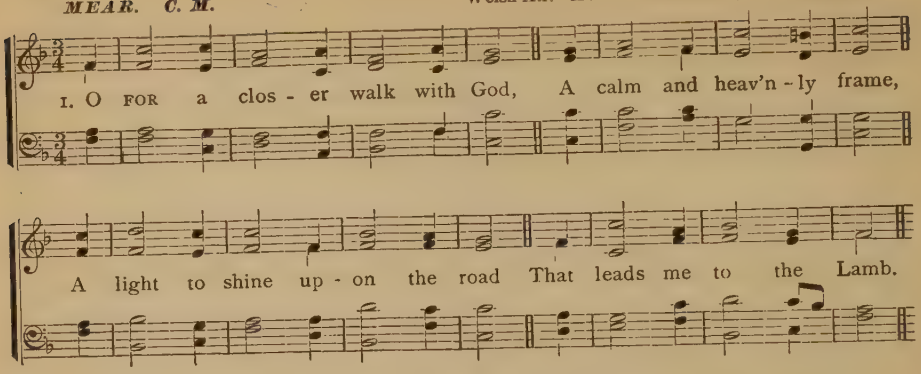
1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless,
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

Rev. Rowland Hill. (1744—1833.) 1783, v. 1.
George Rawson. (1807—) 1857. ab. and much alt

MEAR. C. M. Welsh Air. Aaron Williams. (1731—1776.) 1760.



416 "*A closer Walk.*" Gen. v. 24. 1 John ii. 6.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

417 *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

418 "*Let us return.*" Hos. vi. 1–4.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

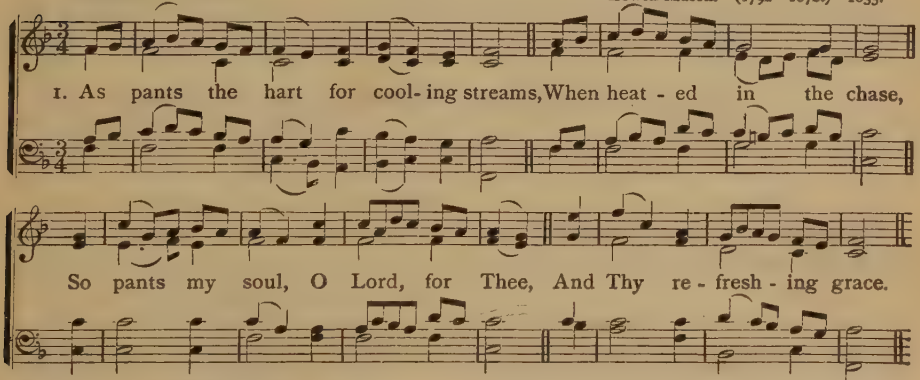
4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

5 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

Rev. John Morrison. (1749—1798.) 1781. ab.

HEATH. C. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1835.



419 *Panting for God.* Ps. xlii.

2 For Thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none so blest as I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find Him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady. 1696. alt.
Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834.

420 *"O that I were as in Months past!"* Job xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

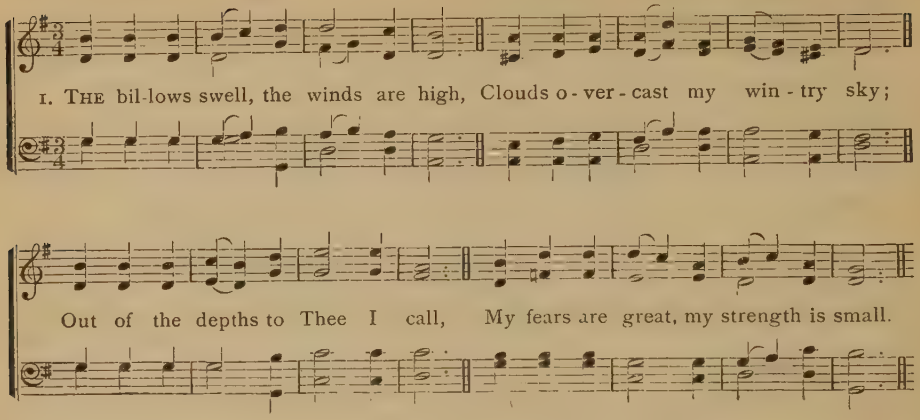
2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

4 Rise, Saviour, help me to prevail,
And make my soul Thy care;
I know Thy mercy cannot fail:
Let me that mercy share.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab. and alt.

ROSE HILL. L. M. Joseph Emerson Sweetser. (1825—1873.) 1849.


1. The bil-lows swell, the winds are high, Clouds o-ver-cast my win-try sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call, My fears are great, my strength is small.

421 *Storm and Tempest.*

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guard and guide me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

422 *Looking upwards.*

1 God of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

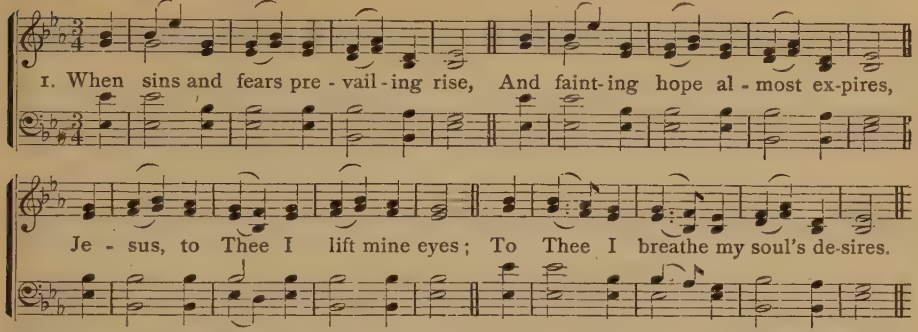
3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper. 1779. ab.

GRATITUDE. L. M. Ami Bost. Arr. by Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1837.


1. When sins and fears pre - vail - ing rise, And faint - ing hope al - most ex - pires,
Je - sus, to Thee I lift mine eyes; To Thee I breathe my soul's de - sires.

423

"*Ye shall live also.*" John xiv. 19.

2 Art Thou not mine, my Living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
Fixed on Thine everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my Immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760. ab.

424

Restoring and preserving Grace. Ps. cxxxviii.

1 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

2 The God of heaven maintains His state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from His throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

3 Amid a thousand snares, I stand
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

425

Christ all-sufficient.

1 FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in Thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

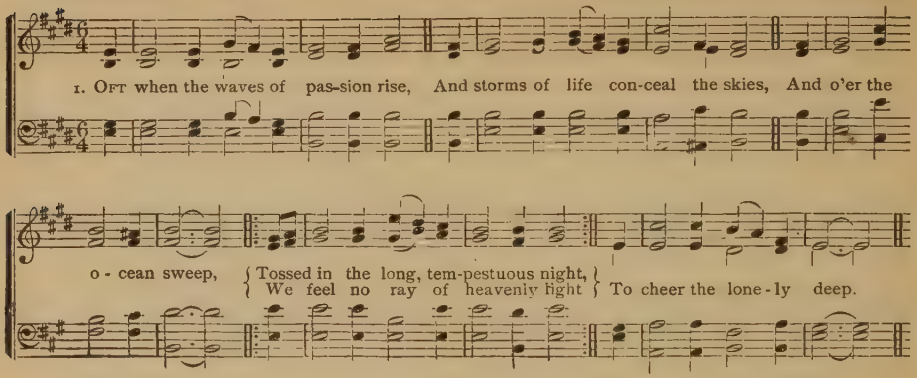
2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest shielded by Thine arm.

James Edmeston. (1791—1867.) 1844.

BREMEN. C. P. M. Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1836.


1. Oft when the waves of pas-sion rise, And storms of life con-ceal the skies, And o'er the
o - cean sweep, { Tossed in the long, tem-pestuous night, / We feel no ray of heavenly light } To cheer the lone - ly deep.

426 *The Tempest.*

2 But lo, in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I."

3 Ah, Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save,
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to Thee,
Swift walking on the wave.

4 He bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise;
O, if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab. and alt.

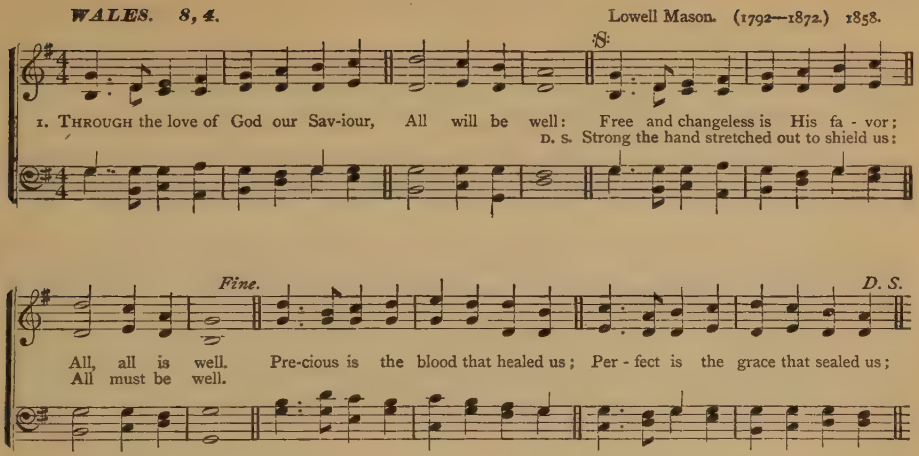
427 "*Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein.*"

1 Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown:
God is with us; we are His own;
Our victory cannot fail.

3 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end.

Gustavus Adolphus. (1594—1632.) 1631. in prose.
Rev. Jacob Fabricius. (1593—1654.) 1631. in verse.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth. (1829—) 1855. ab. and alt.


WALES. 8, 4.
Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1858.
8:
1. THROUGH the love of God our Sav-iour, All will be well: Free and changeless is His fa - vor;
D. S. Strong the hand stretched out to shield us:
Fine.
D. S.
All, all is well. All must be well.
Pre-cious is the blood that healed us; Per - fect is the grace that sealed us;

428 "*All is well.*"

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well:
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

Mrs. Mary Bowly Peters. (—1856.) 1847.

429 "*A Friend above all others.*"

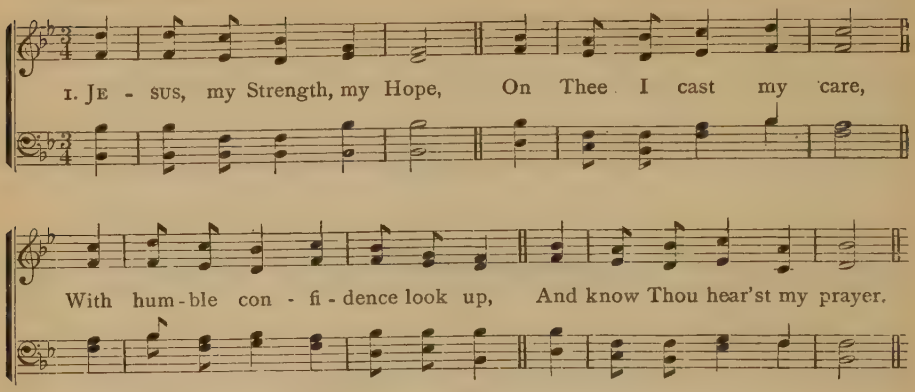
1 THERE's a Friend above all others;
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us;
O how He loves!

2 All thy sins shall be forgiven;
O how He loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven;
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide thee;
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee;
Safe to glory He will guide thee;
O how He loves!

3 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder;
O how He loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder;
O how He loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
O how He loves!

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. alt.
Miss Marianne Nunn. (1779—1847.)

STATE STREET. S. M. Jonathan C. Woodman. 1844.



430

Watching and Praying.
Luke xviii. 1. Phil. iv. 13.

2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

5 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

431

"*Out of the Depths.*"
Ps. cxxx.

1 OUT of the depths of woe,
To Thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

2 I cast my hope on Thee;
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?

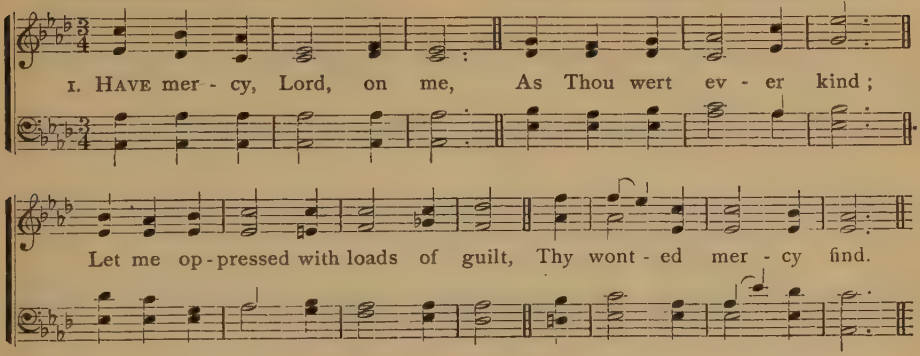
3 Humbly I wait on Thee,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at Thy gate;
Open, and take me in.

4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For lo, the swift-returning Dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms His face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822. ab.

GREENWOOD. S. M. Joseph Emerson Sweetser. (1825—1873.) 1849.



432

"*Have Mercy.*" Ps. li.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I trangressed, and, though condemned,
Must own Thy judgment right.

Tate and Brady. 1696. ab.

433

"*Out of the Depths.*" Ps. cxxx.

1 Out of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee,
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the Precious Name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker. (1821—) 1868.

434

Prayer for perfect Peace.

1 Jesus, my Lord, attend
Thy fallen creature's cry,
And show Thyself the sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high.

2 From hell's oppressive power,
From earth and sin release,
And to Thy Father's grace restore,
And to Thy perfect peace.

3 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from Thee.

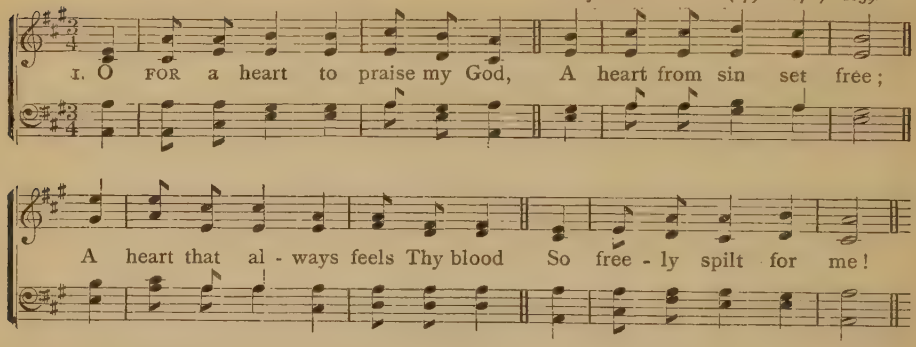
4 O then, impute, impart,
To me Thy righteousness:
And let me taste how good Thou art,
How full of truth and grace.

5 That Thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify;
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1747. ab.

DENFIELD. (AZMON.) C. M.

Carl Gotthilf Gläser. (1784—1829.) 1828.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.



435

"*Make me a clean Heart.*"
Ps. li. 10.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

436

Spiritual Freedom.

1 O LORD, impart Thyself to me,
No other good I need;
When Thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in Thy blood
I full redemption have;
But Thou, thro' whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I too with Thee shall walk in white;
With all Thy saints shall prove
The length, and depth, and breadth, and height
Of everlasting love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740. ab. and alt.

437

For a tender Conscience.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

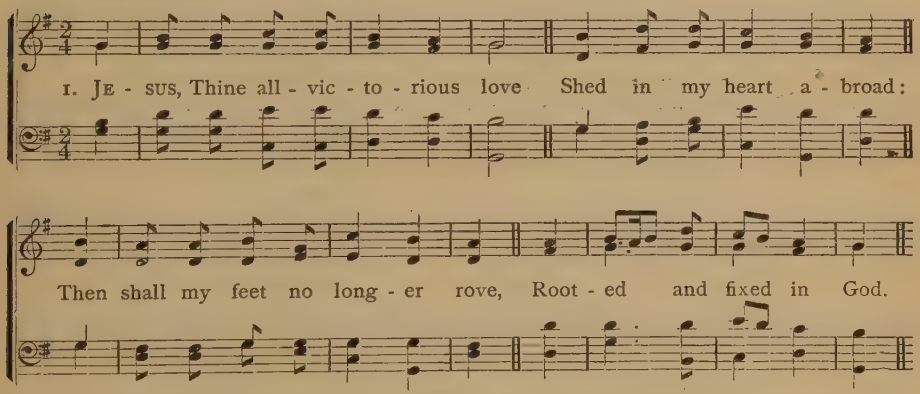
3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away
For having grieved Thy love.

5 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1749. ab.

PETERBOROUGH. *C. M.* Rev. Ralph Harrison. (1748—1810.) 1786.



438 *The refining Fire of the Holy Spirit.*

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740. ab. and alt.

439 *Breathing after Holiness.* Ps. cxix. 5, 133, 176, 35

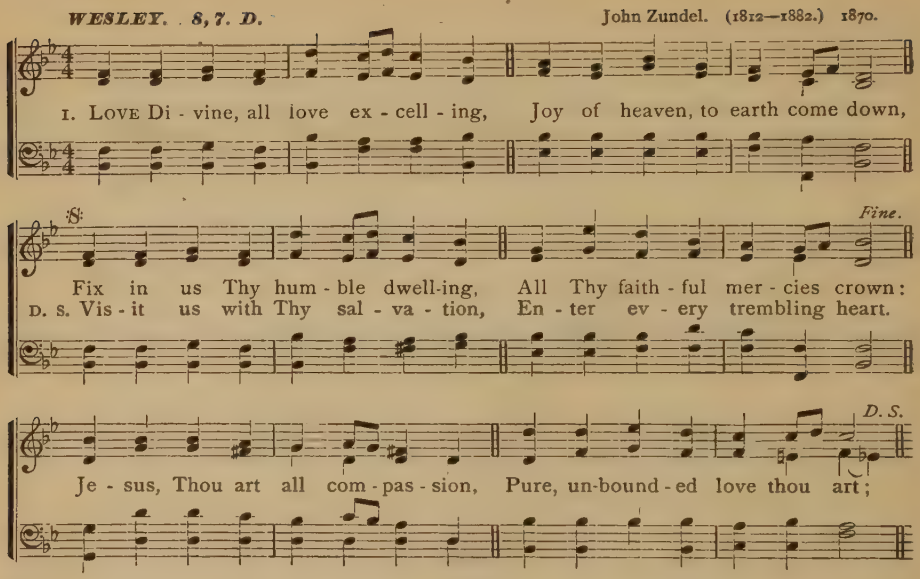
1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still;
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do His will!

2 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

3 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip:
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

4 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.


WESLEY. 8, 7. D.
John Zundel. (1812—1882.) 1870.
1. Love Di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:
D. S. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.
Fine.
D. S.
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love thou art;

440 "*Love Divine.*"

2 Breathe, O breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest;
Take away our power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1747. ab. and sl. alt.

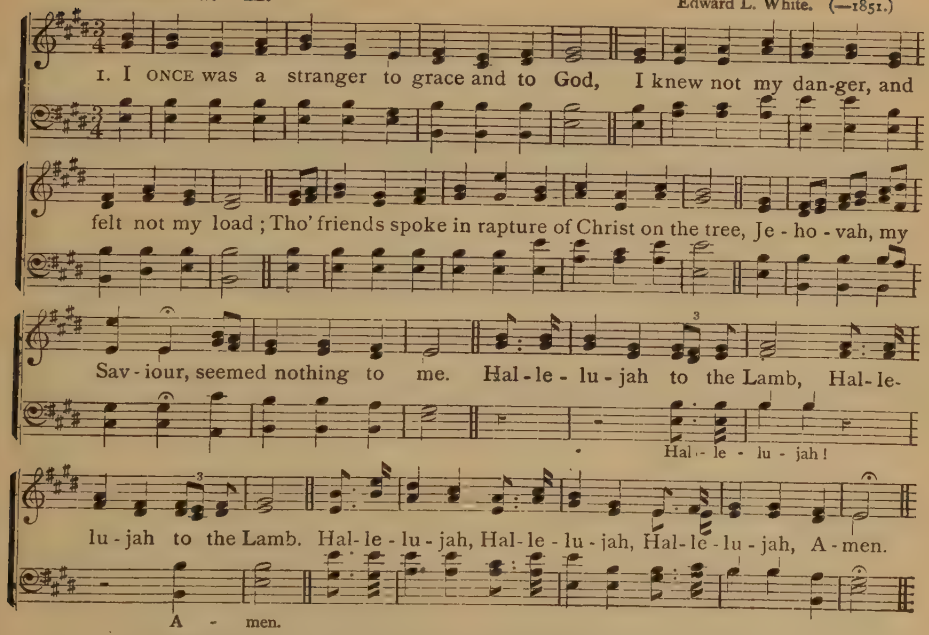
441 *Joy.*

1 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1833.

EDINBURG. 11. Edward L. White. (—1851.)


1. I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God, I knew not my dan-ger, and
felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Je - ho - vah, my
Sav - iour, seemed nothing to me. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Hal - le -
Hal - le - lu - jah!
lu - jah to the Lamb. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
A - men.

442 *"The Lord our Righteousness."*

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see;
Jehovah, Thou only my Saviour must be. *Cho.*

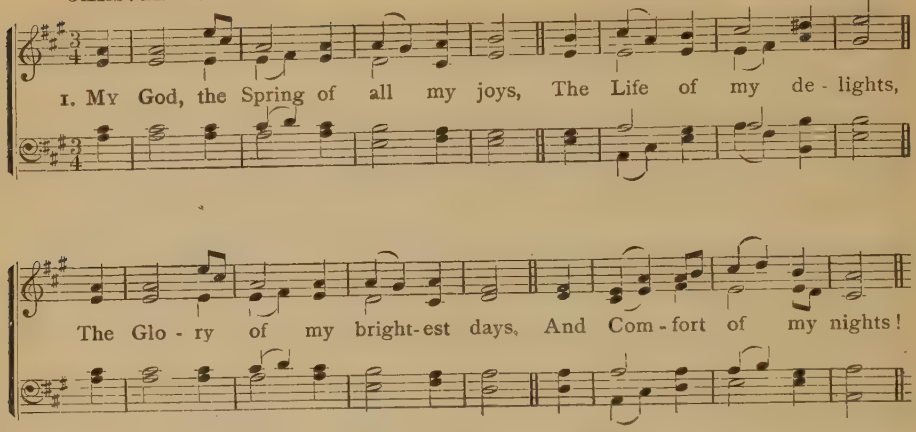
3 My terrors all vanished before His sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, so copious and free:
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me. *Cho.*

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast;
Jehovah, my Saviour, I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield! *Cho.*

5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shall be. *Cho.*

Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne. (1813—1843.) 1834. ab. and alt

OAKSVILLE. C. M. Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1839.



443

Light in Darkness.

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And He my Rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
I' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

444

Happiness only in God.
Ps. lxxiii. 25.

1 My God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis Thy sweet beams create my noon;
If Thou withdraw, 'tis night.

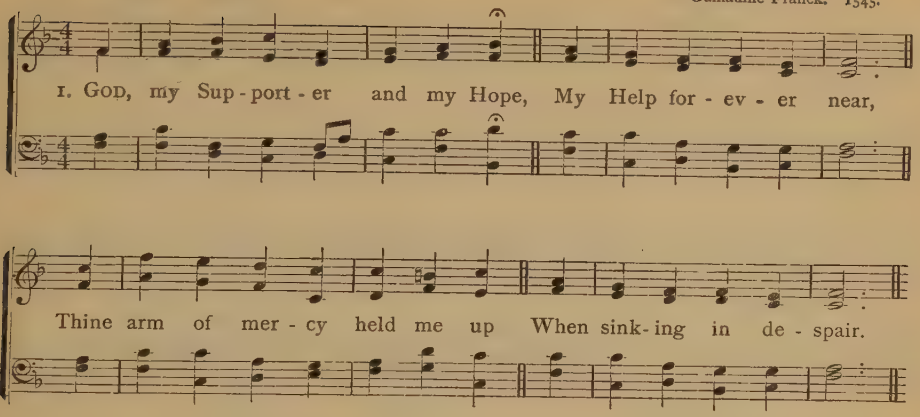
3 To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

DUNDEE. C. M. Guillaume Franck. 1545.



445 *God our Portion here and hereafter.* Ps. lxxiii. 23–28.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

5 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ:
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

446 *Christ our Strength and Righteousness.* Ps. lxxi

1 My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

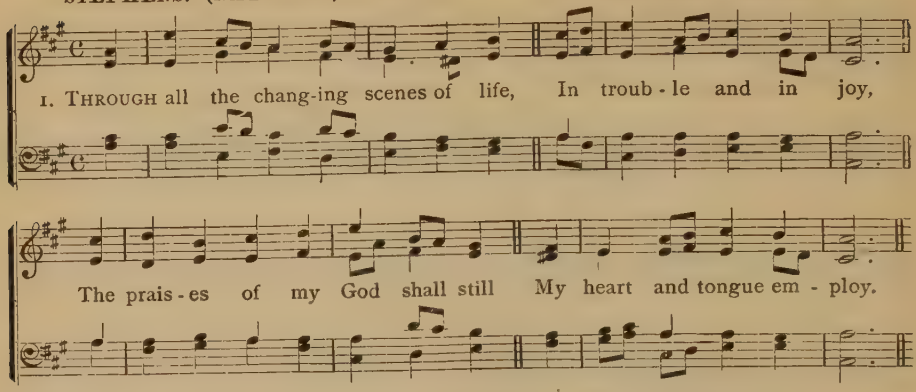
3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

STEPHENS. (NAYLAND.) C. M. Rev. William Jones. (1726—1800.) 1784.


1. THROUGH all the chang-ing scenes of life, In troub-le and in joy,
The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

447

Safety in God.
Ps. xxxiv.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name:
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

5 O make but trial of His love
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Tate and Brady. 1696. ab.

448

Great Things done for us.
Ps. cxxvi.

1 WHEN God revealed His gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did Thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

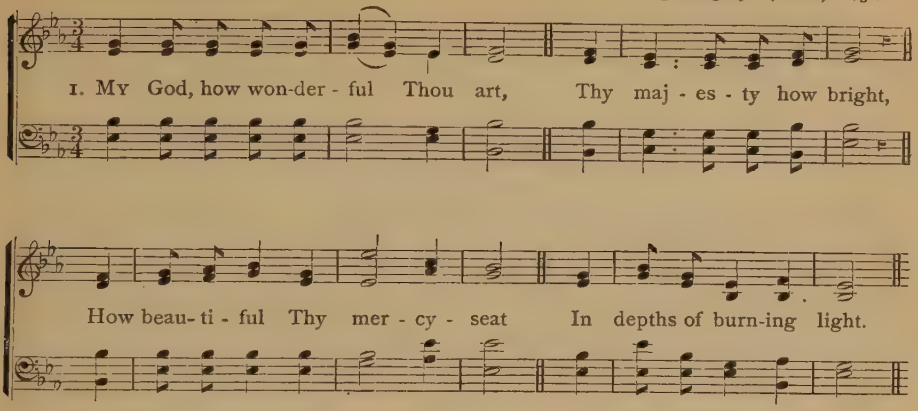
3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned the power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.



449 *Our Heavenly Father.*

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O Everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab.

450 *The inner Calm.*

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

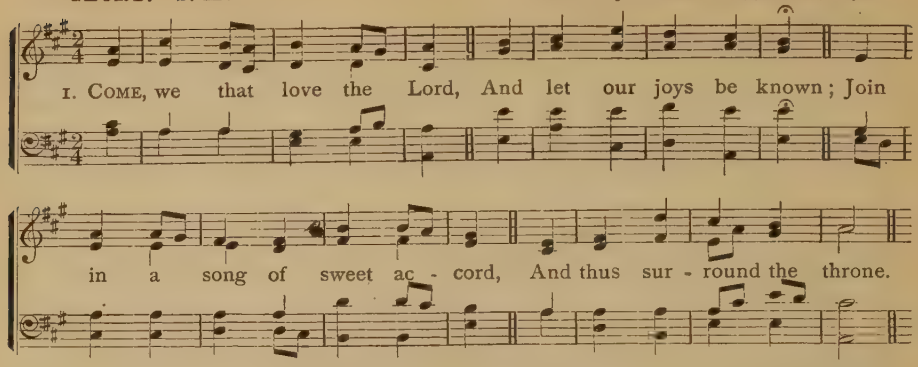
3 Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy Name.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

GLORY. S. M. Rev. Ralph Harrison. (1748—1810.) 1786.



451 *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

452 "*All in all.*" Ps. lxxiii. 25.

1 My God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art All in all.

2 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

453 "*Our Captain leads us on.*"

1 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake My victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with Me:

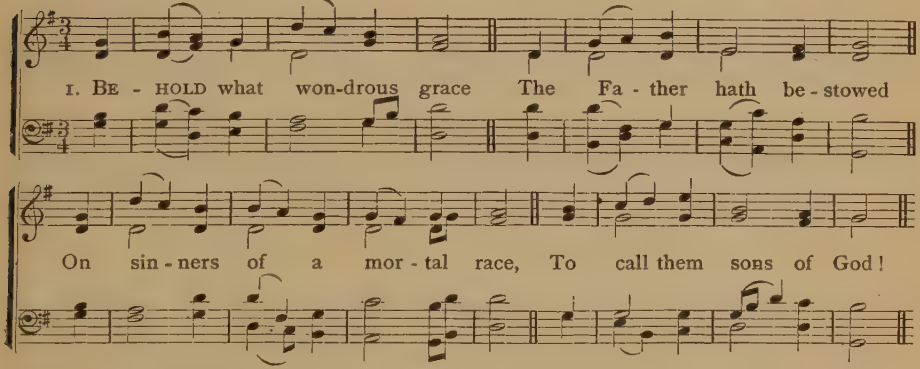
3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith,
Eternal life is the reward
Of all-victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in His might
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in His right,
Which God will freely give.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab. and sl. alt.

THATCHER. S. M.

George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.) 1732.



454

Adoption.

1 John iii. 1. Gal. vi. 6.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

455

Our House above.

1 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

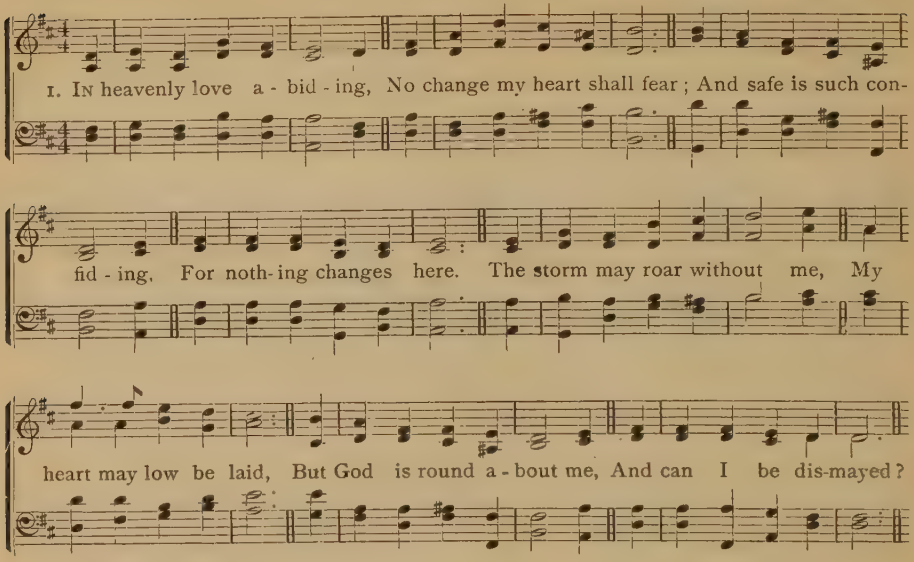
3 Beneath our earthly load
We labor now and groan,
And hasten toward that house of God,
And struggle to be gone.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

5 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given,
And then triumphantly come down
And take us up to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1759. ab. and sl. alt.

EWING. 7, 6. D. Bp. Alexander Ewing. (—1873.) 1861.


1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-
fid - ing, For noth- ing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My
heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?

456

"*I will fear no Evil.*"
Ps. xxiii. 4.

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Miss Anna Laetitia Waring. 1850. sl. alt.

457

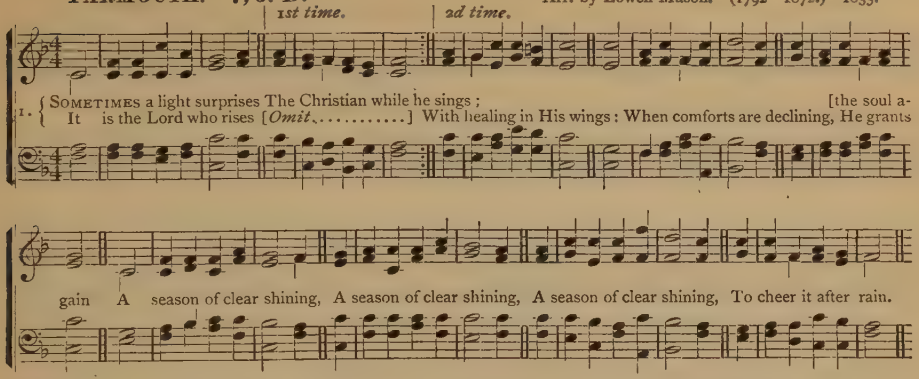
"*O Jesu, meine Sonne.*"

1 I know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from Thee:
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me;
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in Thee:
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
O blesséd thought in dying,
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Rev. Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. (1801—1859.) 1833.
Tr. by Richard Massie. 1860. ab.

YARMOUTH. 7, 6. D. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1835.


1st time.
2d time.
1. { Sometimes a light surprises The Christian while he sings ; [the soul a-
It is the Lord who rises [Omit.....] With healing in His wings : When comforts are declining, He grants
gain A season of clear shining, A season of clear shining, A season of clear shining, To cheer it after rain.

458

Joy and Peace.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

459

"Shew forth His Salvation."
Ps. xcvi. 2.

1 To Thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings:
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story,
Of Thy redeeming love.

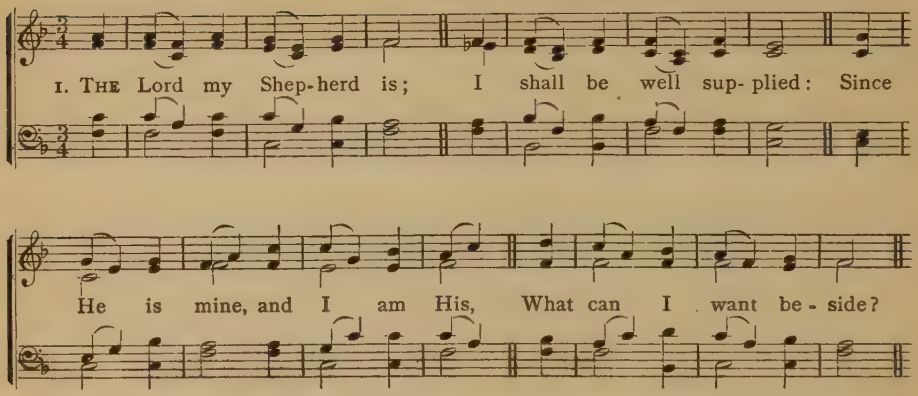
2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleaséd, Thou shalt hear:
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode ;
There cast my crown before Thee ;
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee:
What can an angel more?

Rev. Thomas Haweis. (1732—1820.) 1792.

DENNIS. S. M.

Hans Georg Naegeli. (1773—1836.) 1832.
Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.



460

The Lord our Shepherd.
Ps. xxiii.

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

461

Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.
Ps. ciii. 1–7.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

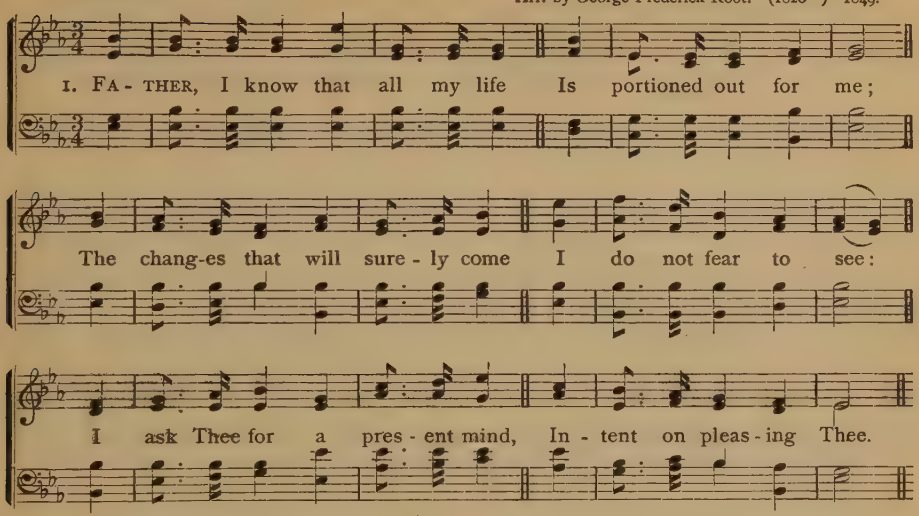
4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

VARINA. C. M. 61.

Christian Heinrich Rink. (1770—1846.)
Arr. by George Frederick Root. (1820—) 1849.


1. FA- THER, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;
The chang-es that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.

462

"My Times are in Thy Hand." Ps. xxxi. 15.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Miss Anna Laetitia Waring. 1850. ab. and alt.

463

Far off, yet near.

1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh.

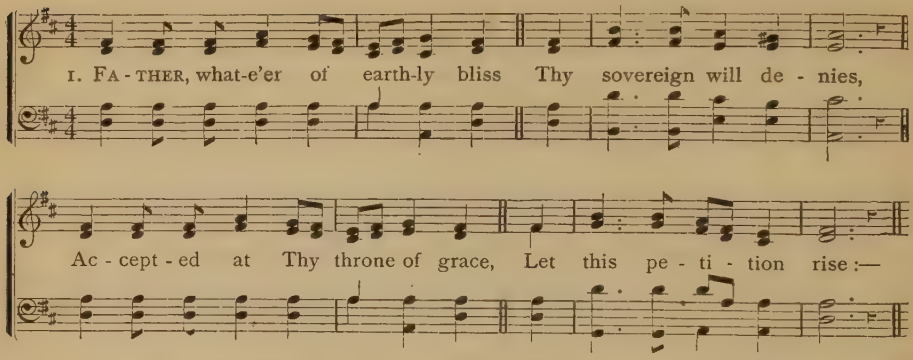
2 We hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
But still, Thou art not there:
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

3 O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, tho' vailed from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest:
O come, Thou Presence Infinite,
And make Thy creature blest.

Josiah Conder. (1789—1855.) 1822.

NAOMI. C. M.

Hans Georg Naegeli. (1768—1836.) 1832.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1836.



464 "*A calm, a thankful Heart.*"

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760. ab.

465 "*Sweet Will of God.*"

1 I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore ;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet :
I cannot fear Thee, blessèd Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

3 I have no cares, O blessèd Will,
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab

466 *The Mysteries of Providence.*

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

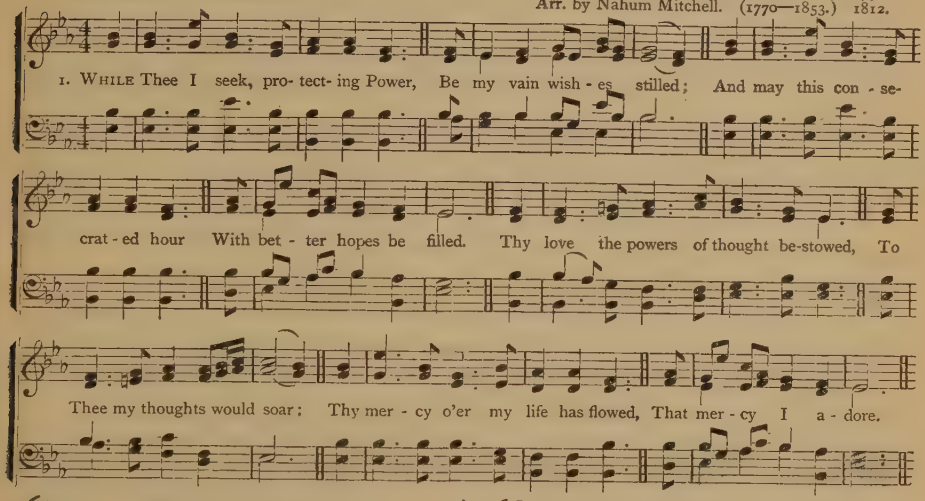
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

Ignace Pleyel. (1757—1831.) 1791.
Arr. by Nahum Mitchell. (1770—1853.) 1812.


1. While Thee I seek, pro- tect- ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled; And may this con - se-
crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. Thy love the powers of thought be-stowed, To
Thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer - cy I a - dore.

467 *Habitual Devotion.*

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee.

Miss Helen Maria Williams. (1762—1827.) 1786.

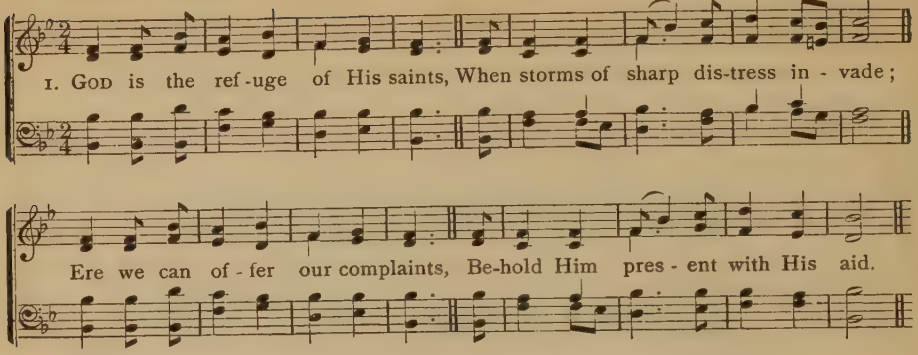
468 *Humble Reliance.*

1 My God, my Father, blissful Name,
O may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?
This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

2 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good and just and wise
O bend my will to Thine.
Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

Miss Anne Steele. 1760. ab.

WARD. L. M. Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.


1. God is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;
Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold Him pres-ent with His aid.

469 *Safety and Triumph of God's People.* Ps. xlvi.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the City of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. alt.

470 *Divine Protection.* Ps. cxxi.

1 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies:
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

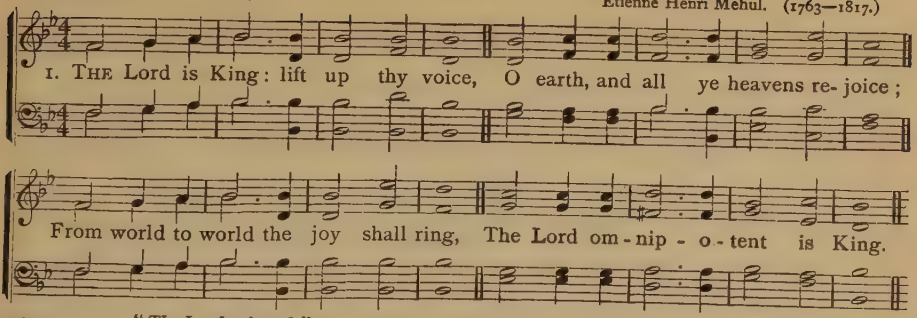
3 He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

5 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

GILEAD. L. M. Etienne Henri Mehul. (1763—1817.)


1. THE Lord is King: lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens re- joice;
From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord om - nip - o - tent is King.

471 "*The Lord reigneth.*" Ps. xcvii.

2 The Lord is King: who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King: child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder. (1789—1855.) 1824. ab.

472 *Praising God forever.* Ps. cxlvi.

1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death or nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

473 "*Be still, and know that I am God.*"

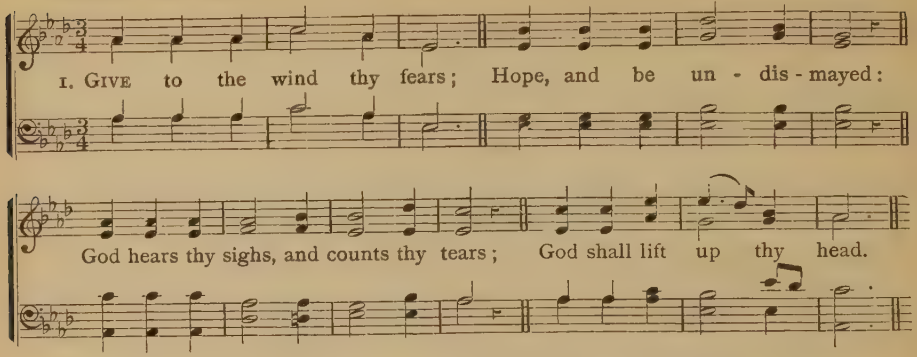
1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise:
His ways are just, His counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
And, tho' His footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed,
That what He does is ever best.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1717—1795.) 1818. ab.

FRANKLIN SQUARE. S. M. Sylvanus Billings Pond. (1815—1871.) Before 1850.



474

"Befiehl du deine Wege."

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt. (1606—1676.) 1659.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1739. ab.

475

Trust in Providence.
Matt. vi. 25. 1 Pet. v. 7.

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt. 1659.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. 1739. ab.

476

Sailing on.

1 If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

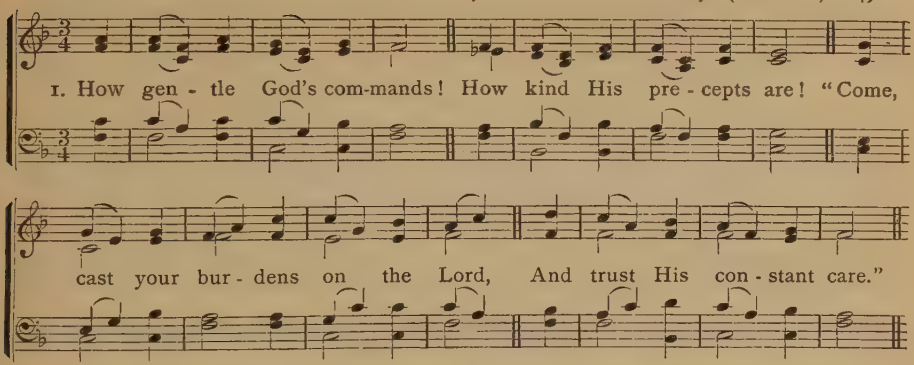
3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 177-. ab. and much alt

DENNIS. S. M.

Hans Georg Naegeli. (1773—1836.) 1832.
Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.



477

God's Care a Remedy for ours.
1 Pet. v. 7.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

478

Safety in God.
Ps. xxxi.

1 My spirit, on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline:
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love Divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834.

479

Importunity in Prayer.
Luke xviii. 1-7.

1 Our Lord, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

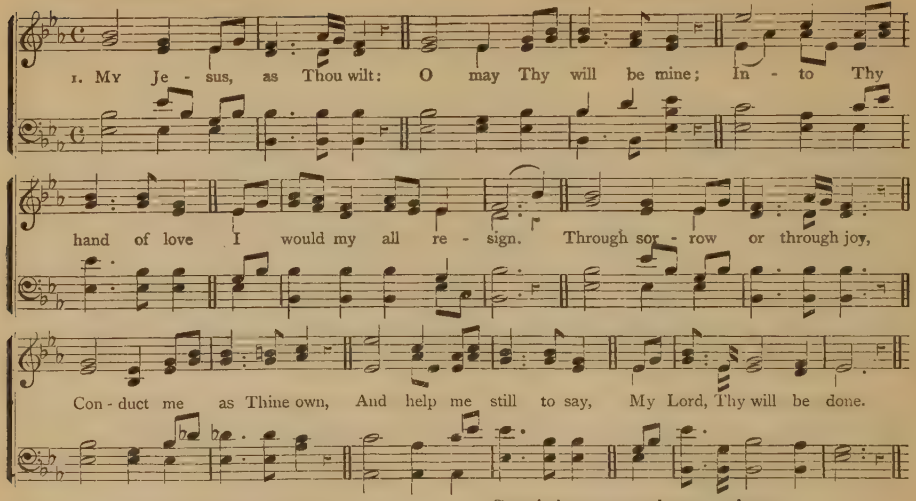
2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807). 1779. 3b. and alt.

ST. JUDE. 6. D. Carl Maria Von Weber. (1786—1826.) 1820.


1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,
Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

480 "*Mein Jesu, wie Du willst.*"

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolke. (1672—1737.) 1716.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1853. ab.

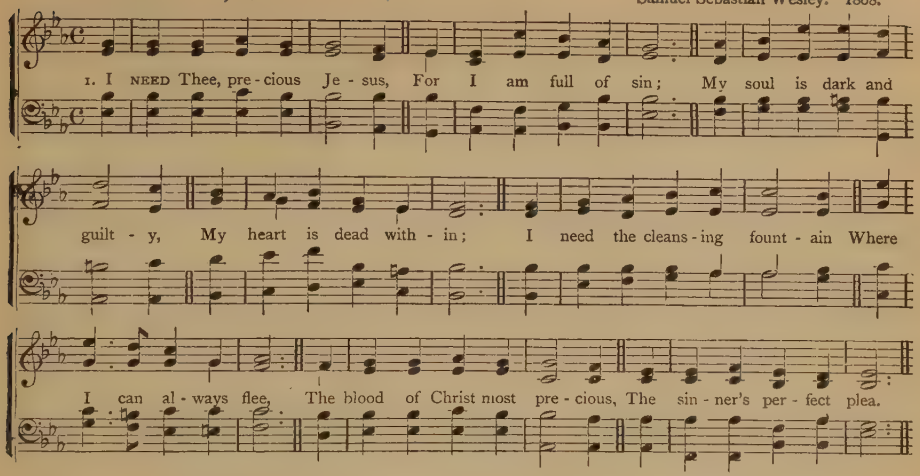
481 "*Thy Way, not mine.*"

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

AURELIA. 7, 6. D. Samuel Sebastian Wesley. 1868.


1. I NEED Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and
guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in; I need the cleans - ing fount - ain Where
I can al - ways flee, The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.

482

"*He is precious.*" 1 Pet. ii. 7.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood bought children,
My joy shall ever be.
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Rev. Frederick Whitfield. (1829—) 1859. ab. and sl. alt

483

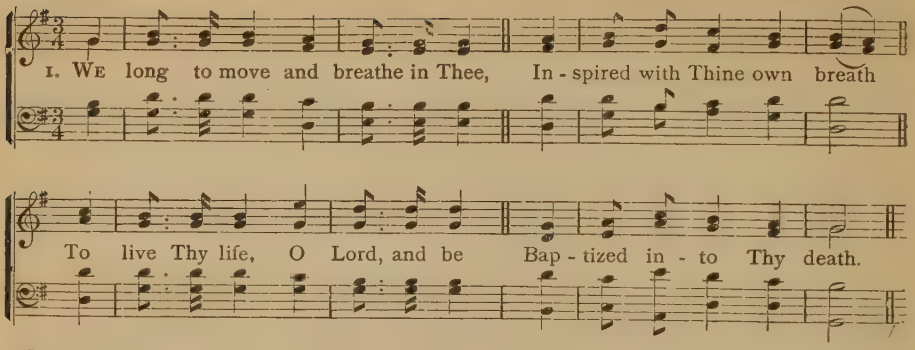
"*Still keep me.*"

1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me.
Alone can keep me clean.

2 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

James George Deck. 1857.

ARLINGTON. C. M. Thomas Augustine Arne. (1710—1778.) 1762.



484 *Baptism of Adults.*

2 Thy death to sin we die below,
But we shall rise in love;
We here are planted in Thy woe,
But we shall bloom above.

3 Above we shall Thy glory share,
As we Thy cross have borne;
E'en we shall crowns of honor wear,
When we the thorns have worn.

4 Thy crown of thorns is all our boast,
While now we fall before
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And tremble, love, adore.

Unknown Author.

485 *Profession and Covenant.*

1 Witness, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or, ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1717—1795.) 1818.

486 *Christ's Regard for Children,* Mark x. 13–16.

1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.

487 *The Token of the Covenant.*

1 In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

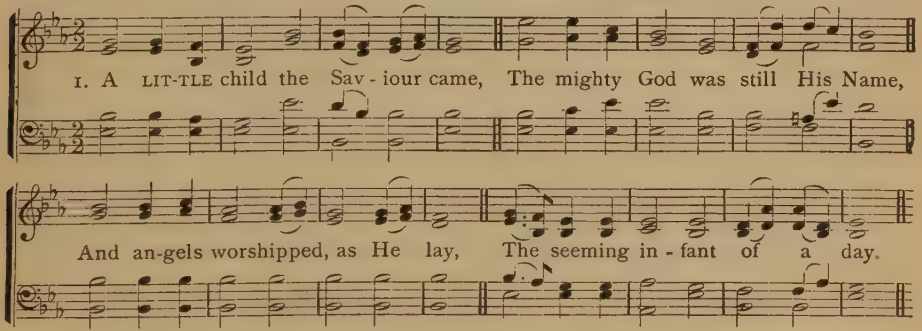
3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

5 Thus, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow, that wears His cross,
Hereafter share His crown.

Rev. Henry Alford. (1810—1871.) 1832.

BERA. L. M. John Edgar Gould. (1822—) 1849.


1. A LIT-TLE child the Sav - iour came, The mighty God was still His Name,
And an-gels worshipped, as He lay, The seeming in - fant of a day.

488 *"Let little Children come to Me."*

2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man, [free,
Proclaims from heaven the message
"Let little children come to Me."

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

Rev. William Robertson. (—1743.) 1751. ab.

489 *Prayer for the Children of the Church.*

1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

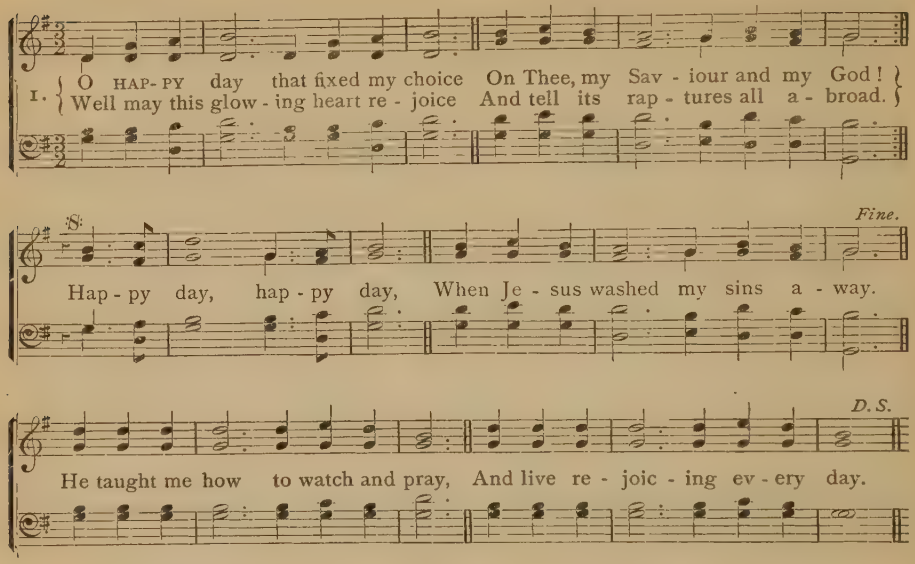
2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

Mrs. Ann Bradley Hyde. (—1872.) 1824.

HAPPY DAY. L. M. Arr. from Edward Francis Rimbault. (1816—)


1. O HAP-PY day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.
Fine.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day.
D. S.

490

The happy Bond.
2 Chron. xv. 15.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

491

Trusting the Merits of Christ.
Phil. iii. 7-9.

1 No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

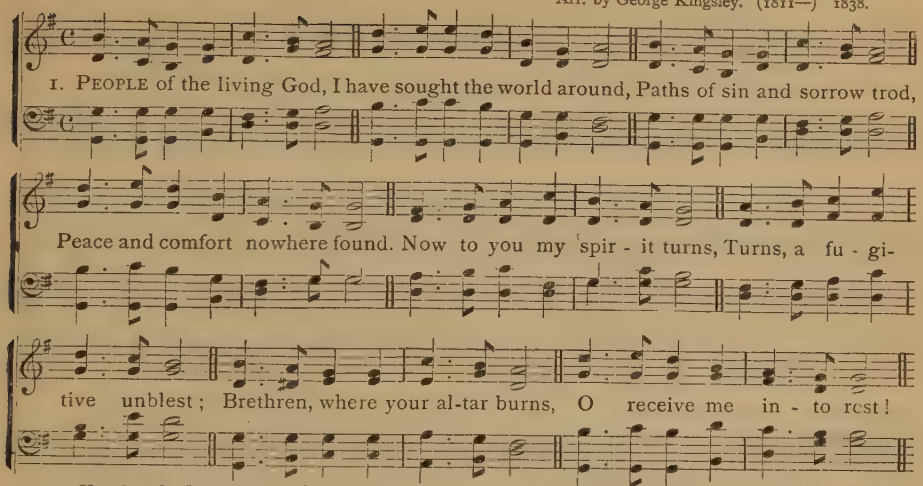
2 Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

MESSIAH. 7. D. Louis Joseph Ferdinand Herold. (1791—1833.) 1830.
Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.


1. PEOPLE of the living God, I have sought the world around, Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found. Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns, a fu - gi-
tive unblest; Brethren, where your al-tar burns, O receive me in - to rest!

492 *Choosing the Portion of God's Heritage.* Ruth i. 16, 17.

1 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853. ab.

493 *The burdened Pilgrim welcomed.*

1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate:
There, till mercy lets thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly light appears.

2 Hark, it is the Bridegroom's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and sealed, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Sealed, by signs the chosen know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

Rev. George Crabbe. (1754—1832.) 1807. ab.

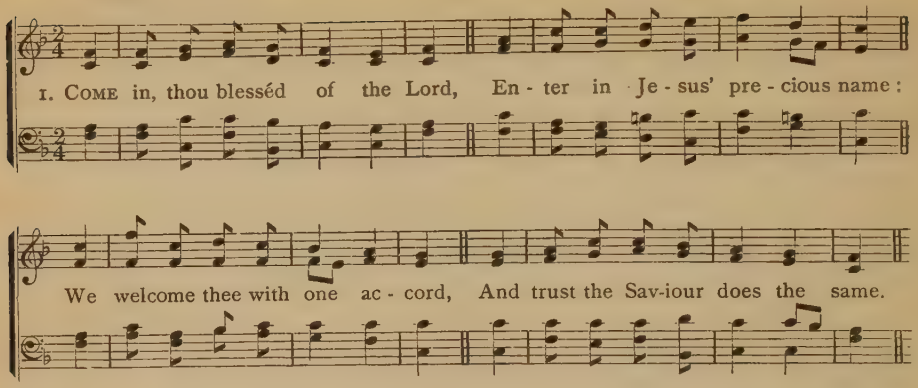
494 *"Thine for ever!"*

1 THINE for ever!—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
Thine for ever!—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

2 Thine for ever!—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
Thine for ever!—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude. 1848. ab.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.


1. Come in, thou blesséd of the Lord, En - ter in Je - sus' pre - cious name:
We welcome thee with one ac - cord, And trust the Sav-iour does the same.

495 *"Come in!"*

2 Those joys, which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known,
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1812. ab.

496 *Glorying in the Cross.*

1 At Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns Thy board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on Thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

497 *The Table spread.*

1 My God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them Thy sweet mercies know.

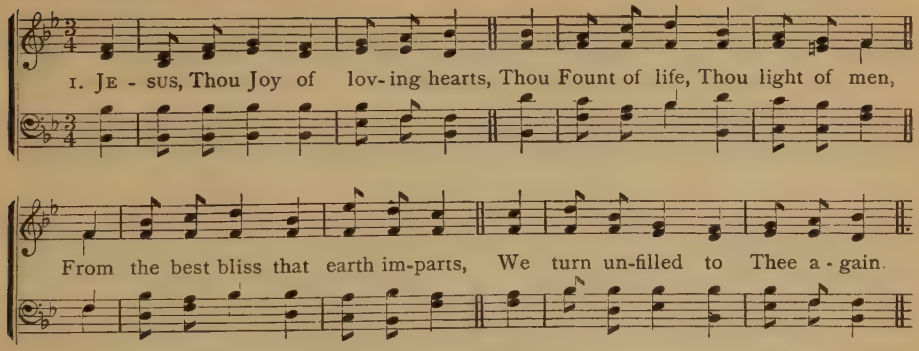
2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and alt.

HEBRON. L. M. Lowell Mason. 1830.


1. JE - SUS, Thou Joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou light of men,
From the best bliss that earth im-parts, We turn un-filled to Thee a - gain.

498 "*Jesu, Dulcedo cordium.*"

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux. (1091—1153.) 1140.
Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1858. ab.

499 *The sweet Wonders of the Cross.*

1 O THE sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died:
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

500 "*Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.*"

1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea:
"Jesus hath lived, and died for me."

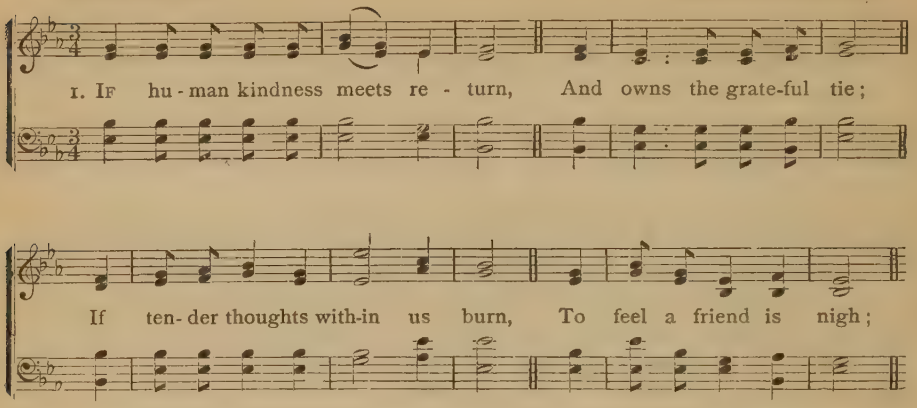
3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While, through Thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

Count Nikolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf. (1700—1760.) 1739.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1740. ab.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.



501 *Grateful and tender Remembrance.*

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed
"Meet, and remember Me."

4 Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

Hon. and Rev. Gerard Thomas Noel. (1782—1851.) 1813.

502 *Remembrance pledged.*

1 According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee:

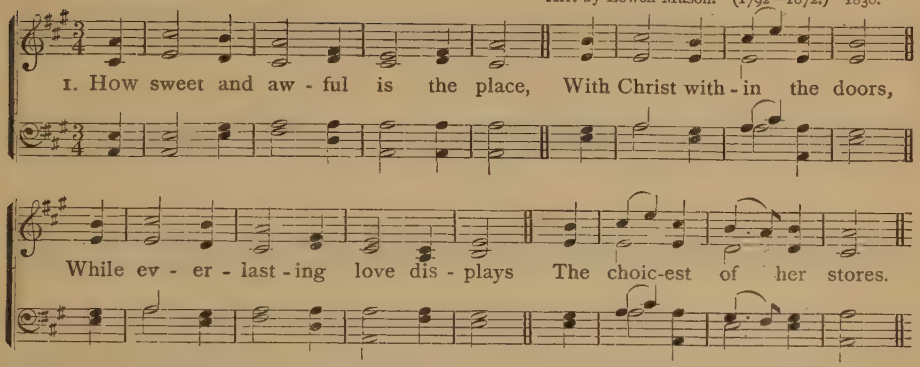
5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody. Hugh Wilson. 1768.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1836.


1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with - in the doors,
While ev - er - last - ing love dis - plays The choic-est of her stores.

503 *At the Table.*

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

504 *The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven.*

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all Thy ways, we find
Our heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1745.

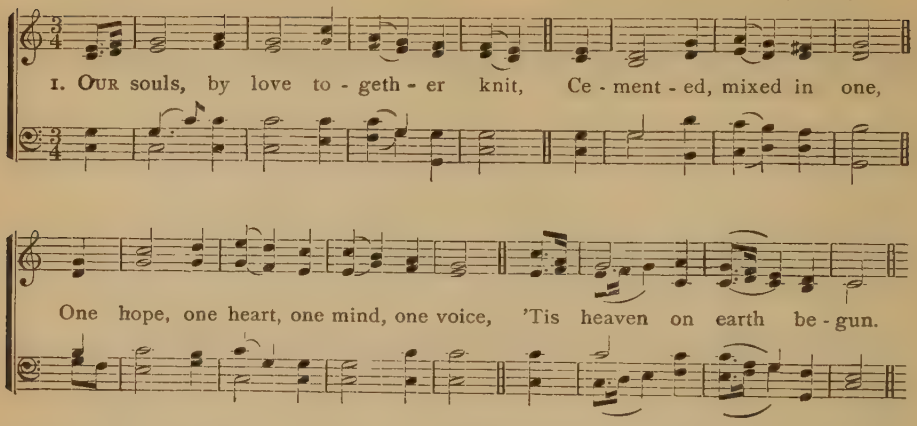
505 *"Worthy the Lamb."*

1 "WORTHY the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love."

2 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?"

James Montgomery. 1825, 1853. ab.

HOWARD. C. M. Samuel Howard. (1710—1782.) 1760.



506

"Knit together in Love." Col. ii. 2.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke and fed and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;
But pour a mighty flood:
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim Thee God.

5 And when Thou mak'st Thy jewels up,
And sett'st Thy starry crown,
When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by Thee Thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold Thee face to face.

Rev. William Edward Miller. (1766—1839.) 1800.

507

Resting in Hope.

1 My Lord, my Love, was crucified,
He all the pains did bear;
But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.

2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie;
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

Rev. John Mason. 1683. ab.

508

At Parting.

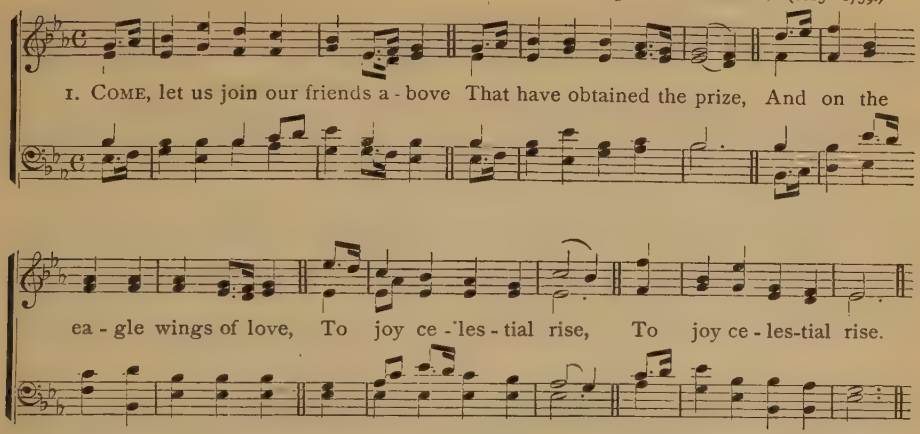
1 Blest be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are joined in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do His work below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.)


1. COME, let us join our friends a - bove That have obtained the prize, And on the
ea - gle wings of love, To joy ce - les - tial rise, To joy ce - les-tial rise.

509 *One Church, one Army.*

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1759. ab. and alt.

510 *"The Saints above."*

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

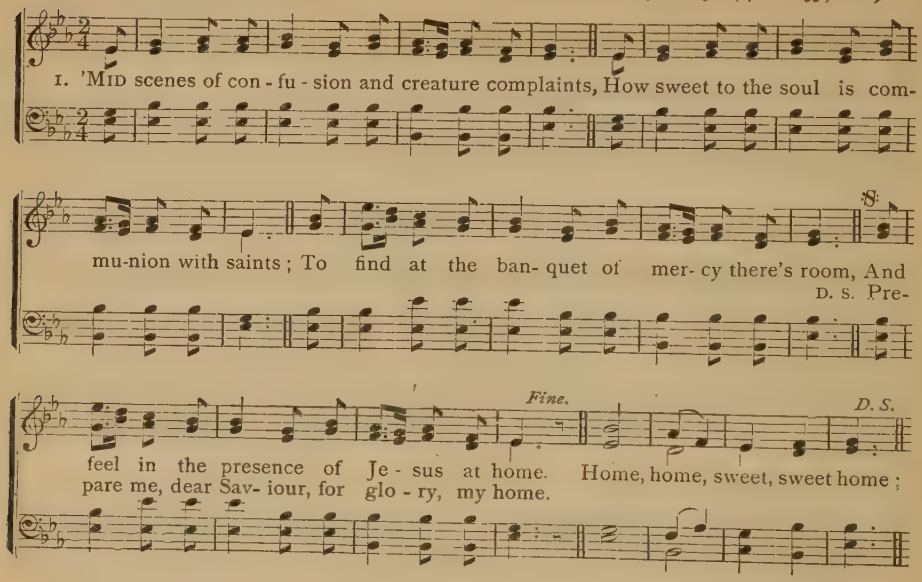
3 I ask them, whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 Theymarked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

SWEET HOME. 11. Sir Henry Rowley Bishop. (1780—1855.) 1829.


1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, How sweet to the soul is com-
mu-nion with saints; To find at the ban- quet of mer- cy there's room, And
D. S. Pre-
Fine.
D. S.
feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
pare me, dear Sav- iour, for glo - ry, my home.

511 "*In Glory, at Home.*"

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

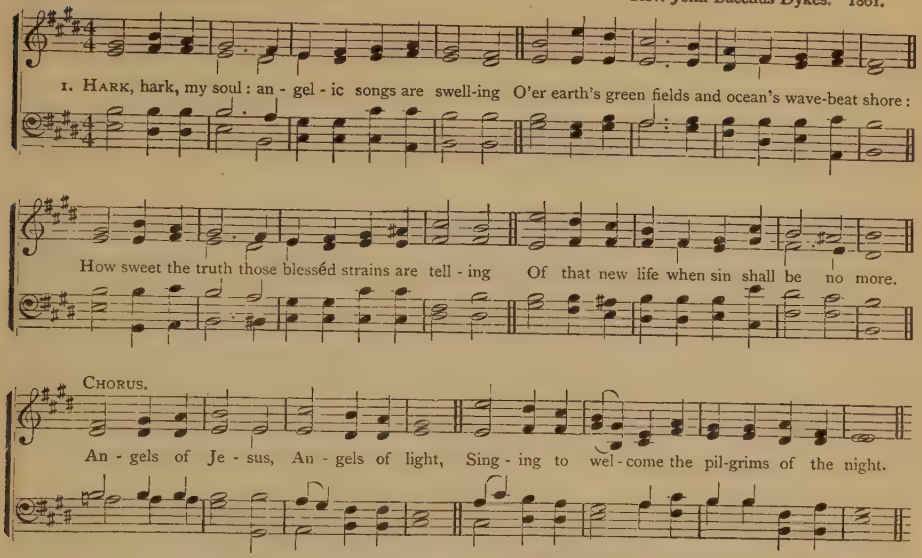
3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

Rev. David Denham. 1837. ab.

VOX ANGELICA. 11, 10. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.


1. HARK, hark, my soul: an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
CHORUS.
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

512 "*Pilgrims of the Night.*"

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home. *Cho.*

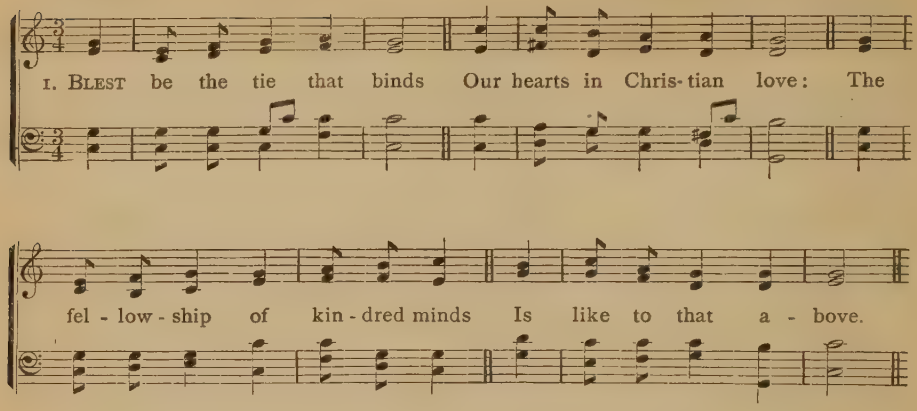
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. *Cho.*

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Life's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. *Cho.*

5 Angels, sing on: your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. *Cho.*

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab. and alt.

BOYLSTON. S. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.



513 *Brotherly Love.*

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett. (1739—1817.) 1772.

514 *Cross and Crown.*

1 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

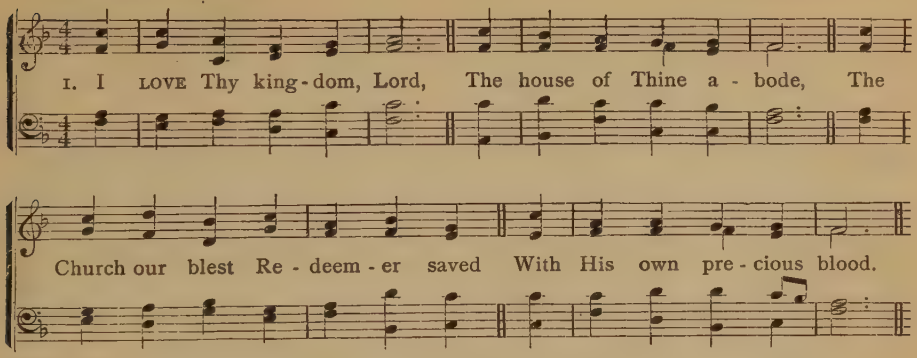
3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker. (1821—) 1852.

BADEA. S. M. German Melody.



515 *Love to the Church.* Ps. cxxxvii.

2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight. (1752—1817.) 1800. ab.

516 *The Blessedness of Gospel-times.* Is. lii. 7-9. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

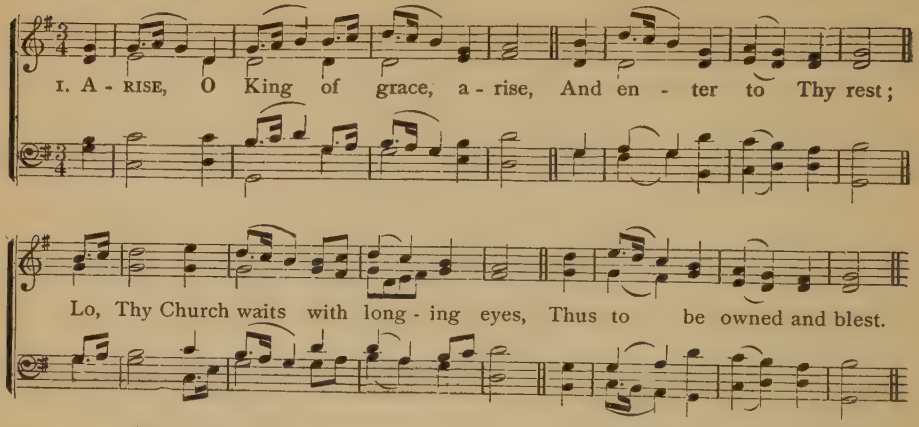
4 How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. William Tansur. (1699—1774.) 1735.



517 *Prayer of Dedication.* Ps. cxxxii.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

518 *God's Blessing invoked.*

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant. (1794—) 1826

519 *On opening a Place for Worship.* Tune, PLEYEL'S HYMN, p. 17.

1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

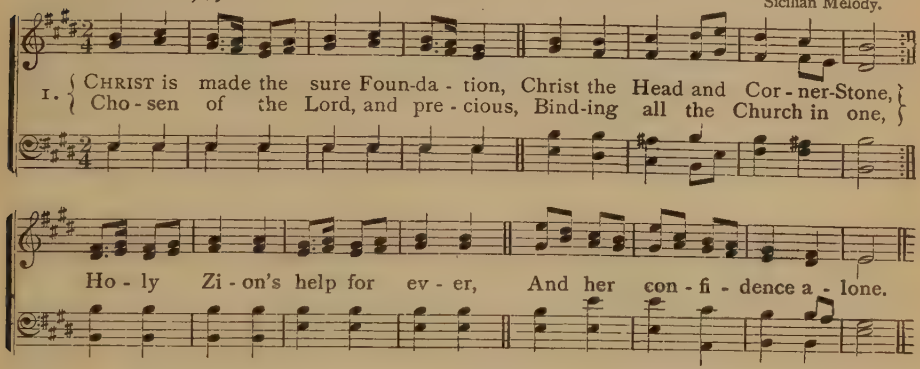
3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Hear reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825.

SICILY. 8, 7, 4.

Sicilian Melody.


1. { Christ is made the sure Foun-da - tion, Christ the Head and Cor - ner-Stone,
{ Cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious, Bind-ing all the Church in one,
Ho - ly Zi - on's help for ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.

520 "*Angulare Fundamentum.*"

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee forever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Unknown Author of the 8th century.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. ab. and alt.

521 *Zion secure.*

Ps. cxxv. 2.

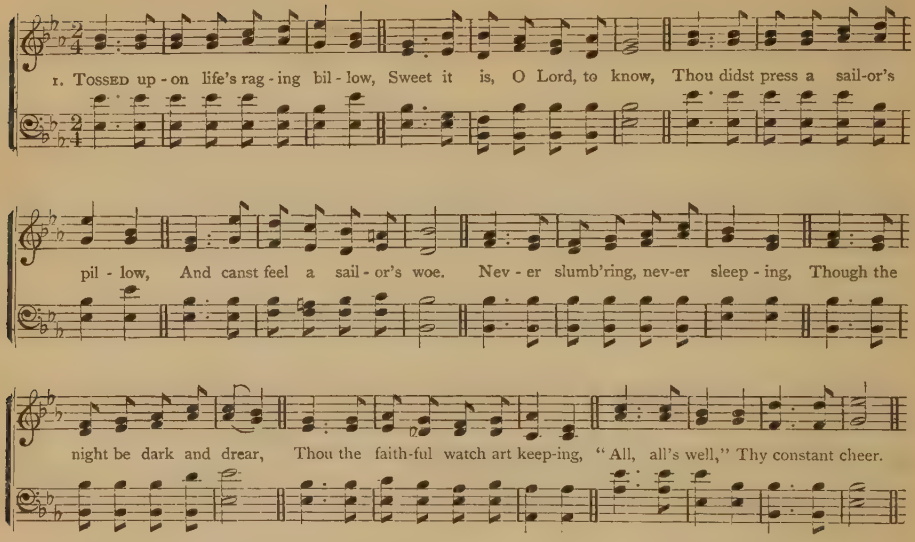
1 Zion stands by hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion!
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring Thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love Thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting Light.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1806. ab.

PILGRIM. 8, 7. D. George Kingsley. (1811—) 1853.


1. Tossed up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know, Thou didst press a sail-or's
pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe. Nev - er slumb'ring, nev-er sleep - ing, Though the
night be dark and drear, Thou the faith-ful watch art keep-ing, "All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.

522 *Christ on the Lake of Galilee.* Mark iv. 38.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red;
Darkly tho' the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry,
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in Heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

Rev. George Washington Bethune. (1805—1862.) 1847. alt.

523 *"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."* L. M. Tune, Ames, p. 35.

1 Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

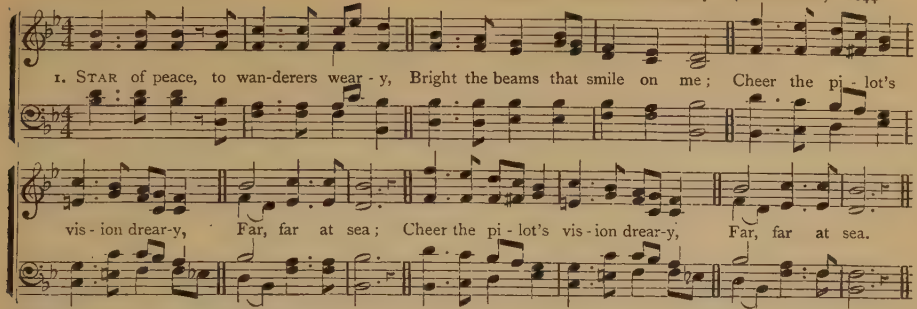
2 I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

4 In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Emma C. Willard. (1787—1870.) 1830.

WAVE. 8, 7, 4. Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1844.


1. STAR of peace, to wan-derers wear - y, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's
vis - ion drear-y, Far, far at sea; Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear-y, Far, far at sea.

524 *The guiding Star.*

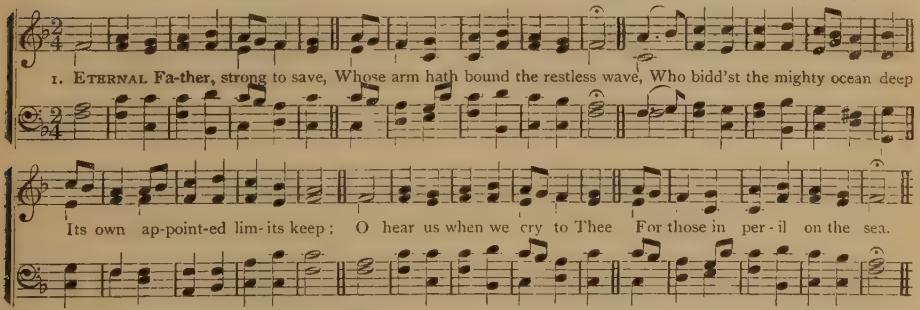
2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee:
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

Mrs. Jane Bell Cross Simpson. 1830. ab.

DRESDEN. L. M. 6 l. Arr. by Aaron Williams. (1731—1776.) 1760.


1. ETERNAL Fa-ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave, Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own ap-point-ed lim-its keep; O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.

525 *"For those in Peril on the Sea."*

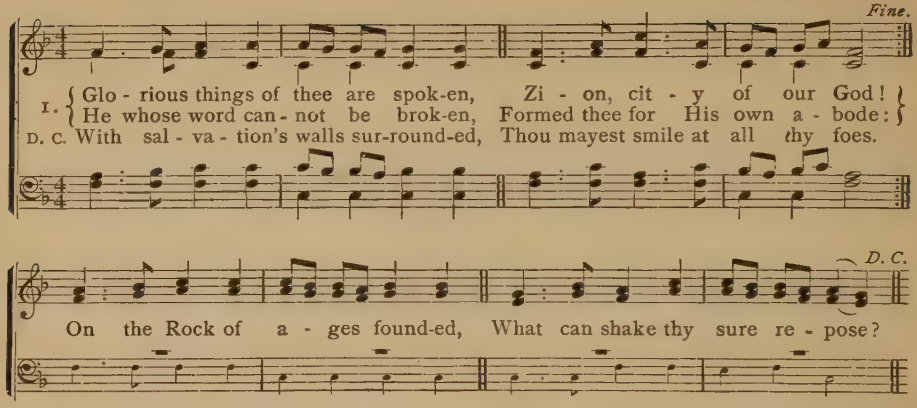
2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst in the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting. (1825—). 1860.

MIDDLETON. 8, 7. D. English Melody.


Fine.
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
He whose word can - not be brok-en, Formed thee for His own a - bode:
D. C. With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
D. C.
On the Rock of a - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

526 *The City of God.* Is. xxxiii. 20, 21.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807). 1779.

527 "*Igjennem Nat og Traengsel.*"

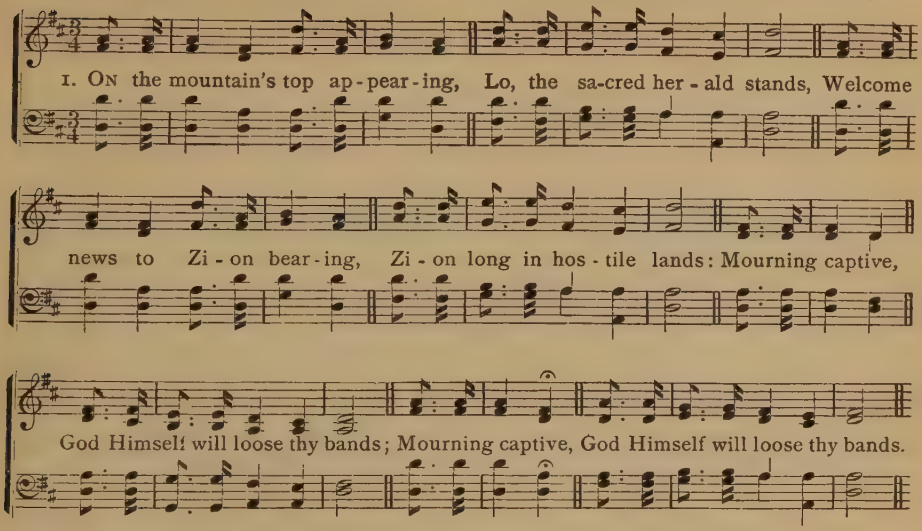
1 THRO' the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
And before us through the darkness
Gleaming clear the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
And steps fearless through the night.

2 One the light of God's dear presence,
Never in its work to fail,
Which illumes the wild rough places
Of this gloomy haunted vale.
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain which mouths of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril.
One the march in God begun,
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the Resurrection shore,
With One Father o'er us shining
In His love for evermore.

Bernhardt Severin Ingemann. (1789—1862.
Tr. by Rev. Sabine Baring Gould. (1834—) 1867. ab.)

ZION. 8, 7, 4. Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830.


1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo, the sa-cred her-ald stands, Welcome
news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands; Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands.

528

Good Tidings to Zion.
Is. lii. 7.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For Thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1806.

529

Light in the Darkness.
Matt. iv. 16.

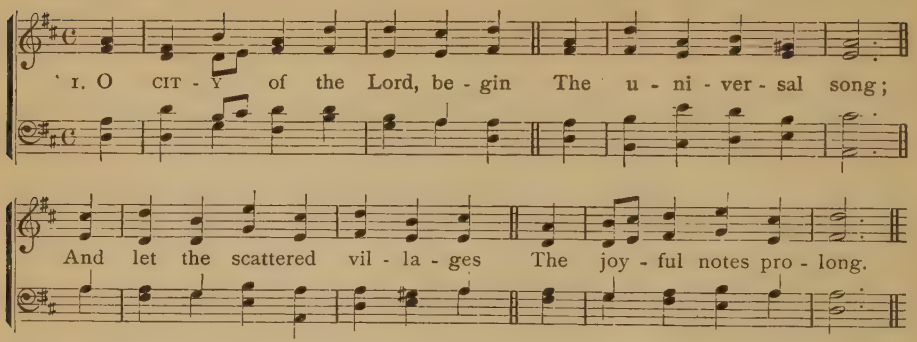
1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
Sun of Righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day:
Send the Gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

Rev. William Williams. (1717—1791.) 1772. ab. and alt.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. William Croft. (1677—1727.) 1712.



530 *God praised for His Gospel.* Is. xlii. 10–12.

2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock,
With accent rude, rejoice.

3 O from the streams of distant lands,
Unto Jehovah sing;
And joyful from the mountain-tops
Shout to the Lord, the King.

4 Let all combined, with one accord,
The Saviour's glories raise,
Till, in the earth's remotest bounds,
The nations sound His praise.

Michael Bruce. (1746—1767.) 1781. ab.

531 *The immovable Kingdom.*

1 O WHERE are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth.
A house not made by hands.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. (1818—) 1839. alt.

532 *The Millennium.* Micah iv. 1, 2. Is. ii. 1–4.

1 BEHOLD, the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God they'll say,
And to His house, we'll go.

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

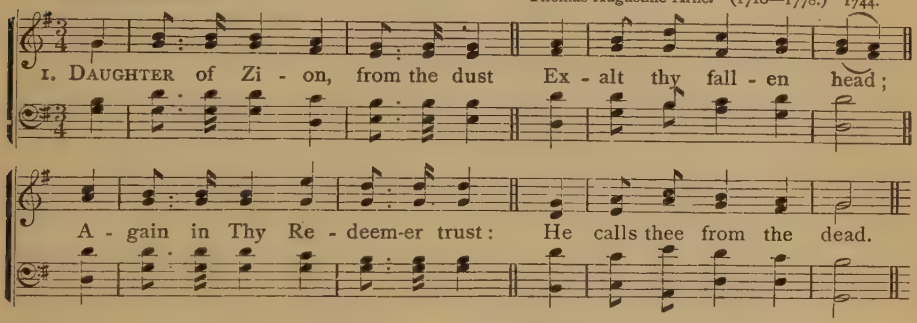
4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

6 Come, then, O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce. 1781.

ARLINGTON. C. M. Thomas Augustine Arne. (1710—1778.) 1744.



533 *The Restoration of Israel.*

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North."

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard Thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs the ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825, 1853.

534 *The Spirit creating all Things new.*

1 Spirit of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator, Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give Thou the word: that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

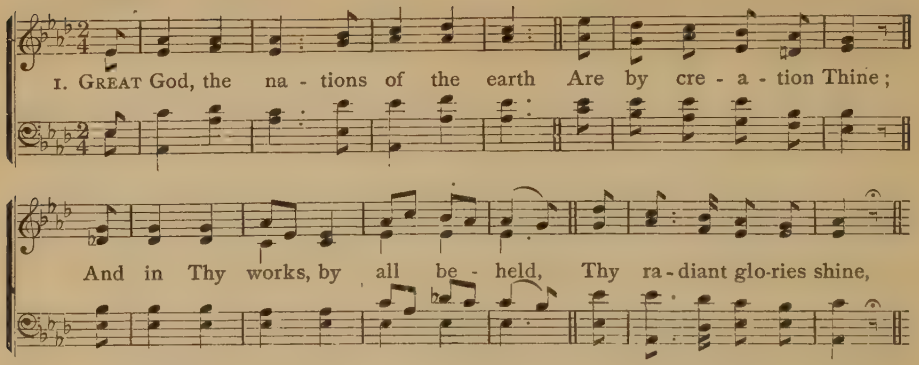
3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ
When Thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How shall the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

James Montgomery. 1825, 1853.

HUMMEL. C. M. Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1832.



535 *The Gospel for all Nations.* Mark xiii. 10.

2 But, Lord, Thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings
The spacious earth around, [spread
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of Thy praise.

Rev. Thomas Gibbons. (1720—1785.) 1769. ab. and alt.

536 *Prayer heard, and Zion restored.* Ps. cii. 13–21.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour: [voice,
Her God hath heard her mourning
And comes t'exalt His power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 This shall be known when we are
And left on long record, [dead,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab

537 *Prayer for Home Missions.*

1 ON Zion and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright.

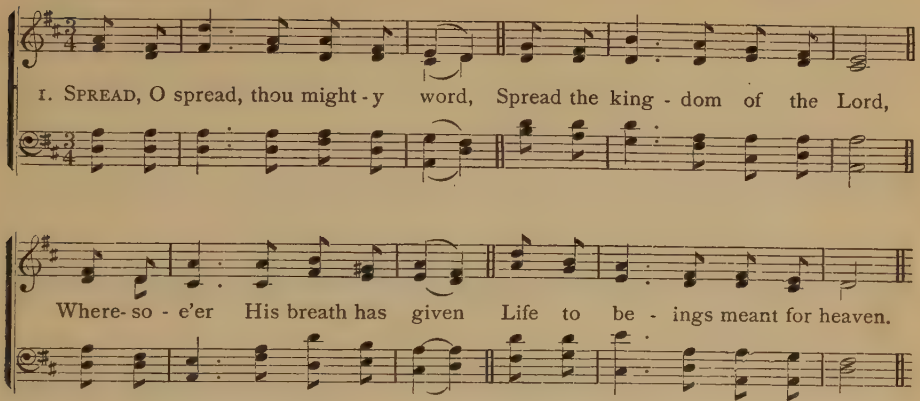
2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Streamed forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.

3 But ah, our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

4 Thou, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let Thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

Bp. Henry Ustick Onderdonk. (1789—1858.) 1826. ab.

BEMINSTER. 7. Bristol Collection.


1. SPREAD, O spread, thou might - y word, Spread the king - dom of the Lord,
Where- so - e'er His breath has given Life to be - ings meant for heaven.

538 "*Walte, walte nah und fern.*"

2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who forever doth remove,
By His holy sacrifice,
All the guilt that on us lies.

4 Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

5 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for Thee the nations long:
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

6 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee:
Let the nations, far and near,
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

Rev. Jonathan Frederic Bahnmaier. (1774—1841.) 1823.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth. (1829—) 1858. ab.

539 *Honoring the Lord with our Substance.* 8, 7. Prov. iii. 9.

1 WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let His friends of every station
Gladly join to spread His fame.

Rev. Benjamin Francis. (1734—1799.) 1787. ab.

540 *Christ's universal Reign.*

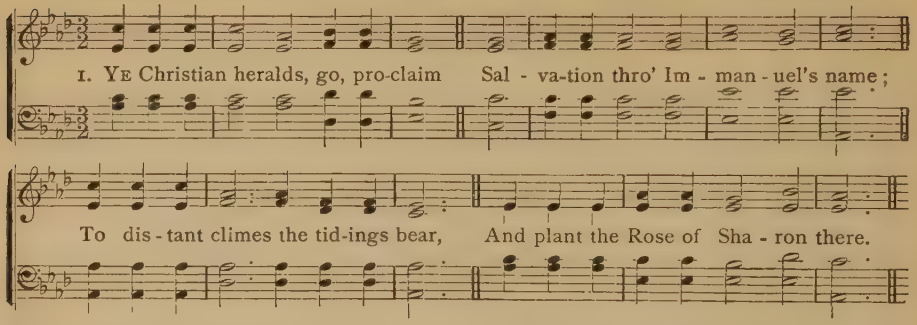
1 WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3 Hark, the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice:
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Rev. Leonard Bacon. (1802—) 1833.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1832.


1. Ye Christian heralds, go, pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
To dis - tant climes the tid-ings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.

541 "*Go ye into all the World.*" Mark xvi. 15.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Mrs. Voke. 1816.

542 *The Spirit accompanying the Word.*

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825. ab.

543 *Light in Darkness.* Is. ix. 2.

1 Though now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death;
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come Thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in Thy courts to worship Thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise,
Let the glad morning bless our eyes:
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

Rev. Leonard Bacon. (1802—) 1845.

544 *For a Missionary Meeting.*

1 Assembled at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called Thy people from afar.

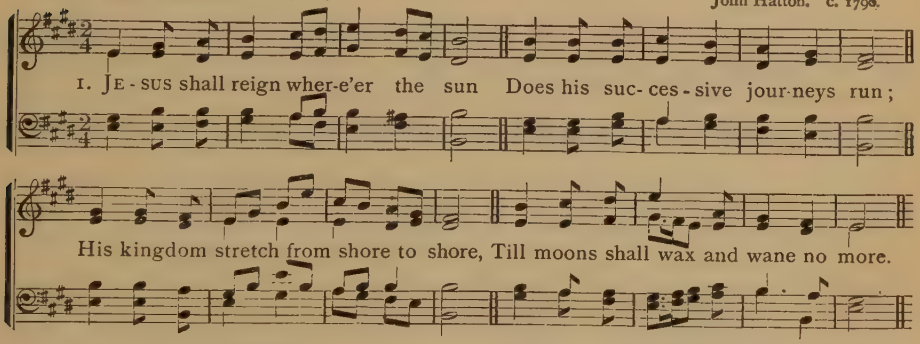
2 We meet, thro' distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid; and, O impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

Rev. William Bengo Collyer. (1782—1854.) 1812. ab.

DUKE STREET. L. M. John Hatton. c. 1790.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc- ces - sive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

545 *Christ's Dominion.* Ps. lxxii.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab. and sl. alt.

546 *The holy City purified and guarded.* Is. lii. 1, 2.

1 Triumphant Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Tho' humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

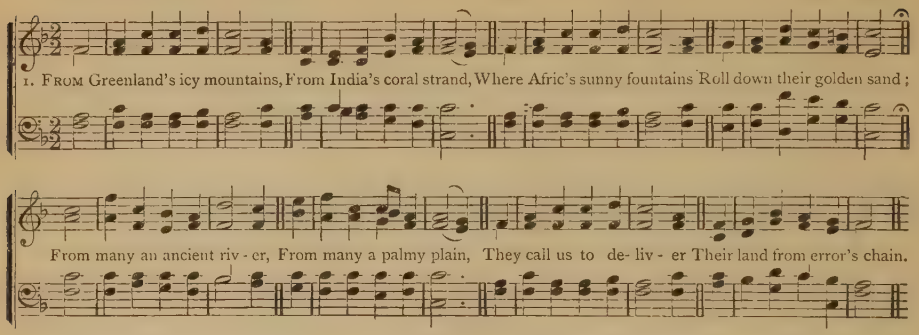
2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread:
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and sl. alt.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6. D. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1823.


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de- liv - er Their land from error's chain.

547 "*From Greenland's icy Mountains.*"

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bp. Reginald Heber. (1783—1826.) 1819.

548 *The final Reign of Christ.*

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

James Edmeston. (1791—1867.) 1822. alt

549 "*The Gospel Banner.*"

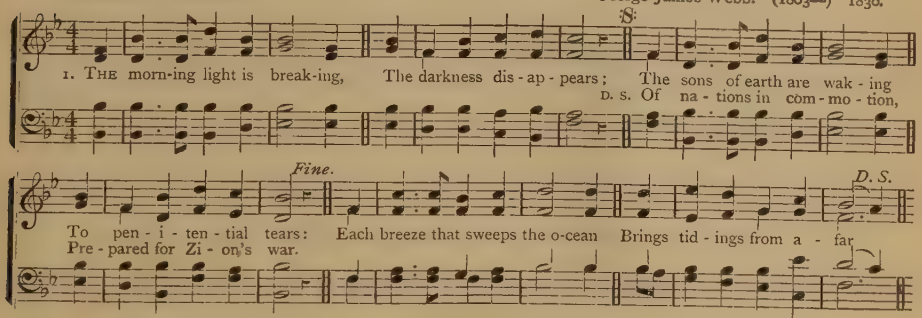
1 Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings:
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.

The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830. ab.

WEBB. 7, 6. D. George James Webb. (1803—) 1830.


S.
1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The darkness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are wak-ing
D. S. Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,
Fine.
D. S.
To pen-i-ten-tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings tid-ings from a-far
Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

550 "*The Morning Light is breaking.*"

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy riches stay:
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith. (1808—) 1831. ab.

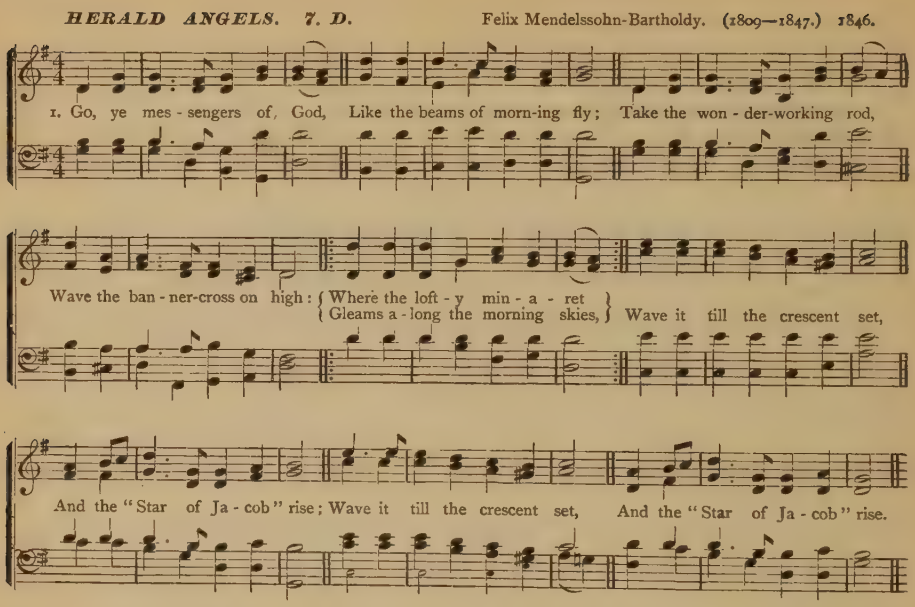
551 "*Hail to the Lord's Anointed!*"

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying
Were precious in His sight.

3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever,
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822. ab.


HERALD ANGELS. 7. D.
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. (1809—1847.) 1846.
1. Go, ye mes - sengers of God, Like the beams of morn-ing fly; Take the won - der-working rod,
Wave the ban - ner-cross on high: { Where the loft - y min - a - ret } { Gleams a - long the morning skies, } Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Ja - cob" rise; Wave it till the crescent set, And the "Star of Ja - cob" rise.

552 *"Go, ye Messengers of God."*

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.
O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

Rev. Joshua Marsden. 1812.

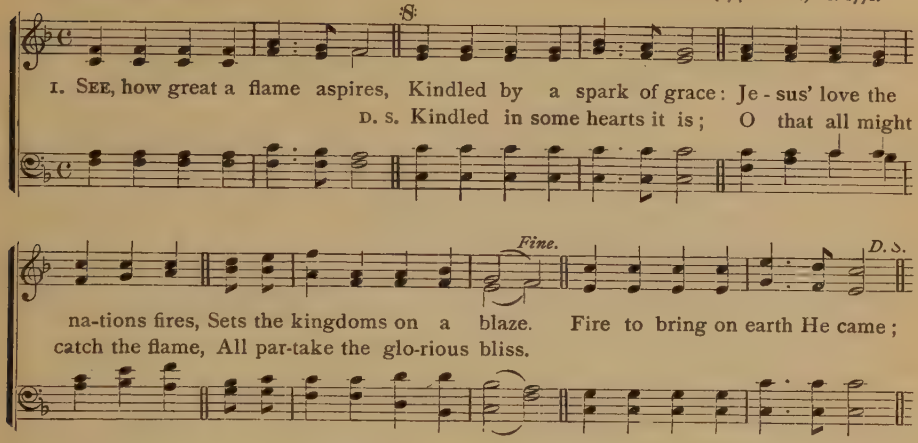
553 *The Victory anticipated.* Ps. lxxii.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But His reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of Heaven.

Miss Harriet Auber. (1773—1862.) 1829. ab.

BENEVENTO. 7. D. Samuel Webbe. (1740—1816.) c. 1770.


1. See, how great a flame aspires, Kindled by a spark of grace: Je - sus' love the
D. S. Kindled in some hearts it is; O that all might
Fine.
D. S.
na-tions fires, Sets the kingdoms on a blaze. Fire to bring on earth He came;
catch the flame, All par-take the glo-rious bliss.

554 *"Jesus' Love the Nations fires."*

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
Lo, the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above;
But the Lord shall shortly pour
All the riches of His love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab. and sl. alt.

555 *"The Song of Jubilee."*

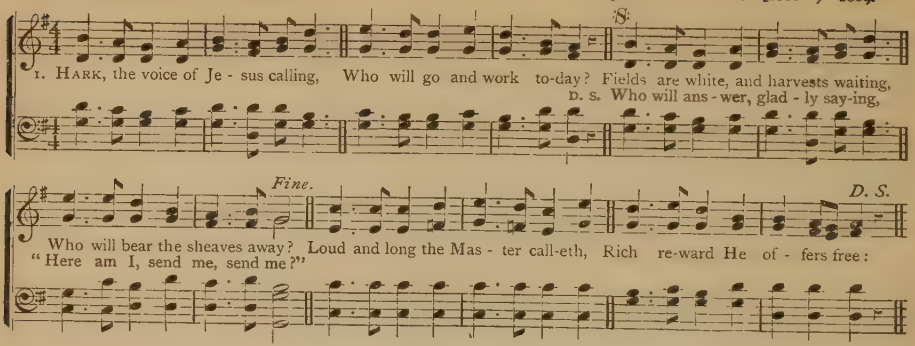
1 Hark, the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1825. 1717.

HARK, THE VOICE. 8, 7. D. Philip P. Van Arsdale. (1816—) 1869.


1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus calling, Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
D. S. Who will ans - wer, glad - ly say-ing,
Fine.
D. S.
Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Mas - ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free:
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

556 *Your Mission.*

2 If you can not cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you can not give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you can not speak like angels,
If you can not preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all;
If you can not rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March. (1816—) 1869.

557 *"Come over and help us."* Acts xvi. 9.

1 Hark, what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come and help us, or we die."
Lost and helpless and desponding,
Wrapt in error's night they lie;
To their cries your hearts responding,
Haste to help them ere they die.

2 Hark, again those lamentations
Rolling sadly through the sky;
Louder cry the heathen nations,
"Come and help us, or we die."
Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them ere they die.

Rev. John Cawood. (1775—1852.) 1819. alt

558 *The Call to Service.*

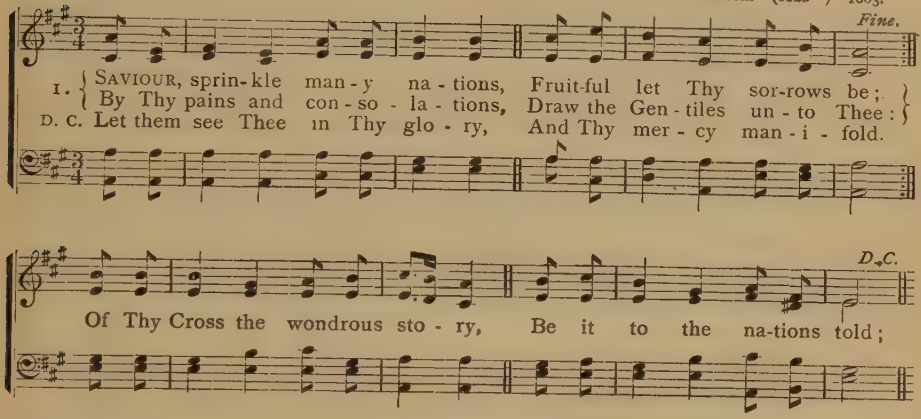
1 We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.
Hark, the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray.
Hark, what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad.
Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. (1818—) 1840.

CRAWFORD. 8, 7. D.

Luther Orlando Emerson. (1820—) 1863.


Fine.
1. Saviour, sprin-kle man-y na-tions, Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;
1. By Thy pains and con-so-la-tions, Draw the Gen-tiles un-to Thee:
D. C. Let them see Thee in Thy glo-ry, And Thy mer-cy man-i-fold.
D. C.
Of Thy Cross the wondrous sto-ry, Be it to the na-tions told;

559 "*So shall He sprinkle many Nations.* Is. lii. 15.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretch'd the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. 1851.

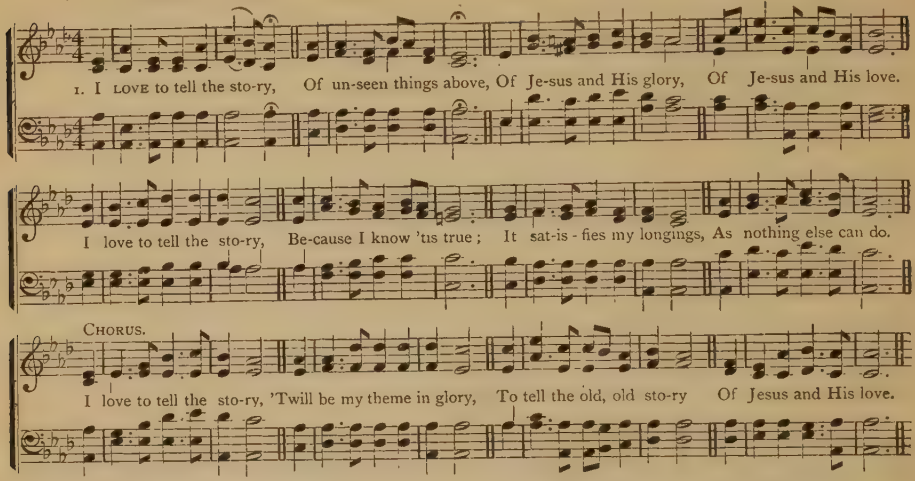
560 *Sowing and Reaping.*

1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above:
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1836.

TELL THE STORY. 7, 6. D. William Gustavus Fischer. (1835—) 1869.


1. I LOVE to tell the sto-ry, Of un-seen things above, Of Je-sus and His glory, Of Je-sus and His love.
I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Jesus and His love.

561 "*I love to tell the Story.*"

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat,
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation,
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best,
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

Miss Kate Hankey. 1865.

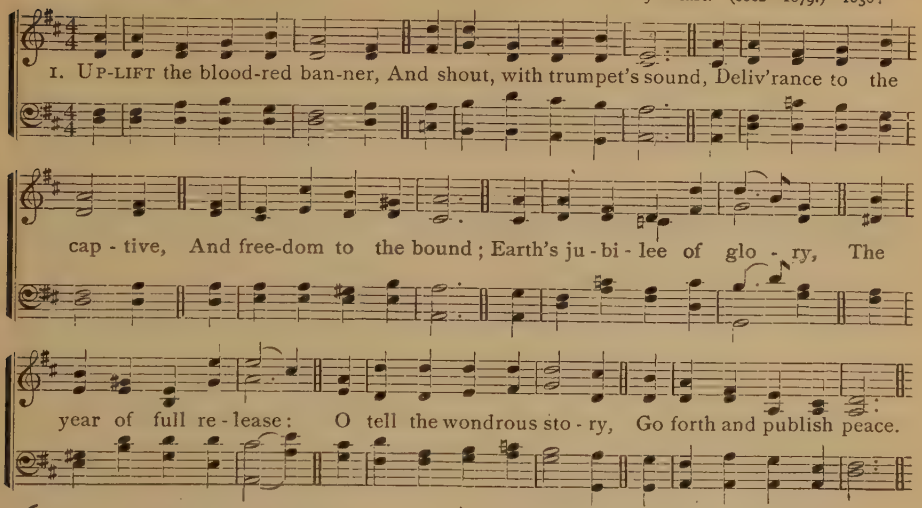
562 "*The Lord's Salvation.*"
[Omitting the Chorus.]

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.
How long the holy City
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 18

LANCASHIRE. 7, 6. D. Henry Smart. (1812—1879.) 1836?


1. UP-LIFT the blood-red ban-ner, And shout, with trumpet's sound, Deliv'rance to the
cap - tive, And free-dom to the bound; Earth's ju - bi - lee of glo - ry, The
year of full re - lease: O tell the wondrous sto - ry, Go forth and publish peace.

563 *"Uplift the blood-red Banner."*

2 Go forth, confessors, martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the blood of sprinkling,
And live, or die, for Christ;
For Christ claim every nation,
Your banner wide unfurled;
Go forth and preach salvation,
Salvation for the world.

Benjamin Gough. (1805—) 1865. ab.

564 *Meeting the Bridegroom.*

1 AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

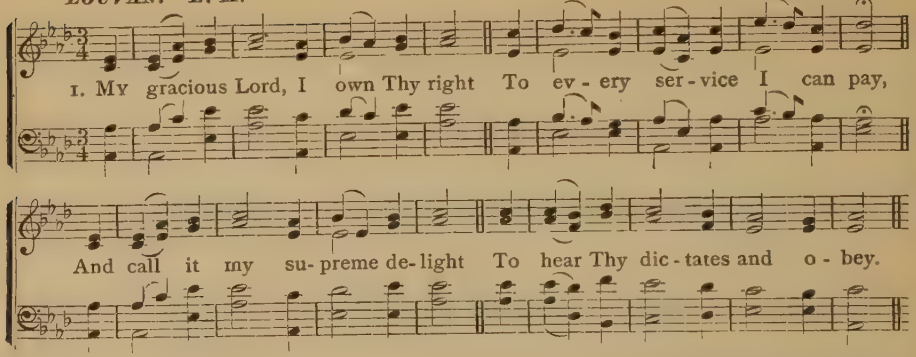
2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious name.

3 The Lamb who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign:
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone,
O world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne.

4 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
The sun uprises slowly,
But keep thy watch and ward:
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

Benjamin Gough. (1805—) 1865.

LOUVAN. L. M. Virgil Corydon Taylor. (1817—) 1847.



565

Serving Christ.
Phil. i. 22.

2 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and alt.

566

For Grace to surrender all.

1 Jesus, our best belovéd Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are Thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blesséd will obey;
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825. ab.

567

The useful Life.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

568

Adorning the Doctrine.
Titus ii. 10–13.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blesséd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. sl. alt.

569

Grief for the Sins of Men.
Ps. cxix. 136, 158.

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded thro' the Son;
The world abused, the soul undone.

3 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My spirit yearns o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755. ab. and alt.

570

The Vision of dry Bones.
Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye:
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God, to Thee is known;
That wondrous work is all Thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till Thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if Thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death:
Dry bones obey Thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when Thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755.

571

"Come, Sacred Spirit!"
Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

1 COME, Sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let Thy god-like power be known.

2 Speak Thou, and, from the haughtiest eyes,
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace, which now they scorn.

3 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around Thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755. ab.

572

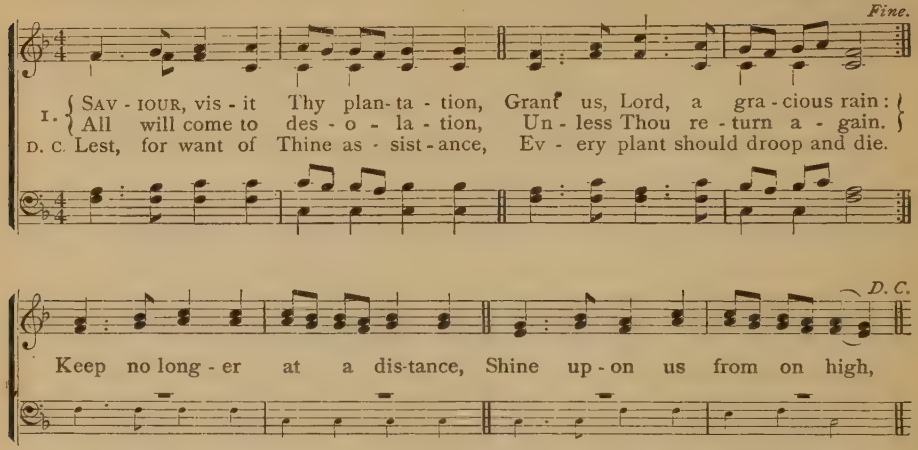
Hoping for a Revival.

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is Mine.

2 Though for a time I hide My face,
Rely upon My love and power;
Still wrestle at a throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour."

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

MIDDLETON. 8, 7. D. English Melody.


Fine.
1. { Sav - iour, vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain:
All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a - gain.
D. C. Lest, for want of Thine as - sist - ance, Ev - ery plant should droop and die.
D. C.
Keep no long - er at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high,

573 *Prayer for Rain.*

2 Once, O Lord, Thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then Thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from Thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab. and alt.

574 *Prayer for Light.*

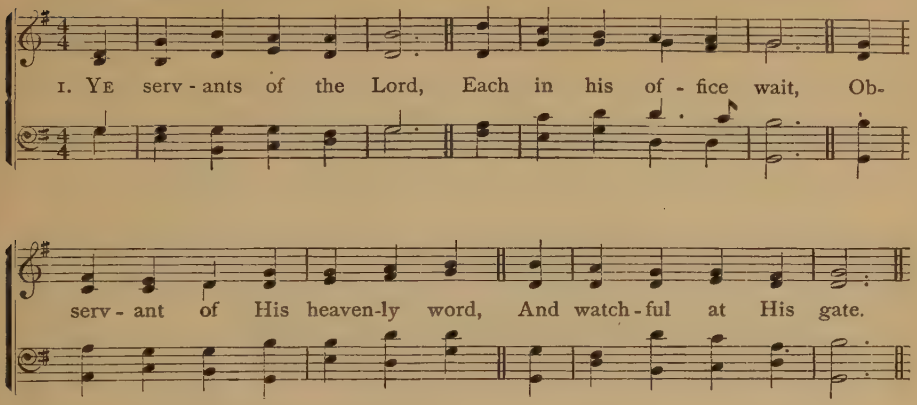
1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel-grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince,
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release,
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1745

ST. MICHAEL. S. M. Arr. from John Day's Psalter. 1562.



575 *The watchful Servant.* Luke xii. 35–38.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. sl. alt.

576 *Sowing beside all Waters.* Is. xxxii. 20.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale alike 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

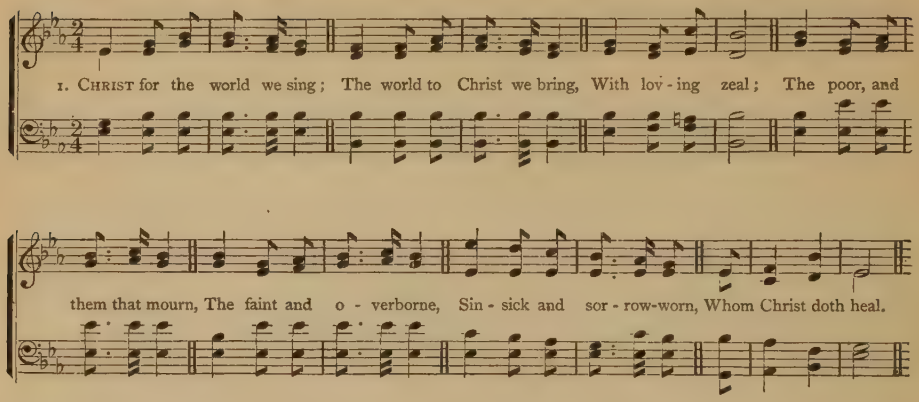
4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825. ab.

OLIVET. 6, 4. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.


1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and
them that mourn, The faint and o - verborne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

577 "*Christ for the World.*"

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer:
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott. (1813—) 1869.

578 "*Speed on Thy Word.*"

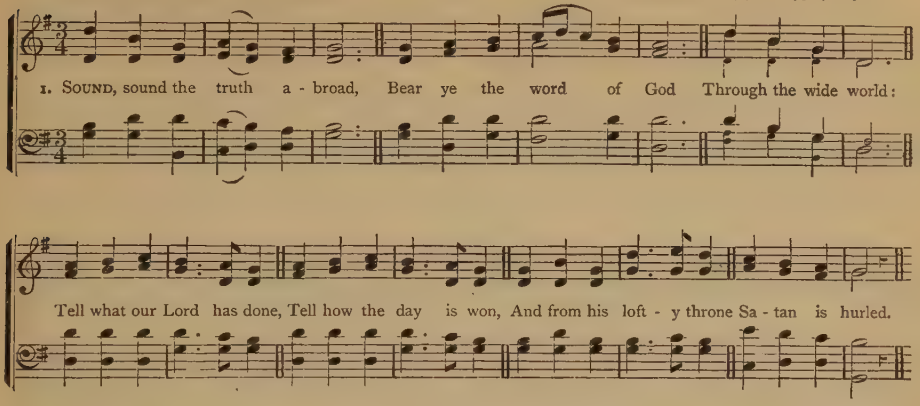
1 Lord of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy word:
O let the Gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
God speed His word.

2 Hail, blesséd Jubilee:
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God!

3 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His word.

Rev. Hugh Stowell. (1799—1865.) 1854 ab. and sl. alt.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4. Felice Giardini. (1716—1796.) 1760.


1. Sound, sound the truth a - broad, Bear ye the word of God Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done, Tell how the day is won, And from his loft - y throne Sa - tan is hurled.

579 *Called to Missionary Work.*
Is. lviii. 1.

2 Far over sea and land,
'Tis our Lord's own command,
Bear ye His name;
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door;
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1820. ab.

580 *"Let there be Light!"*
Gen. i. 3. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 Thou, whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

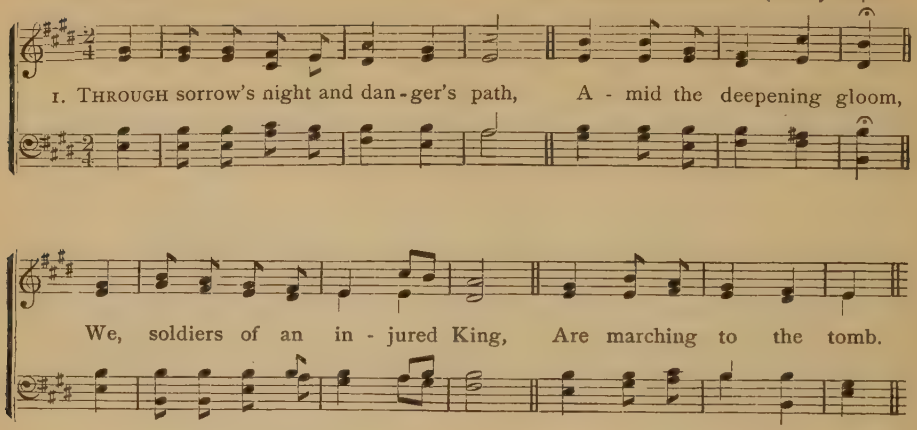
2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

4 Blesséd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

Rev. John Marriott. (1780—1825.) 1813.

FAITHFUL. C. M. Samuel Parkman Tuckerman. (1818—) 1848.


1. Through sorrow's night and dan-ger's path, A - mid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an in - jured King, Are marching to the tomb.

581 *"Marching to the Tomb."*

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

Henry Kirke White. (1785—1806.) 1806.

582 *The March to Canaan.*

1 Forth to the Land of Promise bound,
Our desert path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.

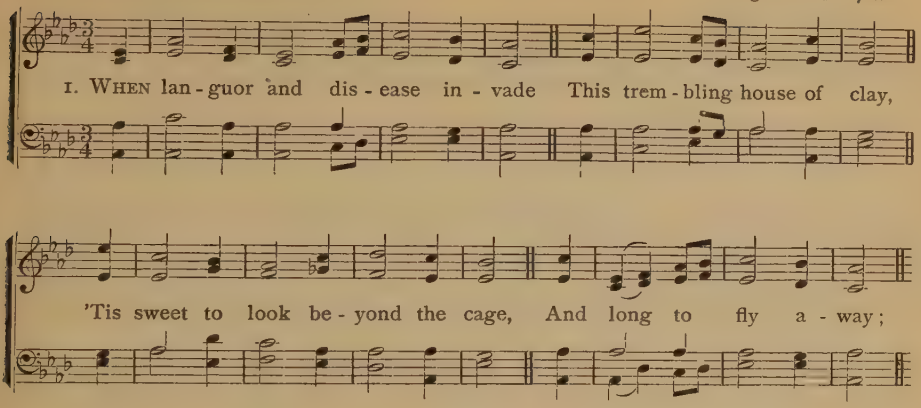
2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

Rev. Henry Alford. (1810—1871.) 1828.

AVON. (MARTYRDOM.) C. M. Hugh Wilson. 1768.



583 *In Sickness.*

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend;

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His;

6 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1776. ab.

584 *Dying Hymn.*

1 Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
Ye gates of death, give way.

2 My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

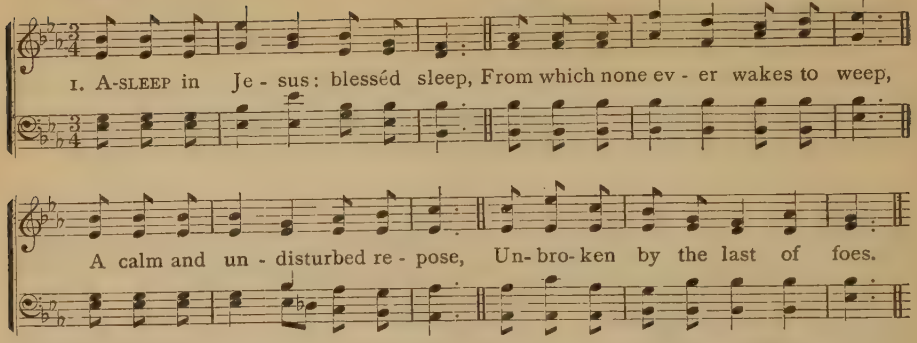
3 The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

4 That faith to me a courage gives,
Low as the grave to go:
I know that my Redeemer lives,
That I shall live, I know.

5 The palace walls I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King:
O grave, where is thy victory,
O death, where is thy sting!

Miss Alice Cary. (1820—1871.) 1870

REST. L. M. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1843.


1. A-SLEEP in Je - sus: blesséd sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,
A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

585 "Asleep in Jesus."

2 Asleep in Jesus: O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus: peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus: O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high

5 Asleep in Jesus: far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay. 1832. ab.

586 *The Death of the Righteous.* Num. xxiii. 10.

1 How blest the righteous, when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest:
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternated well.
How bright th' unchanging morn appears,
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1773. ab. and alt.

587 *At the Interment of a Body.*

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

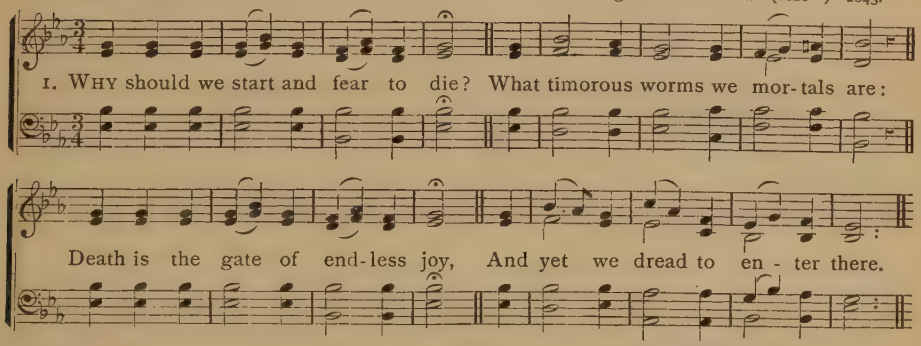
2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1734. alt.

ROSEDALE. ***L. M.*** George Frederick Root. (1820—) 1843.


1. WHY should we start and fear to die? What timorous worms we mor-tals are:
Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

588 *Christ's Presence makes Death easy.*

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

589 *Dying in the Lord.*

1 THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

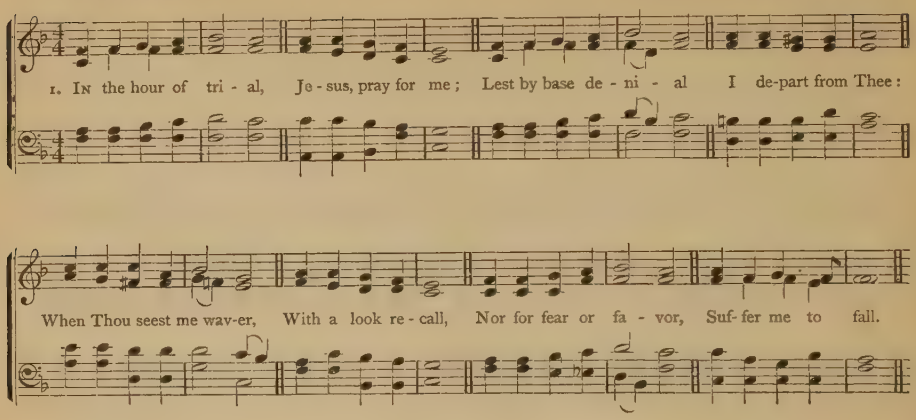
4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

5 I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God, let trouble cease;
Now let Thy servant die in peace.

Michael Bruce. (1746—1767.) 1781.

MAGDALENE. 6, 5. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me; Lest by base de - ni - al I de-part from Thee:
When Thou seest me wav-er, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf-fer me to fall.

590 *The Hour of Trial.*

2 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drain the cup.

3 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1853. ab.

591 *House set in Order.*

1 Set thy house in order,
Thou shalt die, not live;
May the voice to each one
Solemn warning give:
Pilgrims here and strangers,
Weak and frail alike,
Who can tell among us
Where the blow may strike?

2 Set thy house in order,
All its bulwarks tell;
Try the ground beneath thee,
Stir and delve it well:
Soon shall break the tempest;
Would'st thou bide the shock?
Hearer be and doer,
Founded on the rock.

3 Set thy house in order,
Gather up thy stores,
Every weapon brighten
For thy Captain's wars
Sort out all thy treasures,
Earthly dross remove;
Three alone are lasting,
Faith, and hope, and love.

Rev. Henry Alford. (1810—1871.) 1865. ab.

592 *Journeying on.*

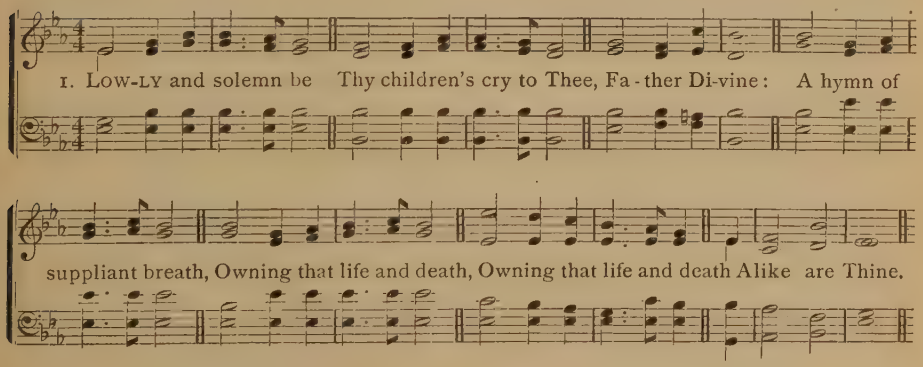
1 BRIGHTER still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done.
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blesséd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Rev. Godfrey Thring. (1823—) 1854. ab.

OLIVET. 6, 4. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1831.


1. Low-ly and solemn be Thy children's cry to Thee, Fa-ther Di-vine: A hymn of
suppliant breath, Owning that life and death, Owning that life and death Alike are Thine.

593 *A Funeral Hymn.*

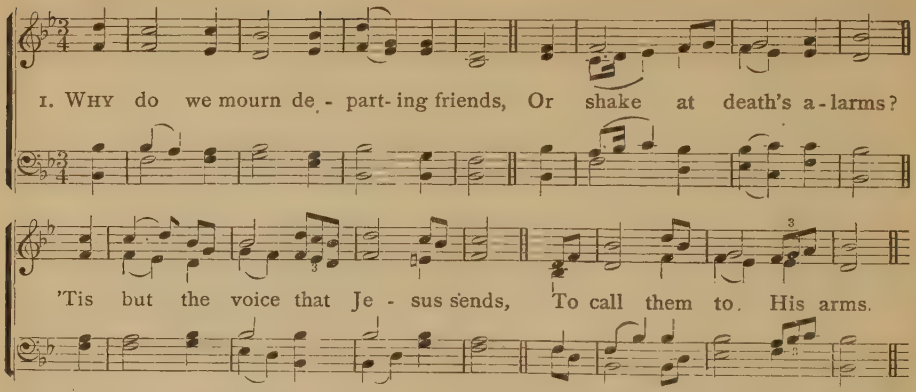
2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou.

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans. (1794—1835.) 1832. ab.

CHINA. C. M. Timothy Swan. (1758—1842.) 1800.



594 *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

595 *Why should we weep?*

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls His own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

Rev. John Rippon. (1751—1836.) 1787. ab.

596 *The Blessedness of dying Saints.*

Rev. xiv. 13.

1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are:
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

597 *Death of an Infant.*

1 With joy I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er the Saviour's face;
While infants in His tender arms
Receive His smiling grace.

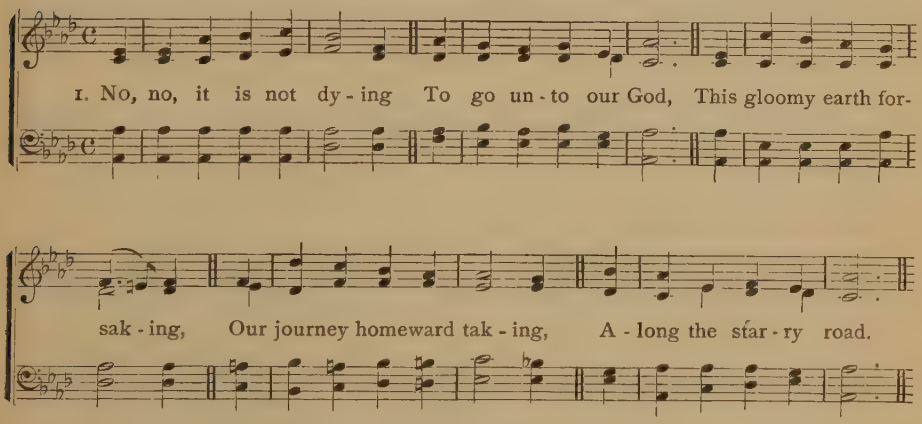
2 "I take these little lambs," said He,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in Me,
In Me be ever blest.

3 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve My love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

4 His words, ye happy parents, hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
"Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever Thine."

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.

ENOS. *7, 6, 7, 7, 6.* Uzziah C. Burnap. (1834—) 1869.



598 *"Non, ce n'est pas mourir."*

2 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of Thy Lord."

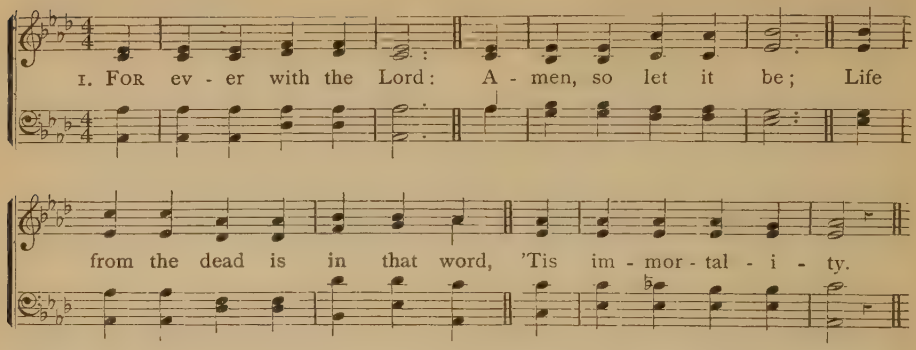
3 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

4 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.

5 O no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind:
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, drops alone we find.

Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1841.
Tr. by Prof. Robinson Potter Dunn. (1825—1867.) 1852.

GORTON. S. M. Ludwig von Beethoven. (1770—1827.)



599 *"For ever with the Lord."*

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 "Forever with the Lord;"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1835. ab.

600 *"The Death of the Righteous."*

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord:
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith. (1808—) 1831.

601 *Resting in Hope.*

1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro'these parched lips of thine nomore
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

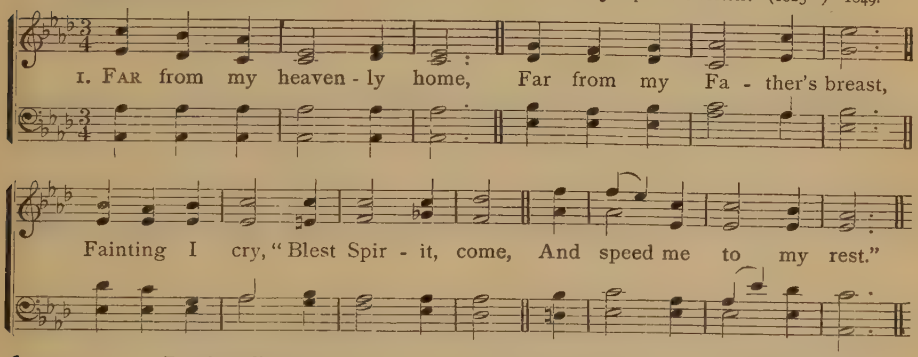
4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser. (1825—) 1849.



602

Far from Home.
Ps. cxxxvii.

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness
And reach the saint's abode?

5 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834.

603

"*Non, ce n'est pas mourir.*"

1 It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

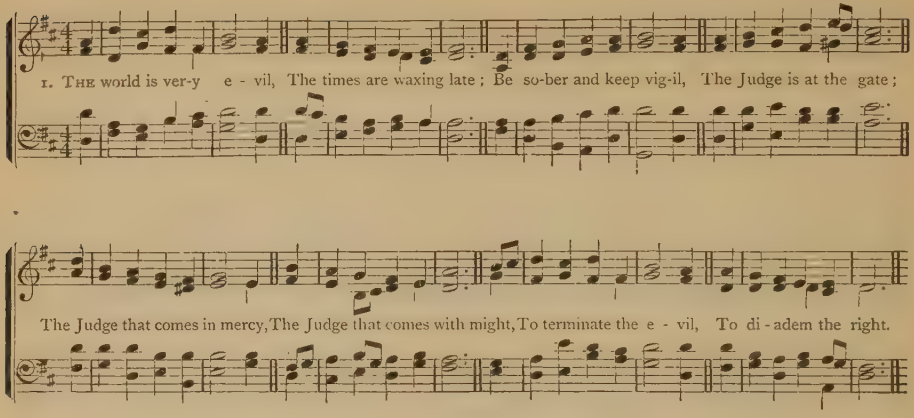
3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1841.
Tr. by Rev. George Washington Bethune. (1805—1862.) 1847.

PEARSALL. 7, 6. D. Katholisches Gesangbuch.


1. The world is very e - vil, The times are waxing late; Be so-ber and keep vig-il, The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge that comes in mercy, The Judge that comes with might, To terminate the e - vil, To di - adem the right.

604 "*Hora novissima.*"

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn.
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1858. ab. and sl. alt.

605 "*Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.*"

1 Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He will draw nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti. (1660—1722.)
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1853. ab. and sl. alt.

606 *The Pilgrims of Jesus.*

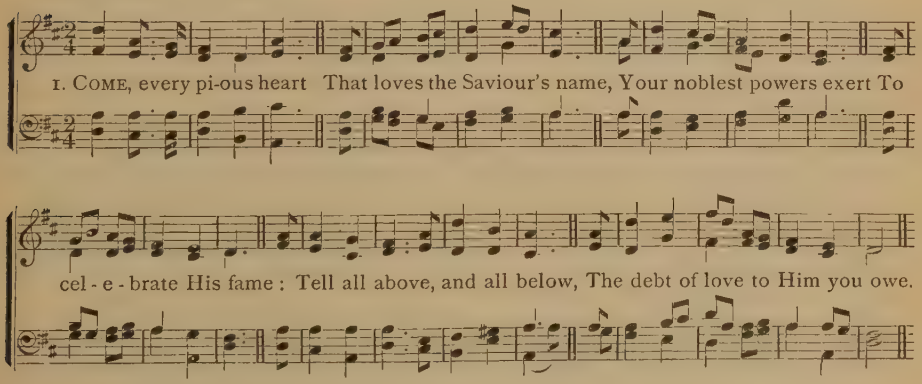
1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.
O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

2 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure:

3 What are they, but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies;
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Joseph of the Studium. (—883.)
Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1862. ab. and sl. alt.

WARSAW. 11. M. Thomas Clark. 1804.


1. COME, every pi-ous heart That loves the Saviour's name, Your noblest powers exert To
cel-e-brate His fame: Tell all above, and all below, The debt of love to Him you owe.

607 *The Lord will come.*

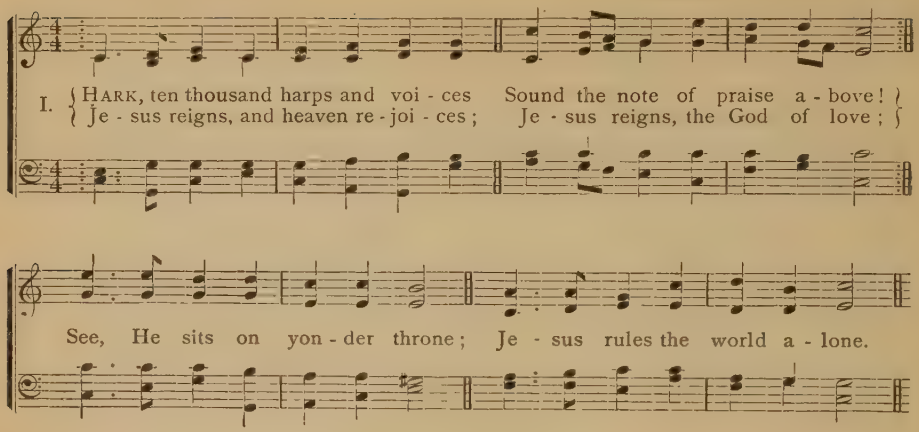
2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, O who can tell,—
To save our souls from death and hell!

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up thro' the sky the Conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour-God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see His lovely face
And ever be in His embrace.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1787. ab.

NEANDER. 8, 7, 7, 7. Joachim Neander. (1610—1680) 1679.


I. HARK, ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove!
Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

608

Worshipped of Angels.
Heb. i. 6.

2 King of glory, reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
Happy objects of Thy grace, [own;
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1804. ab.

609

"Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne?"

1 WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

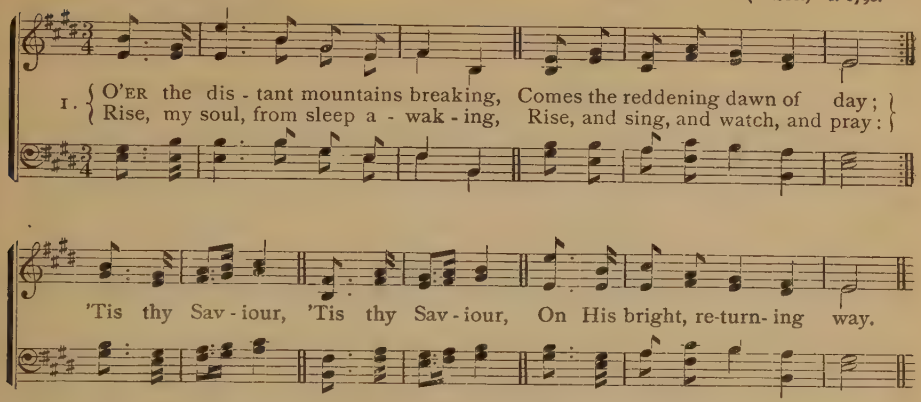
2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph thro' the Lamb have gained.

3 These, like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now, in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

4 Lo, the Lamb Himself now feeds them,
On Mount Zion's pastures fair;
From His central throne He leads them
By the living fountain there:
Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,
Free He gives the cooling stream.

Rev. Heinrich Theodor Schenk. (—1727.)
Tr. by Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. ab.

TAMWORTH. 8, 7, 4. Charles Lockhart. (—1816.) c. 1790.


1. { O'ER the dis - tant mountains breaking, Comes the reddening dawn of day; }
{ Rise, my soul, from sleep a - wak - ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray: }
'Tis thy Sav - iour, 'Tis thy Sav - iour, On His bright, re-turn- ing way.

610

"*Surely I come quickly.*" Rev. xxii. 20.

2 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine;
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land.

4 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell. (1811—) 1863. ab.

611

Christ's Second Coming.

1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

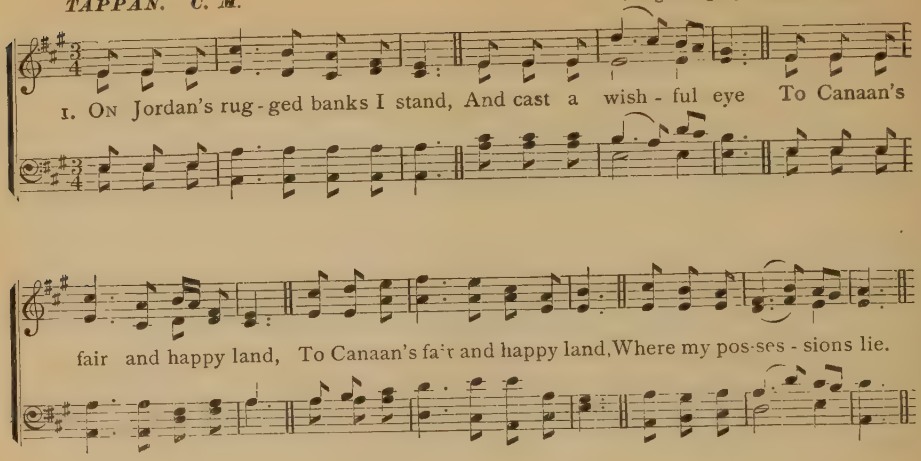
3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1758.
Rev. Martin Madan. (1726—1790.) 1760. ab.

TAPPAN. C. M.

George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.


1. On Jordan's rug - ged banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's
fair and happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-ses - sions lie.

612 *The Promised Land.*

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795) 1787. ab.

613 *Heavenly Hope.*

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

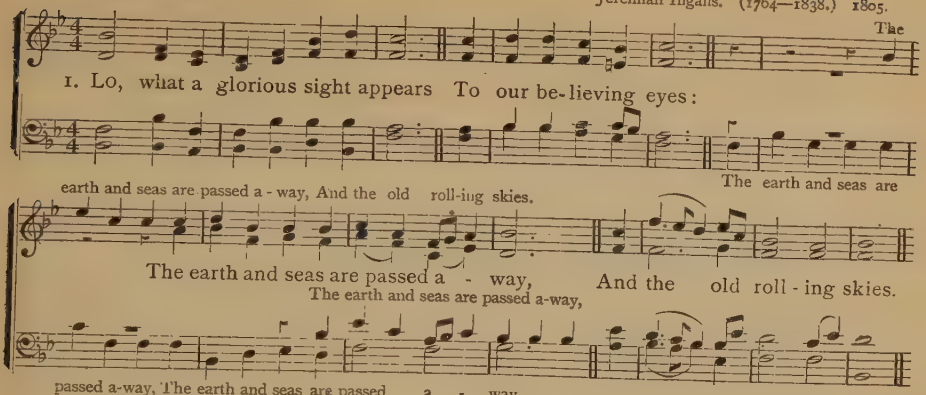
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

NORTHFIELD. C. M. Jeremiah Ingalls. (1764—1838.) 1805.


The
1. Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our be-lieving eyes:
The earth and seas are
earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll-ing skies.
The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies.
The earth and seas are passed a-way,
passed a-way, The earth and seas are passed a - way.

614 "*A new Heaven and a new Earth.*" Rev. xxi. 1–4.

2 From the third heaven where God re-sides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

615 "*Sweet Fields.*"

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

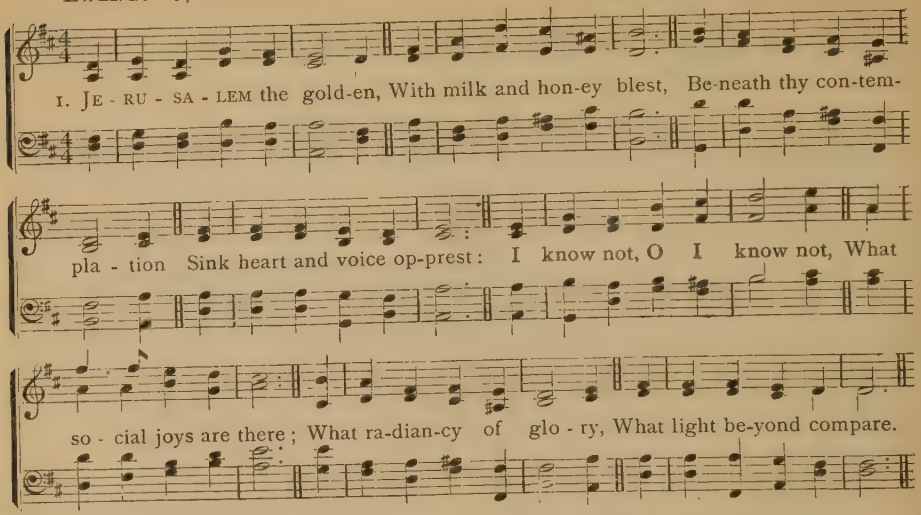
4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

EWING. 7, 6. D. Bp. Alexander Ewing. (—1873.) 1861.


1. JE - RU - SA - LEM the gold-en, With milk and hon-ey blest, Be-neath thy con-tem-
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest: I know not, O I know not, What
so - cial joys are there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What light be-yond compare.

616 "*Urbs Syon aurea.*"

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. alt.

617 "*O bona Patria.*"

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only Mansion,
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints built up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. 1851. alt.

618 "*Urbs Syon inclyta, Gloria.*"

1 JERUSALEM the glorious,
The home of the elect,
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.

2 New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
And there the band of prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelve-fold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes.

3 And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow,
O state that fears no strife,
O princely bowers, O land of flowers,
O realm and home of life.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. 1851. alt.

619 *The Saints marching up.*

1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
O day, for which Creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid.

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more.
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late:
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Rev. Henry Alford. (1810—1871.) 1866.

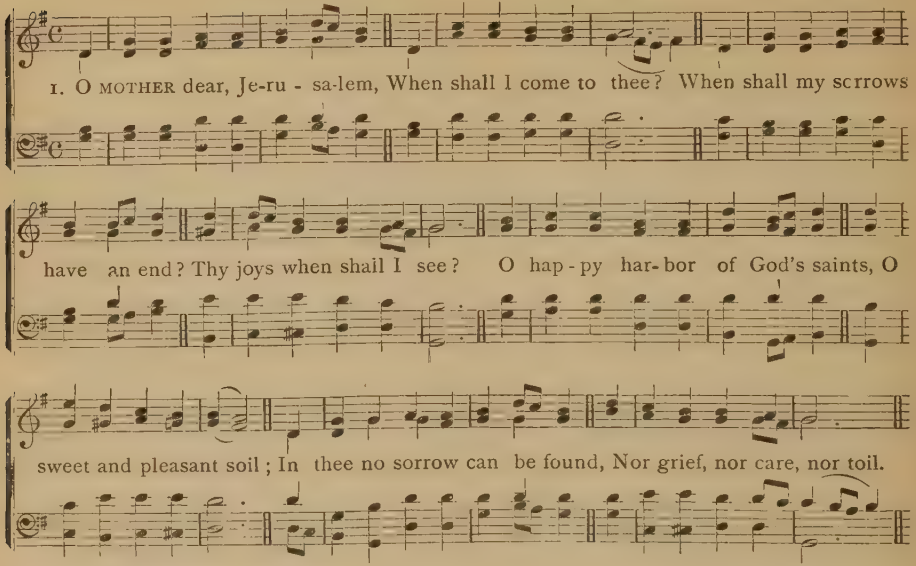
620 *The Country beyond the Stars.*

1 MY soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingéd sentry,
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

2 If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thine ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan. (1621—1695.) 1650.

ST. ASAPH. C. M. D. Jean Maria Giornovichi. (1745—1804.)


1. O MOTHER dear, Je-ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? O hap - py har - bor of God's saints, O
sweet and pleasant soil; In thee no sorrow can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

621 *"O Mother dear, Jerusalem."*

2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
O God, if I were there!

3 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

4 There the blest souls that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.
O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Rev. Francis Baker. 1616. alt.
Rev. David Dickson. (1583—1663.) 1649. ab.

622 *Resigned to Death.*

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

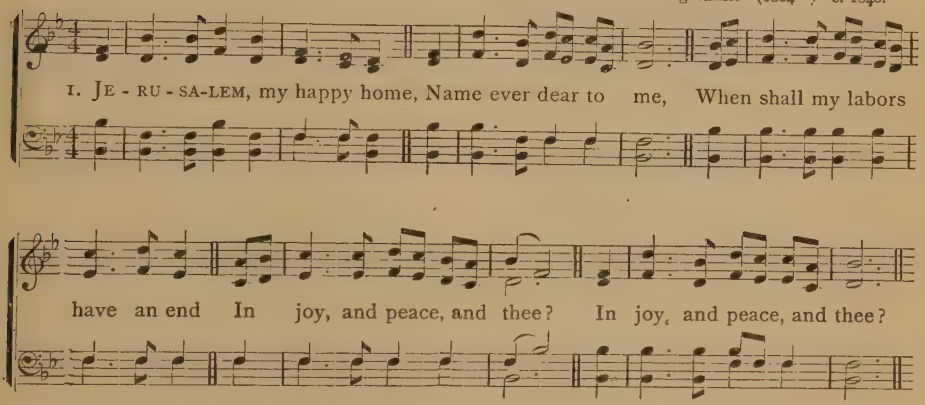
2 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

3 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come, to find them all again
In that eternal day.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1759. ab.

RHINE. *C. M.*

Arr. from Friedrich Burgmüller. (1804—) c. 1840.


1. JE - RU - SA-LEM, my happy home, Name ever dear to me, When shall my labors
have an end In joy, and peace, and thee? In joy, and peace, and thee?

623 *"Jerusalem, my happy Home."*

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

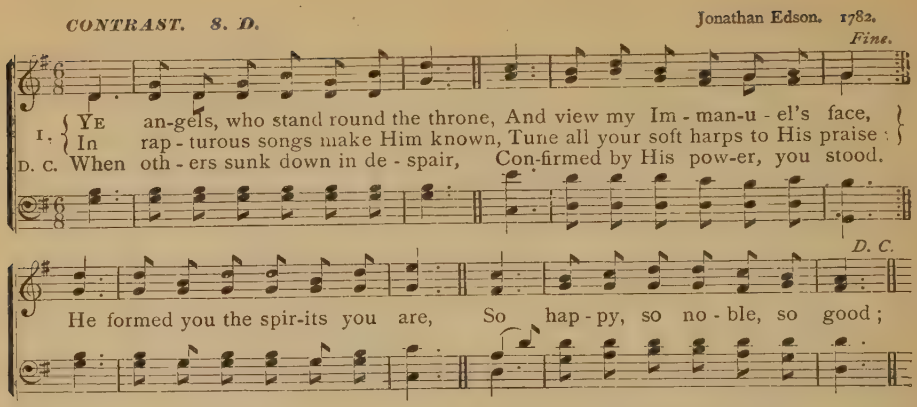
3 O when, thou City of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

Unknown. Williams and Boden's Collection. 1801. ab.


CONTRAST. 8. D.
Jonathan Edson. 1782.
Fine.
1. { Ye an-gels, who stand round the throne, And view my Im-man-u-el's face,
{ In rap-turous songs make Him known, Tune all your soft harps to His praise:
D. C. When oth-ers sunk down in de-spair, Con-firmed by His pow-er, you stood.
D. C.
He formed you the spir-its you are, So hap-py, so no-ble, so good;

624 *Panting for Heaven.*

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong:
I'm fettered, and chained up in clay;
I struggle, and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name;
I want, O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder, and worship with you.

Miss Maria De Fleury. 1801.

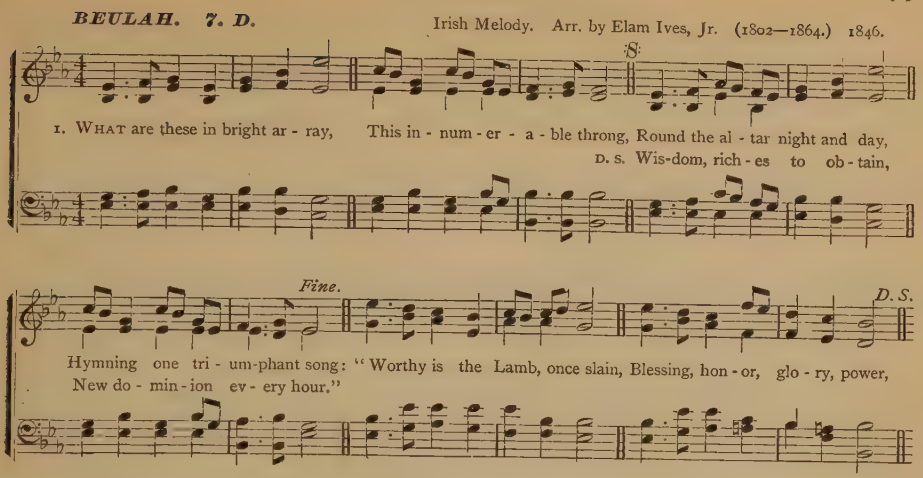
625 *"The King in His Beauty."* Is. xxxiii. 17, 24.

1 I LONG to behold Him arrayed
With glory and light from above,
The King in His beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and die to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed His abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With Him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord.
But when, on Thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in Thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the City above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And when from the body set free,
O then to the City receive.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1762. ab


BEULAH. 7. D.
Irish Melody. Arr. by Elam Ives, Jr. (1802—1864.) 1846.
S.
1. WHAT are these in bright ar - ray, This in - num - er - a - ble throng, Round the al - tar night and day,
D. S. Wis-dom, rich - es to ob - tain,
Fine.
D. S.
Hymning one tri - um-phant song: "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,
New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."

626

The Song of the Sealed.
Rev. vii. 9–16.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853.

627

The happy Saints.

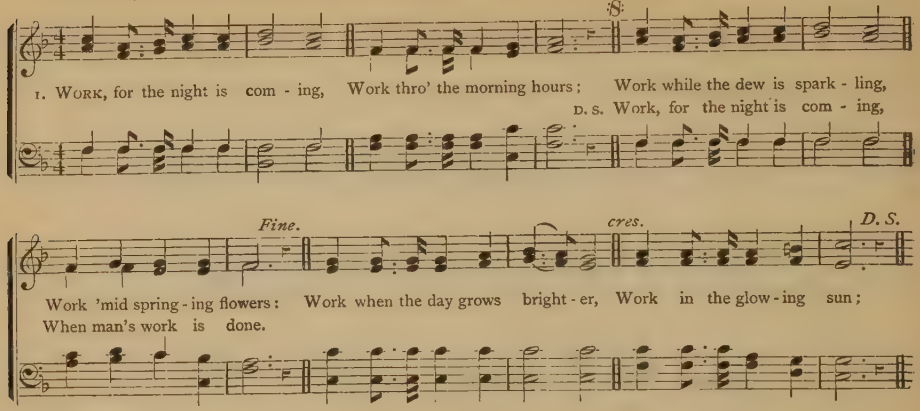
1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love:
Happy spirits, ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Rev. Thomas Raffles. (1788—1863.) 1812. ab. and a't.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. *7, 6, 7, 5.* Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.)


1. WORK, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is spark - ling,
D. S. Work, for the night is com - ing,
Fine.
cres.
D. S.
Work 'mid spring - ing flowers: Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
When man's work is done.

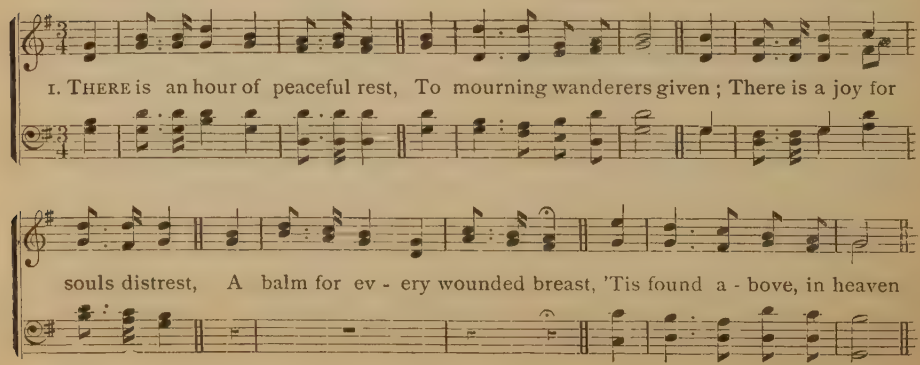
628 *Work.*

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Rev. Sidney Dyer.

WOODLAND. *C. M. 51.* Nathaniel D. Gould. (1781—1864.) 1832.


1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for
souls distrest, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast, 'Tis found a - bove, in heaven

629 *The Heavenly Rest.*

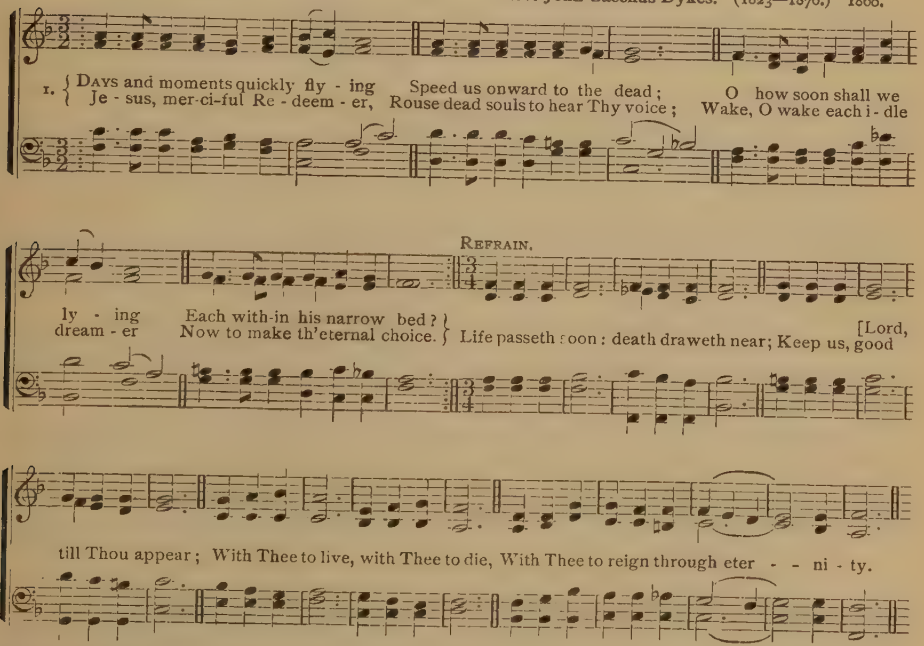
2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Rev. William Bingham Tappan. (1794—1849.) 1822, 1846. ab.

ST. SYLVESTER. P. M. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823—1876.) 1860.


1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us onward to the dead; O how soon shall we
Je - sus, mer-ci-ful Re - deem - er, Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice; Wake, O wake each i - dle
REFRAIN.
ly - ing Each with-in his narrow bed? Life passeth soon: death draweth near; Keep us, good [Lord,
dream - er Now to make th'eternal choice.
till Thou appear; With Thee to live, with Thee to die, With Thee to reign through eter - - ni - ty.

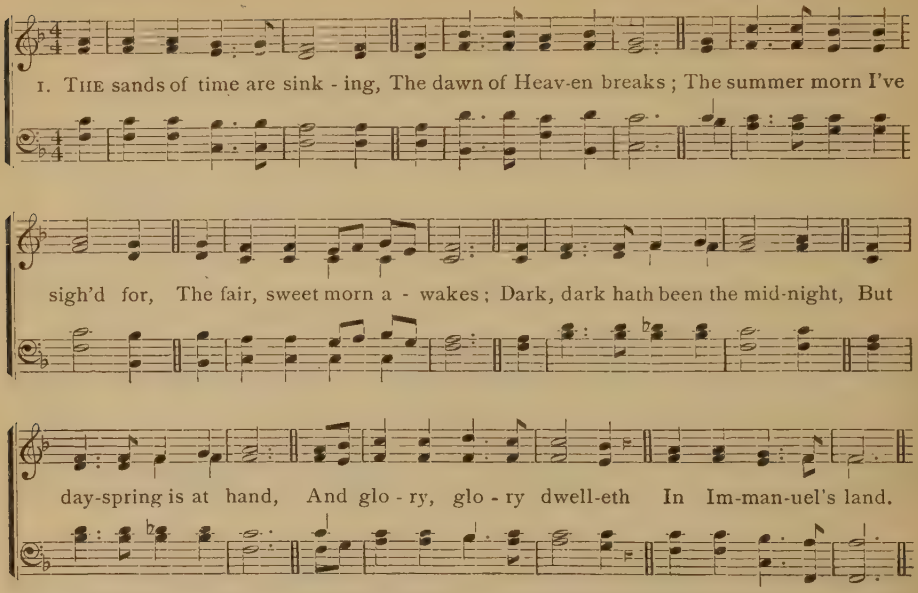
630 *"Life passeth soon."*

2 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant and make us wise.

Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

Rev. Edward Caswall. (1814—1878.) 1849 ab.

RUTHERFORD. *P. M.* Charles D'Urhan. 1845.


1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Heav-en breaks; The summer morn I've
sigh'd for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes; Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But
day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel's land.

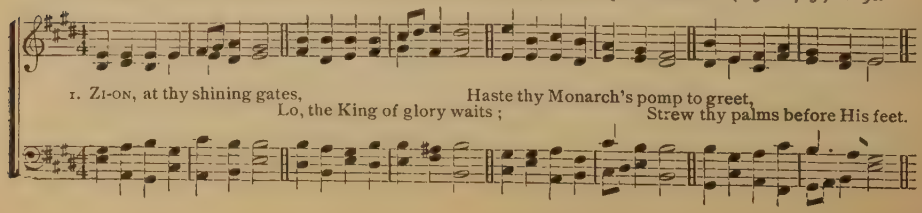
631 "*Immanuel's Land.*"

2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercéd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Annie Ross Cousin. 1857. ab.

POSEN. 7. Georg Christoph Strattner. (1650—1705.) 1691.



632 "*Peace within.*"

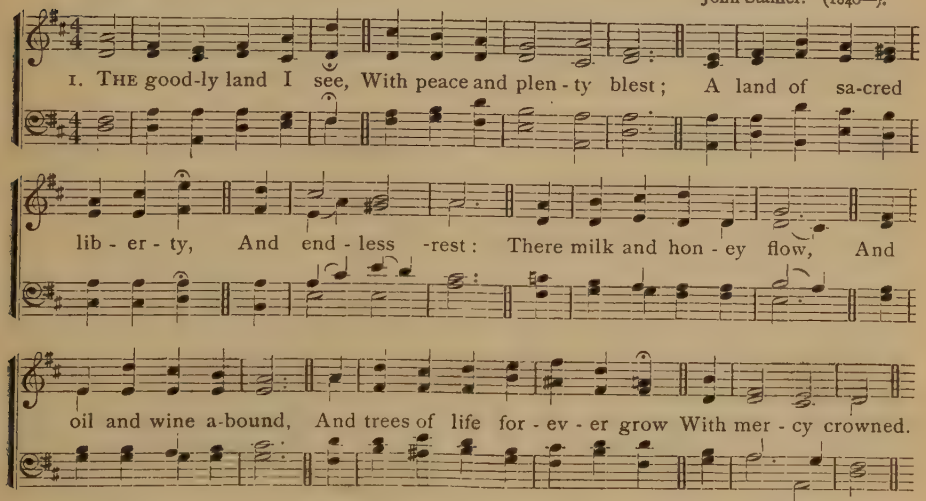
2 Christ, for Thee their triple light,
Faith, and hope, and love unite;
This the beacon we display,
To proclaim Thine advent day.

3 Come, and give us peace within;
Loose us from the bonds of sin;
Give us grace Thy yoke to wear;
Give us strength Thy cross to bear.

4 So, when Thou shalt come again,
Judge of angels and of men,
We, with all Thy saints, shall sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy. (1804—) 1863. ab.

OLIVERS. 6, 6, 8, 4. D. John Stainer. (1840—).


1. THE good-ly land I see, With peace and plen - ty blest; A land of sa-cred
lib - er - ty, And end - less -rest: There milk and hon - ey flow, And
oil and wine a-bound, And trees of life for - ev - er grow With mer - cy crowned.

633 "*The goodly Land.*"

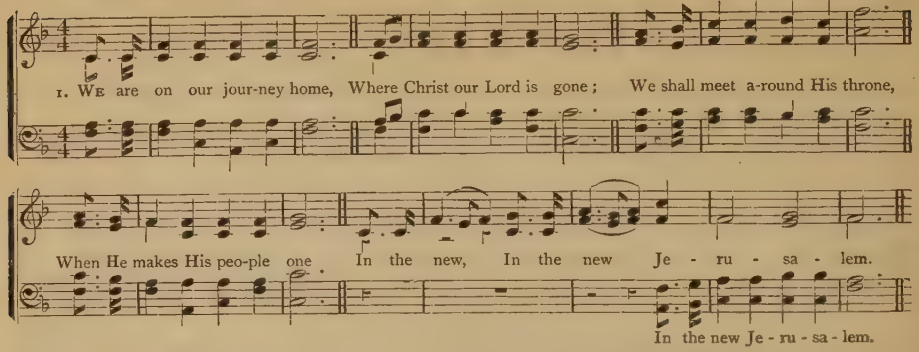
2 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness:
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace,
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

3 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows His prints of love:
They kindle to a flame, [above,
And sound, through all the worlds
"The slaughtered Lamb!"

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry.
Hail, Abr'am's God and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays)
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Rev. Thomas Olivers. (1725—1799.) 1770. ab.

NEW JERUSALEM. 7, 6, 7, 7, 7. Old English Melody.


1. We are on our jour-ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet a-round His throne,
When He makes His peo-ple one In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

634 *"New Jerusalem."*

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
‖: From the new :‖ Jerusalem.

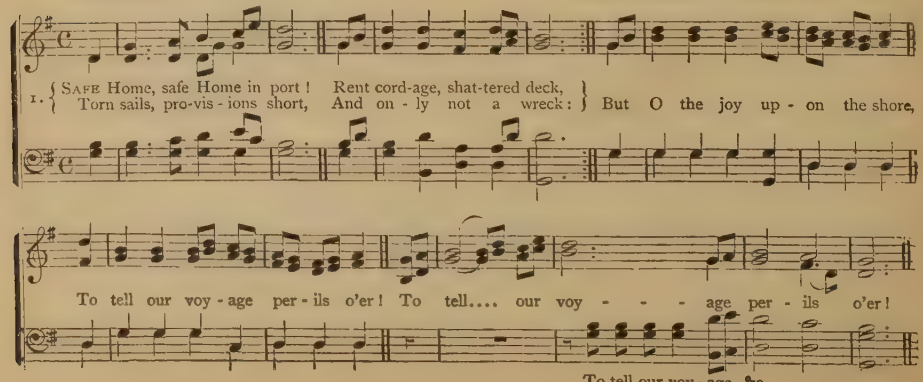
3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting Sun,
O trembling morning-star,
Our journey's almost done
‖: To the new :‖ Jerusalem.

4 O holy, heavenly Home,
O rest eternal there:
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care
‖: In the new :‖ Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord, Thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with Thee
‖: To the new :‖ Jerusalem.

Rev. Charles Beecher. (1819—) 1857.

LISCHER. H. M. Friedrich Schneider. (1786—1853.) 1840.


1. Safe Home, safe Home in port! Rent cord-age, shat-tered deck,
Torn sails, pro-vis - ions short, And on - ly not a wreck: But O the joy up - on the shore,
To tell our voy - age per - ils o'er! To tell.... our voy - - - age per - ils o'er!
To tell our voy - age, &c.

635 *"Safe Home."*

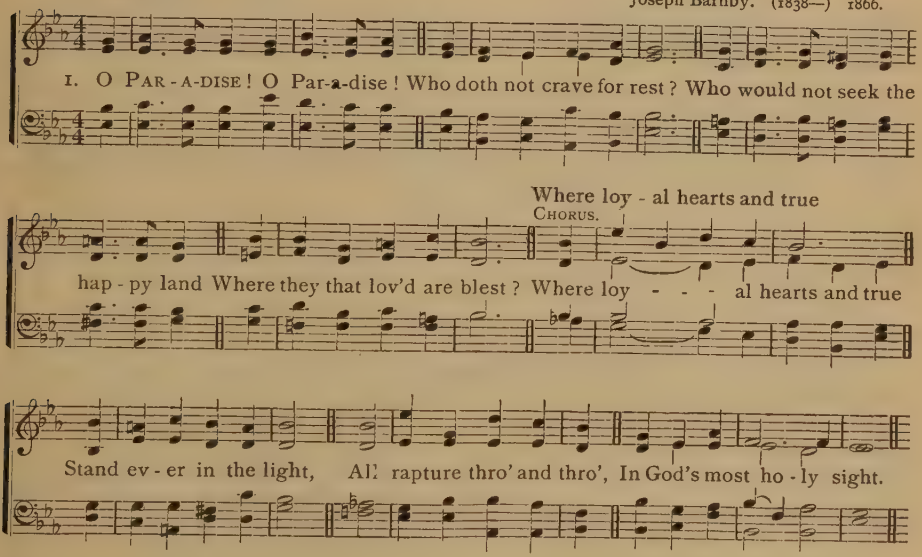
2 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he failed,
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

3 The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penned:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

Joseph of the Studium. (—883.)
Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1862. ab.

PARADISE. P. M.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—) 1866.


1. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
Where loy-al hearts and true
Chorus.
hap-py land Where they that lov'd are blest? Where loy - - - al hearts and true
Stand ev-er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho-ly sight.

636 *Paradise.*

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—*Cho.*

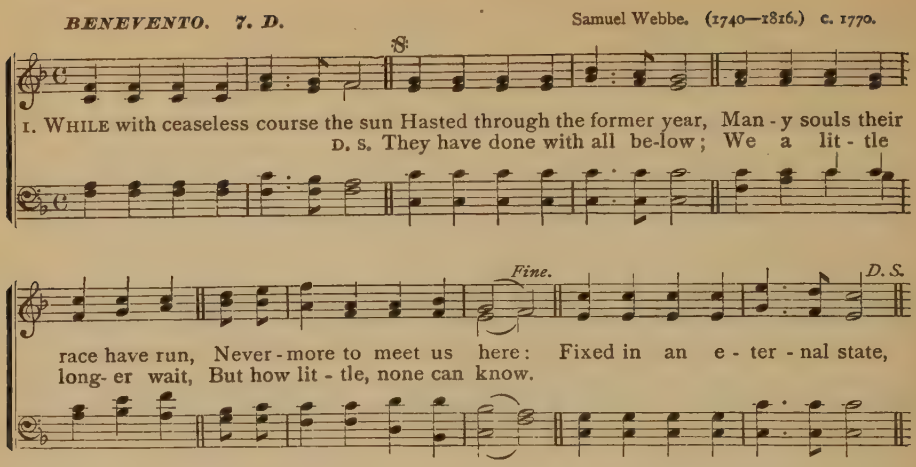
3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;—*Cho.*

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;—*Cho.*

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;—*Cho.*

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;—*Cho.*

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1854.
ab. and alt.


BENEVENTO. 7. D.
Samuel Webbe. (1740—1816.) c. 1770.
1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the former year, Man - y souls their
D. S. They have done with all be-low; We a lit - tle
Fine.
D. S.
race have run, Never - more to meet us here: Fixed in an e - ter - nal state,
long- er wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.

637 *The new Year.*

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807). 1779.

638 *The old Year.*

1 Thou who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich Thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our thanks shall rise to Thee:
Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful praises swell,
That, sustained by Thee, we now
Bid the parting year farewell.

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more:
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive;
Cleanse each heart and make us Thine;
Let Thy grace within us live,
As our future suns decline;
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, let us fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1832.

639 *For New Year's Eve.*

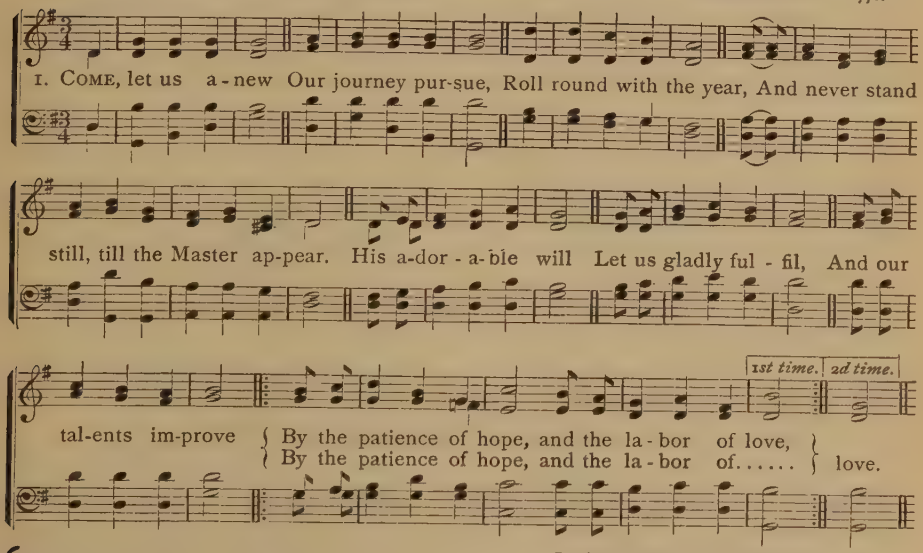
1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our songs of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.
In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

2 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

Rev. Henry Downton. (1818—) 1839. ab.

COME, LET US ANEW. 11, 5.

Samuel Webbe. c. 1770.


1. Come, let us a-new Our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand
still, till the Master ap-pear. His a-dor-a-ble will Let us gladly ful-fil, And our
1st time. 2d time.
tal-ents im-prove { By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of love, }
{ By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of..... } love.

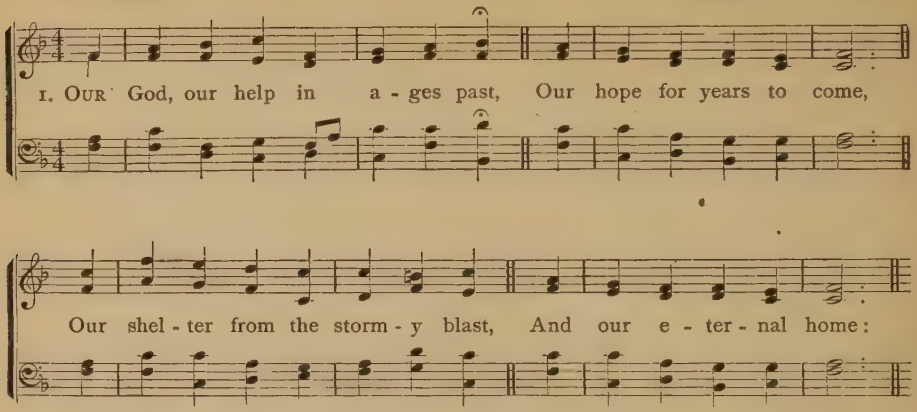
640 *New Year's Day.*

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day
Of His coming might say,
"I have fought my way through,
"I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
"Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne."

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1750.

DUNDEE. C. M. Guillaume Franck. 1545.



641

Man frail, and God eternal.
Ps. xc.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

642

God's eternal Dominion.

1 Great God, how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we:
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

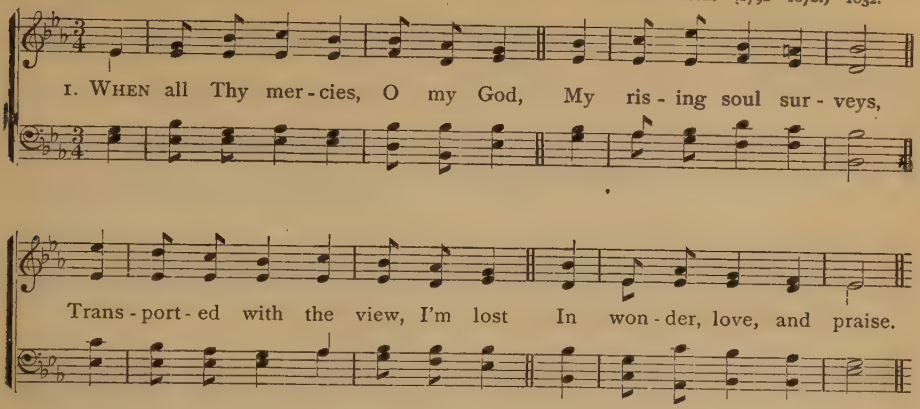
3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

DOWNS. C. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.



643 *Mercies of God recounted.*

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison. (1672—1719.) 1714. 8b.

644 *Thanksgiving for Preservation of Life.* Ps. cvii.

1 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

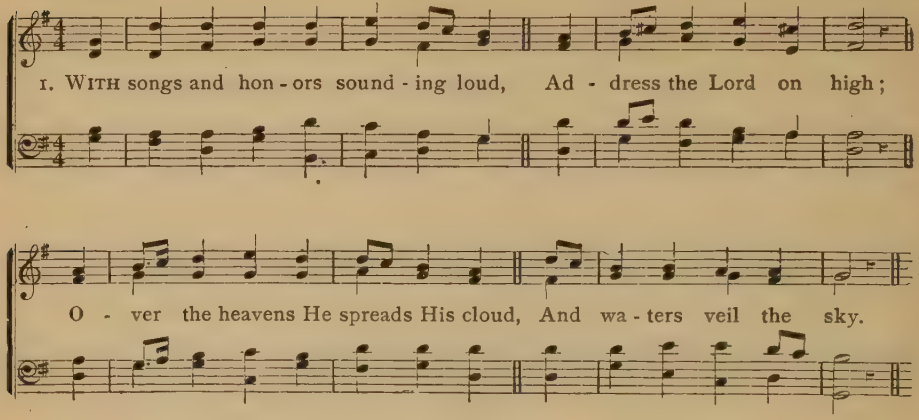
3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Joseph Addison. 1712. 8b. and 8t.

LÜTZEN. C. M. Nicholaus Hermann. (—1561.) 1554.


1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high;
O - ver the heavens He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

645

The revolving Seasons.
Ps. cxlvii.

2 He sends His showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends His word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

646

"*The Voice of Praise.*"
Ps. lxvi.

1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

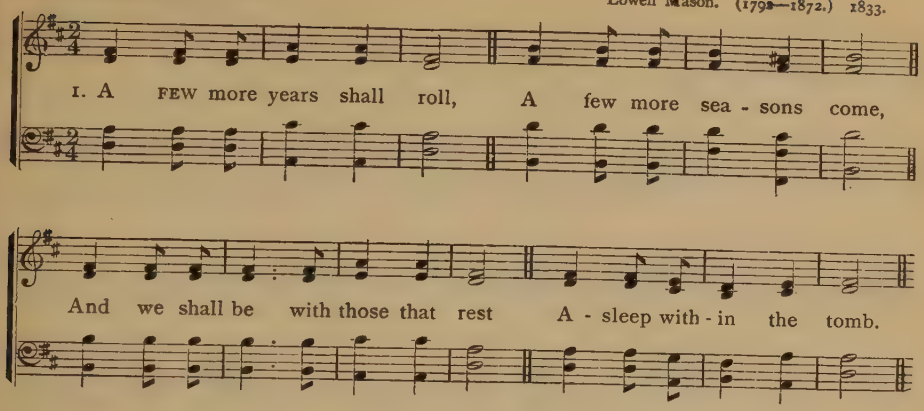
2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw. (1779—1853.) 1803. ab.

SHAWMUT. S. M. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1833.



647 *"A few more Years."*

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.

6 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.

7 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

648 *Our Fathers.* Zech. i. 5.

1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

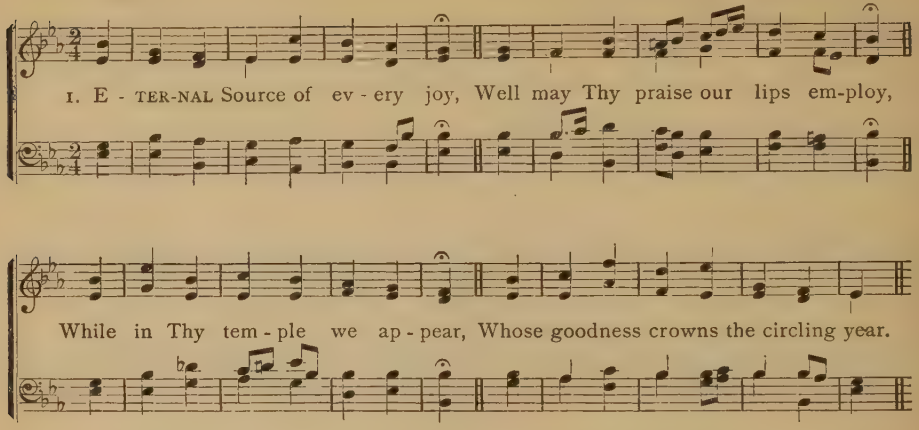
2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes, and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before Thy face.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and alt.

ST. PAUL'S. L. M. Johann Friedrich Lampe. (—1750.) 1745.


1. E - TER-NAL Source of ev - ery joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em-ploy,
While in Thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

649 *For New Year's Day.* Ps. lxv. 11.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and alt.

650 *For the opening and closing Year.*

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

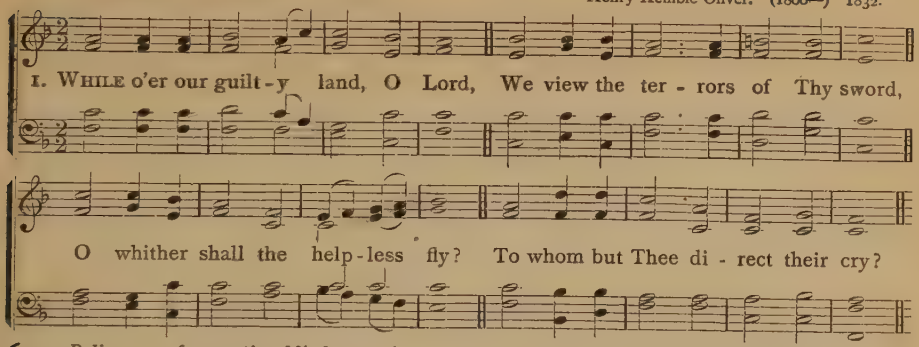
2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guided by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755. ab. and alt.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. Henry Kemble Oliver. (1800—) 1832.


1. While o'er our guilt-y land, O Lord, We view the ter - rors of Thy sword,
O whither shall the help-less fly? To whom but Thee di - rect their cry?

651 *Deliverance from national Judgments implored.*

2 On Thee, our Guardian God, we call;
Before Thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The Church which Thou hast planted here.

4 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God,
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead Thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

5 These pleas, presented at Thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail and help us too.

Rev. Samuel Davies. (1724—1761.) 1769.

652 *Humble Confession of Sin.*

1 In prayer together let us fall,
And cry for mercy, one and all,
And weep before the Judge, and say,
O turn from us Thy wrath away.

2 Thy grace have we offended sore
By sins, O God, which we deplore;
Pour down upon us from above
The riches of Thy pardoning love.

3 Forgive the sin that we have wrought,
Increase the good that we have sought;
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
May please Thee here and evermore.

Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. alt.
Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker. (1821—) 1861. ab.

653 *Forefathers' Day.*

1 O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

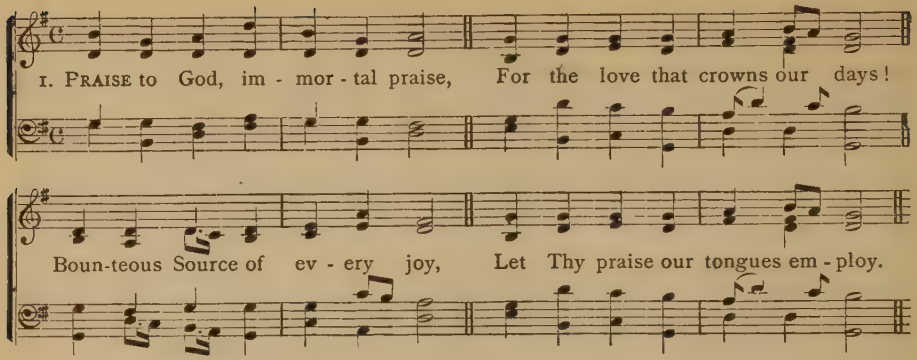
2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon. (1802—) 1838, 1845. ab.

NUREMBURG. 7. Johann Rudolph Ahle. (1625—1673.) 1664.


1. PRAISE to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
Boun-teous Source of ev - ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

654 *Thanksgiving.* Ps. lxv.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

5 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1773. ab. and alt.

655 *Thanksgiving or Fast.*

1 GOD of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
Save Thy people, bless our land.

2 On our fields of grass and grain
Drop, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.

3 Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

4 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained.

5 In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus, united we shall stand,
One wide, free, and happy land.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh. (1818—1867.) 1860. ab. and alt.

656 *Exhortation to Praise.* Ps. cl.

1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
Praise Him, all that share His love.

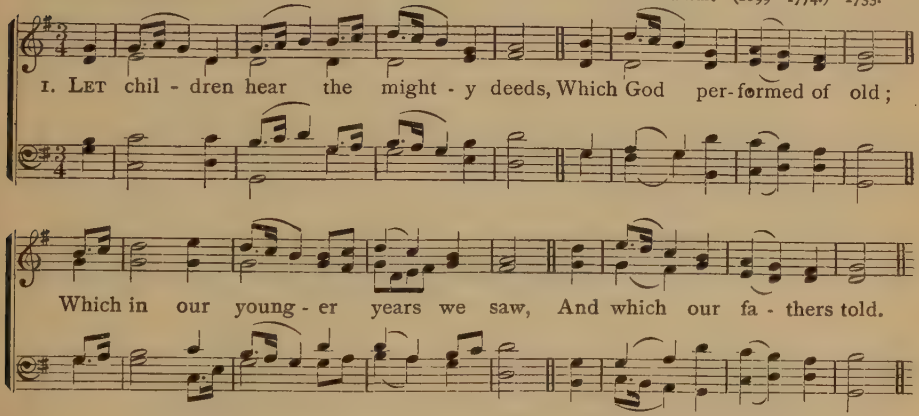
2 Earth, to heaven exalt the strain,
Send it, heaven, to earth again;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

3 Praise the Lord, His goodness trace,
All the wonders of His grace;
All that He hath borne and done,
All He sends us through His Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834, 1841.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. William Tansur. (1699—1774.) 1735.


1. Let chil - dren hear the might - y deeds, Which God per-formed of old;
Which in our young - er years we saw, And which our fa - thers told.

657 *The Story handed down.* Ps. lxxviii.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practice His commands.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

658 *God's Dealings with our Fathers.* Ps. xliv.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs.

2 For not their courage, not their sword,
To them salvation gave;
Nor strength that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save.

3 But Thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who Thy great name adored.

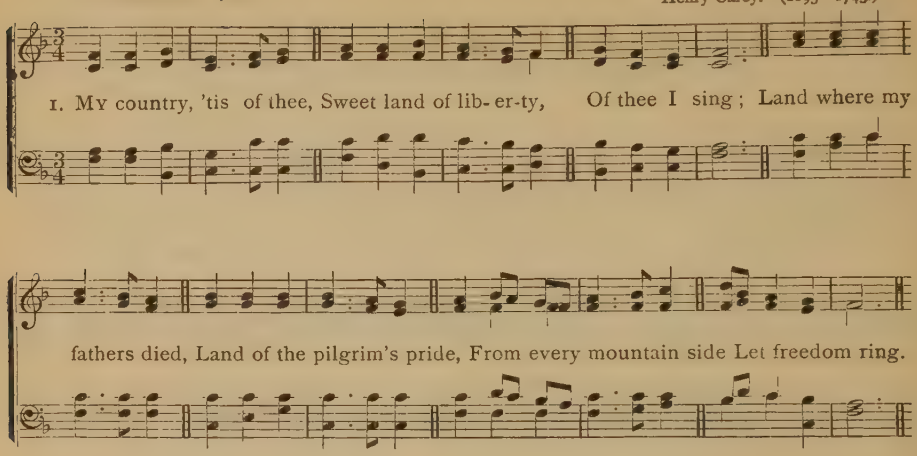
4 As Thee their God our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King:
O therefore, as Thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 To Thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless Thy name.

Tate and Brady. 1696. ab. and alt.

AMERICA. 6, 4.

John Bull? (1563—1628.) 1605.
Henry Carey. (1693—1743.)


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib- er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

659

National Hymn.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith. (1808—) 1832.

660

"God save the State."

1 God bless our native land:
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

Rev. John Sullivan Dwight. (1812—) 1844.

1 *C. M.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady. 1696.

2 *S. M.*

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1741.

3 *L. M.*

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. Thomas Ken. (1637—1711,) 1697.

4 *L. M.*

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

5 *L. M. 6 l.*

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. First 4 lines.

6 *C. P. M.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

Tate and Brady. 1696. alt.

7 *L. P. M.*

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

8 *H. M.*

O GOD, for ever blest,
To Thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confest
By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so forevermore.

Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth. (1825—) 1870.

9 *8, 7.*

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

Unknown Author. 1827.

10 *8, 7. D.*

WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy name:
Young and old their praise expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As the angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done!

Edward Osler. (1798—1863.) 1836.

11 *8, 7, 4.*

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1866.

12 *7, 6. D.*

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host,
To praise Thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to Thee.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1746. alt.

13 *7.*

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love:
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740.

14 *7. 6 l.*

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

Unknown Author. 1827.

15 *7. 6 l.*

GOD the Father, God of grace,
Saviour, born of mortal race,
Comforter, our Life and Light,
One in essence, love and might;
Thee whom all in heaven adore,
We would worship evermore.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1873.

16 *7. D.*

PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in His light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His Only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

Rev. Alexander Ramsay Thompson. (1822—) 1869.

17 *6, 4.*

To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1755.

18 *6, 4.*

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.

Rev. Edwin Francis Hatfield. (1807—). 1843.

19 *10.*

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addrest;
From age to age, ye saints, His name adore,
And spread His fame, till time shall be no more.

Rev. Simon Browne. (1680—1732.) 1720. alt.

20 *10, 11.*

ALL glory to God, the Father and Son,
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One;
Let highest ascriptions forever be given
By all the creation on earth and in heaven.

Rippon's Collection. 1778.

21 *11.*

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addrest, [ever blest,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven, [given.
As was, and is now, and shall ever be

Unknown Author.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

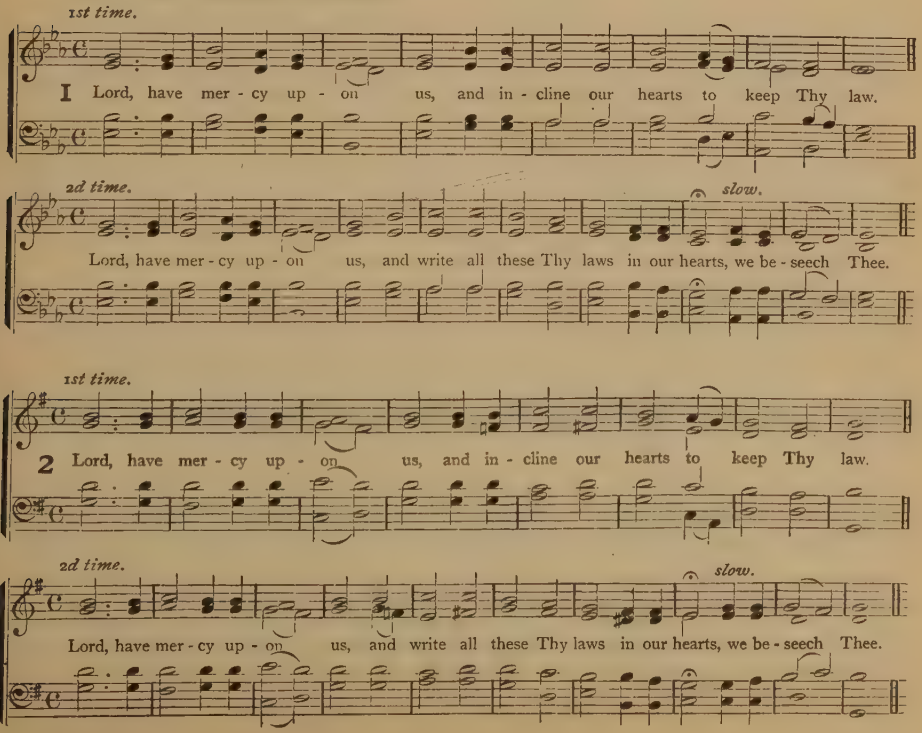
I BELIEVE in GOD THE FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in JESUS CHRIST His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

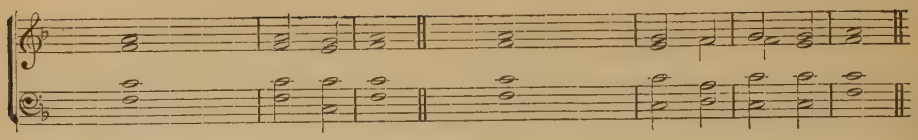
I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

CHANTS.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.


1st time.
1 Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep Thy law.
2d time.
slow.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.
1st time.
2 Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep Thy law.
2d time.
slow.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

BEATUS VIR. Gregorian. Arr. by Thomas Tallis. (1529—1585.) 1565.



3 Ps. i.

1 BLESSÈD is the man that walketh not in the counsel | of the··un- | godly, ‖ Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the | seat — | of the | scornful.

2 But his delight is in the | law··of the | Lord; ‖ And in His law doth he | medi - tate | day and | night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers··of | water, ‖ That bringeth forth his | fruit — | in his | season;

4 His leaf also | shall not | wither; ‖ And whatso- | ever··he | doeth··shall | prosper.

5 The ungodly | are not | so: ‖ But are like the chaff which the | wind — | driveth··a- | way.

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not | stand··in the | judgment, ‖ Nor sinners in the congre- | gation | of the | righteous.

7 For the Lord knoweth the | way··of the | righteous: ‖ But the way of the un- | godly | shall — | perish.

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

4 Ps. xxiii.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want. ‖ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the | still — | waters.

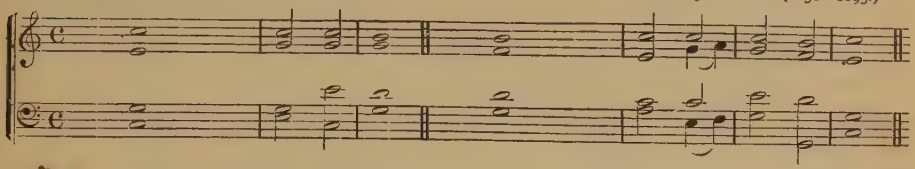
2 He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for His | Name's — | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they — | comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Thou

anointest my head with oil: my | cup··runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord, for | ever. ‖ A- | men.

GLORIA PATRI.

Henry Purcell. (1658—1695.)



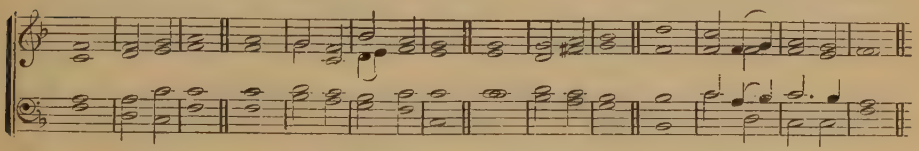
5

GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ And | to the | Holy | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever··shall | be, ‖ World without | end. A- | men, A- | men.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

Richard Langdon. (—1798.)



6

Ps. lxvii.

1 GOD be merciful unto us, and | bless — | us, ‖ And cause His | face to | shine up- | on us,

2 That Thy way may be known up- | on — | earth, ‖ Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God! ‖ Let all the | people | praise — Thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy, ‖ For Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | na - tions up- | on — | earth.

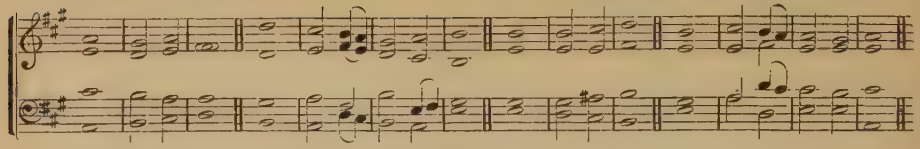
5 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God! ‖ Let all the | people | praise — Thee.

6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase, ‖ And God, even our own | God, shall | bless — | us.

7 God shall | bless — | us, ‖ And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | Him.

8 God shall | bless — | us, ‖ And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | Him

QUAM DILECTA. Thomas Saunders Dupuis. (1733—1796.)



7 Ps. lxxxiv.

1 How amiable are Thy | taber- | nacles ‖ O | Lord — | of — | hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the | courts··of the | Lord ‖ My heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may | lay her | young ‖ Even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my | King — | and my | God.

4 Blessèd are they that | dwell in··Thy | house ‖ They will be | still — | praising | Thee.

5 Blessèd is the man whose | strength··is in | Thee ‖ In whose heart | are the | ways of | them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make··it a | well ‖ The rain | also | filleth··the | pools.

7 They go from | strength to | strength ‖ Every one of them in Zion ap- | pear-eth··be- | fore — | God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer ‖ Give ear, | O — | God of | Jacob.

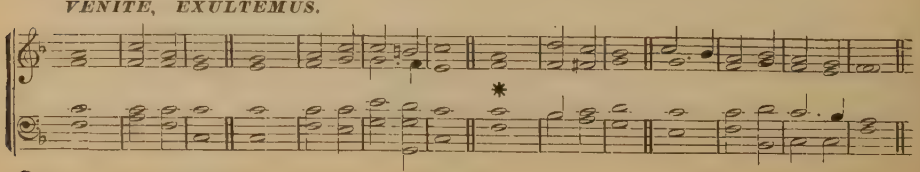
9 Behold, O | God our | shield ‖ And look upon the | face of | Thine an- | ointed.

10 For a day in Thy courts is better | than a | thousand ‖ I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the | tents of | wicked-ness.

11 For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield ‖ The Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly.

12 O | Lord of | hosts ‖ Blessèd is the | man that | trusteth··in | Thee.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS.

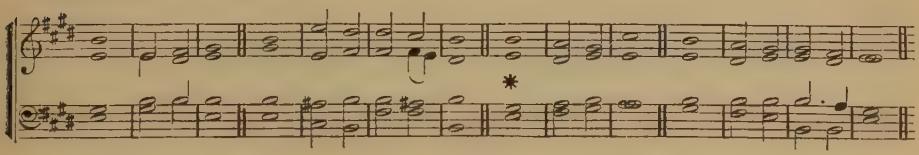


8 Ps. xcv.

1 O COME, let us | sing··unto the | Lord ‖ Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before His presence with | thanks- — | giving ‖ And show our-selves | glad in | Him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great — | God ‖ And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In His hands are all the corners | of the | earth ‖ And the strength of the | hills is | His — | also.
5 The sea is His | and He | made it ‖ And His hands pre- | pared · · the | dry — | land.
6 O come, let us worship | and fall | down ‖ And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For He is the | Lord our | God ‖ And we are the people of His pasture, | and the | sheep · · of His | hand.
8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · · of | holiness ‖ Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | Him.
*9 For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth ‖ And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with His | truth.

CANTATE DOMINO.



9

Ps. xcviii.

1 O SING unto the Lord a new song: for He hath done | marvel · · ous | things; ‖ His right hand and His holy arm hath | gotten | Him the | victory.
2 The Lord hath made known | His sal- | vation; ‖ His righteousness hath He openly showed | in the | sight · · of the | heathen.
3 He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel; ‖ All the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth ‖ Make a loud noise, and re- | joice and | sing — | praise.
5 Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp, ‖ With the harp, | and the | voice · · of a | psalm.
6 With trumpets and | sound of | cornet ‖ Make a joyful noise be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
7 Let the sea roar, and the | fulness · · there- | of; ‖ The world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
8 Let the floods | clap their | hands, ‖ Let the | hills be | joyful · · to- | gether
*9 Before the Lord; for He cometh to | judge the | earth; ‖ With righteousness shall He judge the world, | and the | people · · with | equity.

JUBILATE DEO. Gregorian.

10 Ps. c.

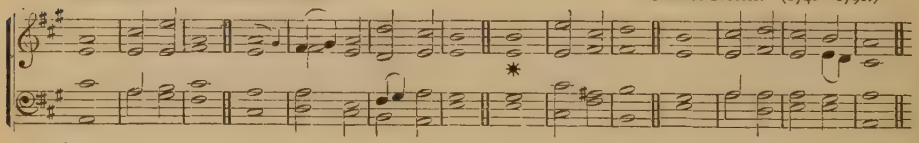
1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands ‖ Serve the Lord with gladness ; come before His | presence | with — | singing.

2 Know ye that the Lord | He is | God ‖ It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are His people, | and the | sheep of · · His | pasture.

3 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise ‖ Be thankful unto Him, | and — | bless His | name.

4 For the Lord is good ; His mercy is | ever- | lasting ‖ And His truth endureth to | all — | gene- | rations.

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA. Charles Norris. (1740—1790.)



11 Ps. ciii.

1 PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul ; ‖ And all that is within me, | praise His | holy | name.

2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul ; ‖ And for- | get not | all His | benefits.

3 Who forgiveth | all Thy | sin, ‖ And | healeth · · all | thine in- | firmities.

4 Who saveth thy | life · · from de- | struction ; ‖ And crowneth thee with | mercy · · and | loving- | kindness.

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength ; ‖ Ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | His — | word.

6 O praise the Lord, | all · · ye His | hosts ; ‖ Ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.

*7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of | His do- | minion. ‖ Praise thou the | Lord, O | — my | soul.

LEVAVI OCULOS.

12 Ps. cxxi.

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto the | hills ‖ From whence | cometh | my — | help.

2 My help cometh | from the | Lord ‖ Which | made — | heaven··and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy | foot··to be | moved; ‖ He that | keepeth··thee | will not | slumber.

4 Behold, He that | keepeth | Israel ‖ Shall neither | slumber | nor — | sleep.

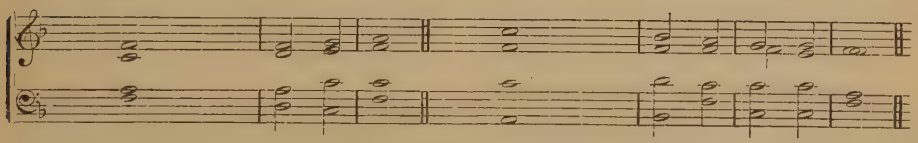
5 The Lord | is thy | keeper; ‖ The Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right — | hand.

6 The sun shall not | smite thee··by | day, ‖ Nor the | moon — | by — | night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all — | evil; ‖ He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | coming | in ‖ From this time forth, and | even··for | ever- | more.

LÆTATUS SUM.



13 Ps. cxxii.

1 I WAS glad when they said | unto | me, ‖ Let us go in- | to the | house··of the | Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, ‖ O | — Je- | rusa- | lem.

3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city ‖ That | is com- | pact to- | gether:

4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes··of the | Lord, ‖ Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks un- | to the | name··of the | Lord.

5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, ‖ The thrones | of the | house of | David.

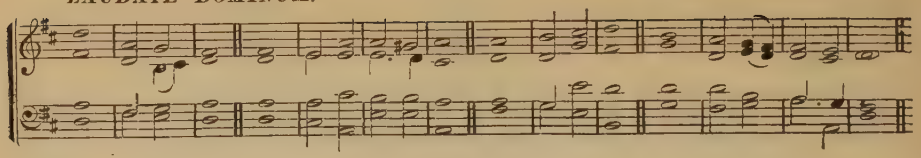
6 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem; ‖ They shall | prosper··that | love — | thee.

7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls ‖ And prosperi- | ty with- | in thy | palaces.

8 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes ‖ I will now say, | Peace — | be with- | in thee.

9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God ‖ I will | seek — | thy — | good.

LAUDATE DOMINUM.



14 Ps. cl.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God | in His | sanctuary: ‖ Praise him in the | firma - ment | of His | power.

2 Praise Him for His | mighty | acts: ‖ Praise Him ac- | cording··to His | excel - lent | greatness.

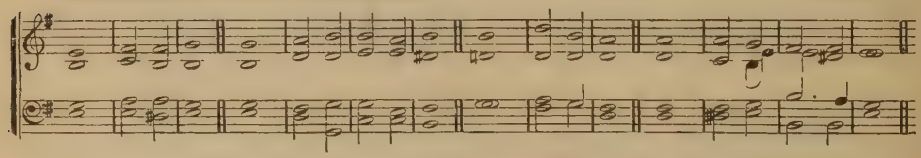
3 Praise Him with the | sound··of the | trumpet: ‖ Praise Him | with the | psaltery··and | harp.

4 Praise Him with the | timbrel··and | dance: ‖ Praise Him with | stringed·· instru- | ments and | organs.

5 Praise Him upon the | loud — | cymbals: ‖ Praise Him upon the | high — | sounding | cymbals.

6 Let every thing that | hath — | breath, ‖ Praise the | Lord. Praise | ye the | Lord.

DESPECTUM ET NOVISSIMUM. Flintoft.



15 Isaiah liii.

1 HE is despised and rejected of men; A man of sorrows and ac- | quainted·· with | grief: ‖ And we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and | we es- | teemed Him | not.

2 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and | carried··our | sorrows: ‖ Yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of | God, — | and af- | flicted.

3 But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for | our in- | iquities; ‖ The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and | with His | stripes··we are | healed.

4 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to | his own | way; ‖ And the Lord hath laid on Him the in- | iquity | of us | all.

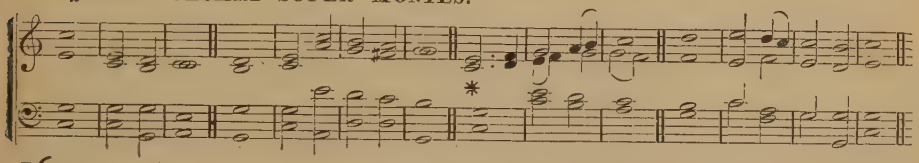
5 He was oppressed and | He··was af- | flicted; ‖ Yet He | open - ed | not his | mouth.

6 He is brought as a | lamb··to the | slaughter, ‖ And as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He | open - eth | not His | mouth.

7 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him ; yea, He hath | put··Him to | grief, ‖ When Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He | shall pro- | long His | days.

8 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper | in His | hand, ‖ He shall see of the travail of His soul, | and — | shall be | satisfied.

QUAM PULCHRI SUPER MONTES.



16 Isaiah lii. 7–9.

1 How beautiful up- | on the | mountains ‖ Are the feet of him that bringeth good | tidings,··that | publish - eth | peace ;

2 That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth | sal- — | vation ; ‖ That saith unto Zion, | thy — | God — | reigneth !

3 Thy watchmen shall lift | up the | voice ; | With the voice to- | gether | shall they | sing :

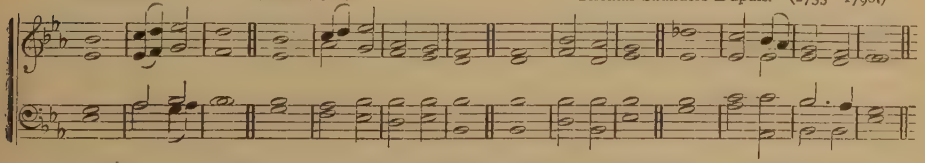
4 For they shall see | eye to | eye, ‖ When the Lord shall | bring a- | gain — Zion.

5 Break forth | into | joy, ‖ Sing together, ye waste places | of Je- | rusa- | lem.

6 For the Lord hath comforted | His — | people, ‖ He hath re- | deemed··Je- | rusa- | lem.

*7 The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of | all the | nations ; ‖ And all the ends of the earth shall see the sal- | vation | of our | God.

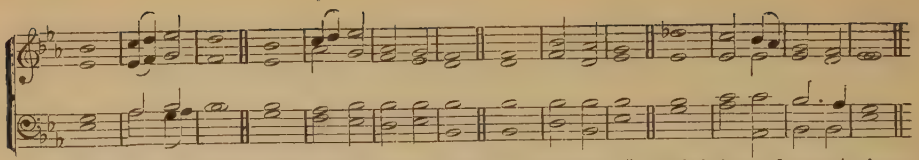
BENEDICTUS DOMINUS. Thomas Saunders Dupuis. (1733—1796.)



17 Luke i. 68–71.

1 BLESSED be the Lord God of | Isra- | el, ‖ For He hath visited | and re- | deemed··His | people ;

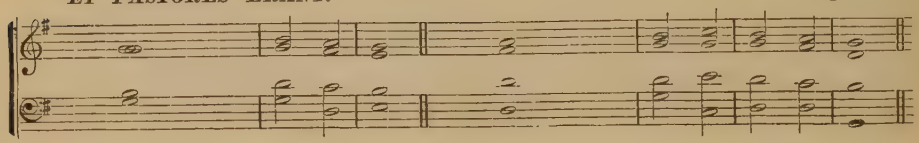
2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us ‖ In the house | of His | servant | David.



3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets, ‖ Which have been | since the | world be- | gan;

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, ‖ And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

ET PASTORES ERANT. Gregorian.



18 Luke ii. 8–14.

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding | in the | field, ‖ Keeping watch | over··their | flocks by | night.

2 And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone | round a- | bout them; ‖ And | they were | sore a- | fraid.

3 And the angel said unto them, | Fear — | not; ‖ For, behold! I bring you tidings of great joy, which | shall be | to all | people.

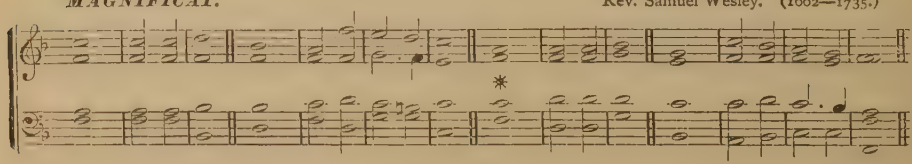
4 For unto you is born this day, in the city of | David,··a | Saviour, ‖ Which | is — | Christ the | Lord.

5 And this shall be a | sign··unto | you: ‖ Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, | lying | in a | manger.

6 And suddenly there was | with the | angel ‖ A multitude of the heavenly host, | praising | God, and | saying,

7 Glory to God | in the | highest, ‖ And on earth | peace, good- | will to | men.

MAGNIFICAT. Rev. Samuel Wesley. (1662—1735.)



19 Luke i. 46–55.

1 My soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord, ‖ And my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.

2 For He hath regarded the low estate of | His hand- | maiden ; ‖ For behold, from henceforth all gener- | ations · · shall | call me | blessed.

3 For He that is mighty hath done to | me great | things, ‖ And | holy | is His | Name.

4 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him, ‖ From gener- | ation · · to | gener- | ation.

5 He hath showed strength | with His | arm, ‖ He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts.

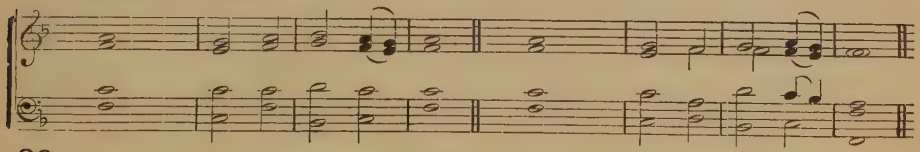
6 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, ‖ And exalted | them of | low de- | gree.

7 He hath filled the hungry | with good | things, ‖ And the rich He | hath sent | empty · · a- | way.

8 He hath holpen his servant | Isra- | el, ‖ In re- | membrance | of His | mercy.

*9 As He spake to our fathers, to | Abra- | ham, ‖ And | to his | seed for- | ever.

PATER NOSTER.



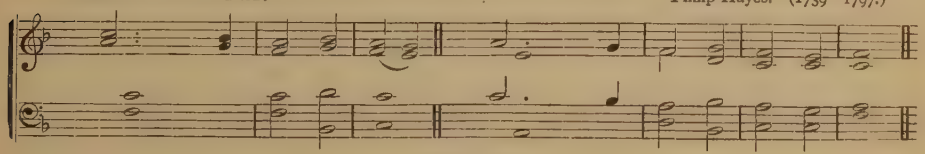
20

1 Our Father who art in heaven, | hallow - ed | be Thy | name ; ‖ Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth · · as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread ; ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that | trespass · · a- | gainst — | us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil ; ‖ For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. | A- — | — | men.

VENITE AD ME. Philip Hayes. (1739—1797.)



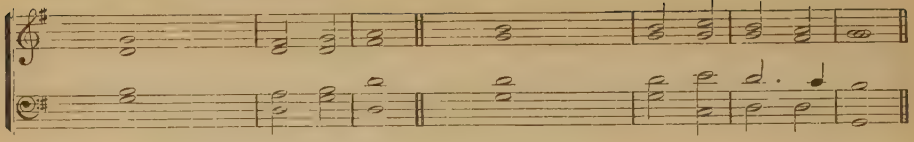
21 Matt. xi. 28–30.

1 Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are | heavy | laden, ‖ And | I will | give you | rest.

2 Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for I am meek and | lowly · · in | heart, ‖ And ye shall find | rest — | unto · · your | souls.

3 For My | yoke is | easy ‖ And | My — | burden · · is | light.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



22

1 Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ And on earth | peace, good- | will··towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, ‖ We glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- — | mighty.

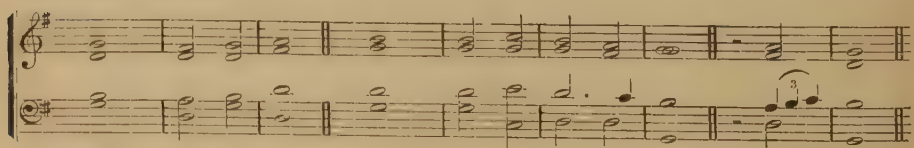
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ ; ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father,

5 That takest away the | sins··of the | world, ‖ Have mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins··of the | world, ‖ Have mercy | upon | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins··of the | world, ‖ Re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ Have mercy | upon | us.

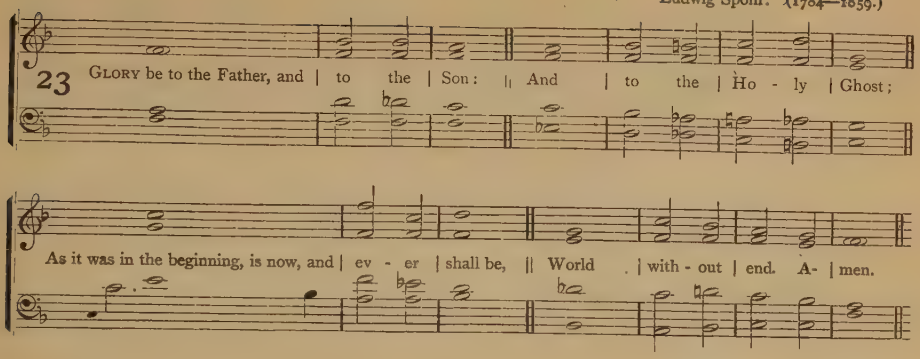


9 For Thou | only··art | holy : ‖ Thou | only | art the | Lord :

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ Art most high in the | glory·· of | God the | Father. ‖ A- | men.

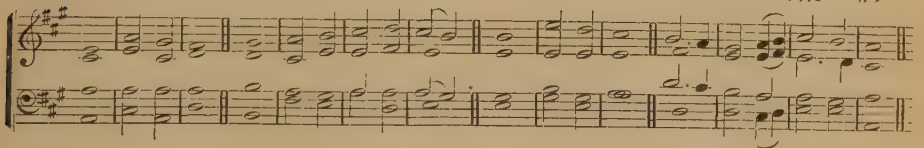
GLORIA PATRI.

Ludwig Spohr. (1784—1859.)


23
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son: || And | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, || World | with - out | end. A- | men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

William Crotch. (1775—1847.)



24

1 We praise Thee, | O — | God; || we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord. || All the earth doth | worship | Thee, || the Father | ever- | last- — | ing.

2 To Thee all Angels | cry a- | loud; || the Heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in. || To Thee Cherubim, and | Sera- | phim || con- | tin - ual- | ly do | cry,

3 Holy, | Holy, | Holy, || Lord | God of | Saba- | oth; || Heaven and earth are full of the | Majes- | ty || of | Thy — | glo- — | ry.

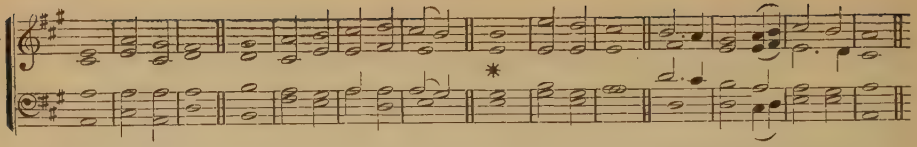
4 The glorious company | of the | Apostles || praise | — — | — — | Thee; || The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets || praise | — — | — — | Thee.

5 The noble army | of — | Martyrs || praise | — — | — — | Thee. || The holy Church throughout | all the | world || doth | — ac- | knowledge | Thee,

6 The | Fa- — | ther || of an | in - finite | Majes- | ty; || Thine a- | dora - ble, | true, || and | on- — | ly — | Son;

7 Also the | Holy | Ghost, || the | Com- — | — fort- | er. || Thou art the | King of | Glory, || O | — — | — — | Christ.

8 Thou art the ever- | lasting | Son || of | — the | Fa- — | ther. || When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man, || Thou didst humble Thyself to be | born — | of a | Virgin.



9 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · · of | death, ‖ Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to | all be- | liev- — | ers. ‖ Thou sittest at the right hand | of — | God ‖ in the glory | of the | Fa- — | ther.

10 We believe that | Thou shalt | come ‖ to | be — | our — | Judge. ‖ We therefore pray Thee, | help Thy | servants, ‖ whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | precious | blood.

11 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints ‖ in glory | ever- | last- — | ing. ‖ O Lord, | save Thy | people, ‖ and | bless Thine | heri- | tage.

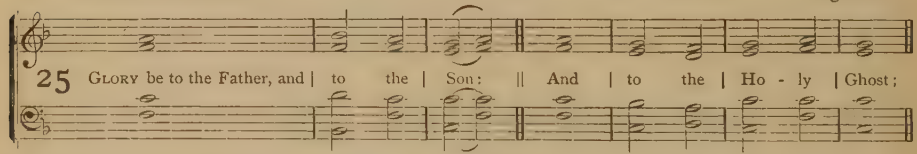
12 Gov- | — ern | them ‖ and | lift them | up for- | ever. ‖ Day | by — | day ‖ we | magni- | fy — | Thee.

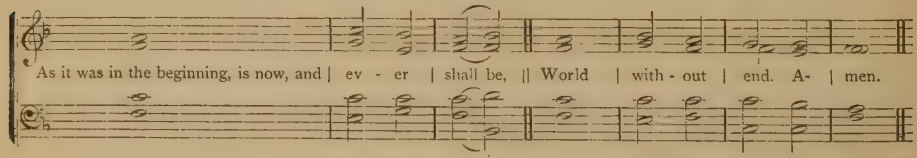
13 And we worship | Thy — | Name, ‖ ever, | world with- | out — | end. ‖ Vouchsafe, | O — | Lord, ‖ to kęep us | this day | without | sin.

14 O Lord, have mercy up- | on — | us, ‖ have | mercy · · up- | on — | us. ‖ O Lord, let Thy mercy be up- | on — | us, ‖ as our | trust — | is in | Thee.

*15 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted, ‖ let me never | be con- | found- — | ed.

GLORIA PATRI. Gregorian.





BAPTISMAL CHANT. Thomas Tallis. (c. 1529—1585.) 1575.

26

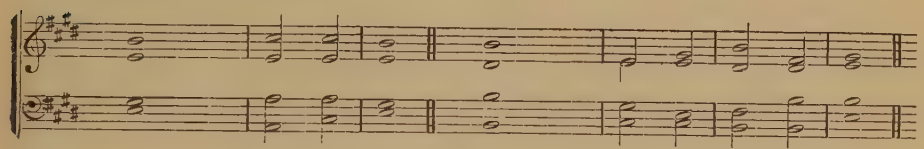
Before the Administration.

Ps. ciii. 17, 18.

1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear Him, ‖ And His righteousness | unto | children's | children.

2 To such as keep His | cove- | nant; ‖ And to those that remember His com- | mand - ments to | do — | them.

BAPTISMAL CHANT.



27

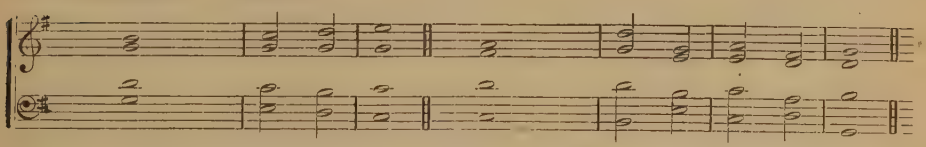
Mark x. 14.

1 SUFFER little children to come unto Me, and for- | bid them | not: ‖ For of | such · · is the | kingdom · · of | heaven.

Acts ii. 39.

2 For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children; ‖ And to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

BAPTISMAL CHANT.



28

After the Administration.

Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26.

1 THEN will I sprinkle clean | water · · up- | on you, ‖ And | ye shall | be — | clean:

2 A new heart also | will I | give you, ‖ And a new spirit | will I | put with- | in you,

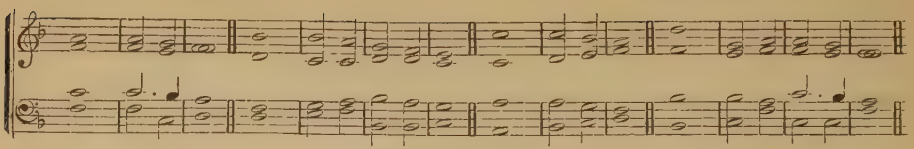
3 And I will take away the stony heart | out of · · your | flesh, ‖ And I will | give · · you a | heart of | flesh.

Is. xliv. 3, 4.

4 I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed, ‖ And my | blessing · · up- | on thine | offspring:

5 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass, ‖ As | willows · · by the | water- | courses.

PASCHA NOSTRUM. William Hayes. (1708—1779.)



29 1 Cor. v. 7, 8. Rom. vi. 9–11.

1 CHRIST our passover is sacri- | ficed | for us, ‖ Therefore | let us | keep the feast.

2 Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice · · and | wicked - ness, ‖ But with the unleavened bread of sin- | ceri - ty | and — | truth.

3 Christ, being raised from the dead, | dieth · · no | more; ‖ Death hath no more do- | minion | over | Him.

4 For in that He died, He died unto | sin — | once: ‖ But in that He liveth, He | liveth | unto | God.

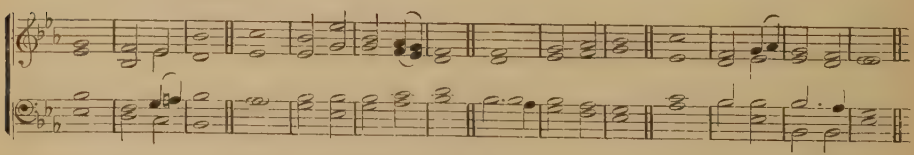
5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin, ‖ But alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.

6 Now is Christ risen | from the | dead, ‖ And become the first- | fruits of | them that | slept.

7 For since by | man came | death, ‖ By man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.

8 For as in Adam | all — | die, ‖ Even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | live.

AUDIVI VOCEM.



30 Rev. xiv. 13; xx. 6; i. 5, 6.

1 I HEARD a voice from heaven, saying | unto me, | Write, ‖ Blessed are the dead, who die | in the | Lord from | henceforth:

2 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest | from their | labors, ‖ And their | works do | follow | them.

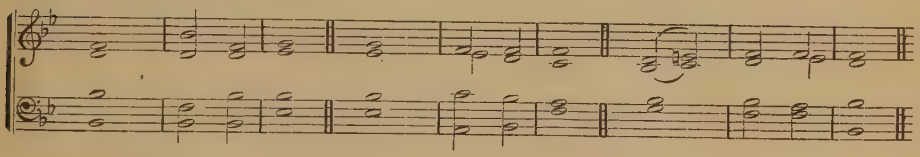
3 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first | resur- | rection; ‖ On such the | second · · death | hath no | power;

4 But they shall be priests of God | and of | Christ, ‖ And shall reign with | Him a | thousand | years.

5 Unto Him that | loved | us, ‖ And washed us from our sins | in His | own — | blood,

6 And hath made us kings and priests to God | and His | Father; ‖ To Him be glory and do- | minion · · for | ever · · and | ever.

FROM THE RECESSES.



31

1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends. O | Father! | hear it;
Borne on the trembling wings of | fear and | meekness,
For- | give its | weakness.

2 We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us:—
We hear Thy voice—it | counsels · · and it | courts us:—
And then we turn away!—yet | still Thy | kindness
For- | gives our | blindness.

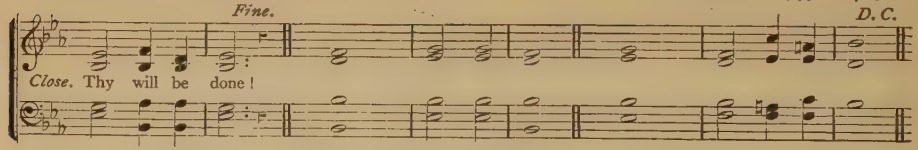
3 Who can resist Thy gentle call,—appealing
To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling?—
O who can hear the accents | of Thy | mercy,
And | never | love Thee?

4 Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The | seeds of | holiness,— ‖ and let them blossom
In fragrance,—and in beauty | bright and | vernal,—
And | spring e- | ternal.

5 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk—and | seraphs · · are the | wardens;—
Where every flower, brought safe through | death's dark | portal,
Be- | comes im- | mortal.

Sir John Bowring. (1792—1872.) 1825. ab.

"THY WILL BE DONE." Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.)



32

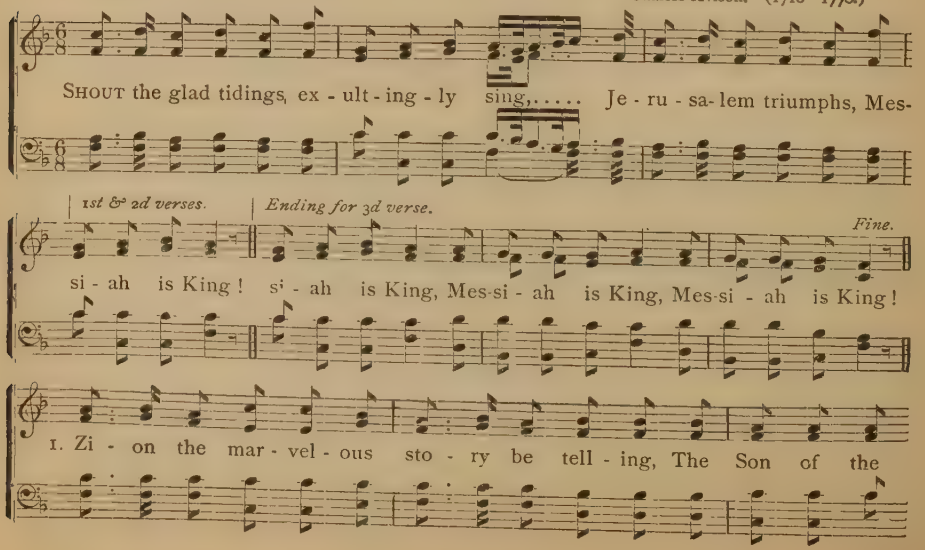
1 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

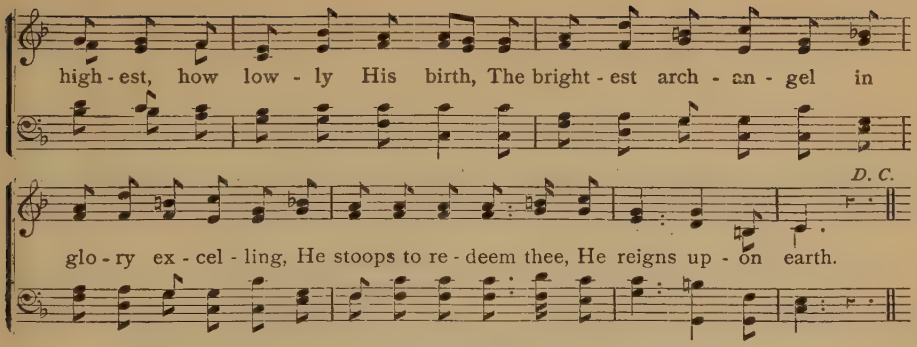
2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort—one
Is ours: — to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

Sir John Bowring. (1792—1872.) 1825. ab.

AVISON. 11, 11, 12, 11. Charles Avison. (1710—1770.)


SHOUT the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing,..... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-
1st & 2d verses.
Ending for 3d verse.
Fine.
si - ah is King! si - ah is King, Mes-si - ah is King, Mes-si - ah is King!
1. Zi - on the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the



33

The City of God.

2 Tell how He cometh ; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news, let the earth echo round ;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;
Ye angels the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenburg. (1796—) 1823.

34

Miriam's Song.

1 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave ;
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel, etc.

2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord ;
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel, etc.

Thomas Moore. (1779—1852.) 1816. sl. alt.

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561 I love to tell the story
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404 Jesus, I my cross have
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323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
320 Jesus, this heart within me
312 Praise, my soul, the King
340 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever
293 When morning gilds the
GRAVE—See *Death* and *Funeral Hymns.*
GRIEVING THE SPIRIT—See *Holy Spirit.*
GROWTH IN GRACE.
167 Behold, where in a mortal
430 Jesus, my Strength, my
438 Jesus, Thine all-victorious
168 My dear Redeemer, and my
435 O for a heart to praise my
439 O that the Lord would
409 O, Thou, to whose
358 Rise, my soul, and stretch
568 So let our lips and lives
GUIDANCE.
456 In heavenly love abiding
378 The Lord is my Shepherd
460 The Lord my Shepherd is
SOUGHT.
24 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly

GUIDANCE.
22 Gently, Lord, O gently lead
354 Guide me, O Thou great
360 Jesus, still lead on
367 Lead, kindly Light, amid the
357 Lead us, heavenly Father
362 O God of Bethel, by whose
356 Saviour, like a shepherd
361 The way is dark; I cannot
494 Thine for ever!—God of
GUILT—See *Sin*.

HAPPINESS—See *Joy*.
HEART:
CHANGE OF—See *Regeneration*.
CLEAN.
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
435 O for a heart to praise
CONTRITE.
268 A broken heart, my God
272 With broken heart and
SURRENDER OF.
298 And can I yet delay
269 God calling yet; shall I not
282 I bring my sins to Thee
231 Lord, Thou hast won, at
74 Welcome, welcome, dear
VILE—See *Sin*.
HEATHEN.
563 Arise, my tenderest
547 From Greenland's icy
557 Hark, what mean those
570 Look down, O Lord, with
543 Though now the nations
HEAVEN:
ANTICIPATED.
622 And let this feeble body fail
351 As when the weary traveller
457 I know no life divided
352 I'm but a stranger here
612 On Jordan's rugged banks I
634 We are on our journey
386 We've no abiding city here
613 When I can read my title
BLESSEDNESS OF.
625 I long to behold Him
614 Lo, what a glorious sight
507 My Lord, my Love, was
612 On Jordan's rugged banks I
363 Our journey is a thorny
633 The goodly land I see
615 There is a land of pure
HOME.
599 Forever with the Lord
617 For thee, O dear, dear
352 I'm but a stranger here
623 Jerusalem, my happy home
618 Jerusalem the glorious
616 Jerusalem the golden
511 'Mid scenes of confusion
635 Safe Home, safe Home in
604 The world is very evil
634 We are on our journey home
455 We have a house above
LONGED FOR—See *Aspirations*.
NEARNESS TO.
371 My days are gliding swiftly
368 One sweetly solemn tho't
369 Your harps, ye trembling
PRAISE OF.
510 Give me the wings of faith
8 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God
HEAVEN:
3 See the ransomed millions
609 Who are these like stars
See *Christ, Lamb of God*.
PROSPECT OF.
620 My soul, there is a country
621 O mother dear, Jerusalem
636 O Paradise! O Paradise
514 O what, if we are Christ's
441 Take, my soul, thy full
631 The sands of time are
REST OF.
629 There is an hour of peaceful
349 This is the day of toil
386 We've no abiding city here
SECURITY OF.
612 On Jordan's rugged banks I
81 Thine earthly Sabbaths
455 We have a house above
SOCIETY OF.
510 Give me the wings of faith
627 High in yonder realms of
3 See the ransomed millions
619 Ten thousand times ten
633 The goodly land I see
626 What are these in bright
609 Who are these like stars
SONGS OF.
627 High in yonder realms of
624 Ye angels, who stand round
HEIRSHIP—See *Adoption*.
HELL—See *Future Punishment*.
HOLINESS—See *God, Heaven*, and *Saints*.
HOLY SCRIPTURES—See *Word of God*.
HOLY SPIRIT:
ABSENCE OF.
418 Come, let us to the Lord
COMFORTER.
44 Come, Holy Ghost, in love
9 Come, O Creator Spirit
39 Holy Ghost, the Infinite
47 Holy Ghost, with light
50 Why should the children of
DESCENT OF.
571 Come, Sacred Spirit, from
48 Granted is the Saviour's
25 Lord God, the Holy Ghost
DIVINE.
48 Granted is the Saviour's
39 Holy Ghost, the Infinite
47 Holy Ghost, with light
15 Lord God, the Holy Ghost
534 Spirit of power and might
EARNEST OF.
46 Gracious Spirit, Dove
53 Great Father of each perfect
39 Holy Ghost, the Infinite
50 Why should the children of
ENLIGHTENER.
25 Come, blessèd Spirit, source
10 Eternal Spirit, we confess
47 Holy Ghost, with light
GRIEVED.
229 Delay not, delay not, O
230 O sinner, why so long
273 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit
239 To-day the Saviour calls
GUIDE.
24 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly
9 Come, O Creator Spirit
HOLY SPIRIT:
INDWELLING.
9 Come, O Creator Spirit
441 Take, my soul, thy full
50 Why should the children of
INFLUENCE OF.
44 Come, Holy Ghost, in love
32 Come, Holy Spirit, calm
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
24, 417 Come, Holy Spirit,
10 Eternal Spirit, we confess
570 Look down, O Lord, with
534 Spirit of power and might
INVOKED—See *Prayer*.
PRAYED FOR—See *Prayer*.
REGENERATING.
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
570 Look down, O Lord, with
534 Spirit of power and might
SANCTIFYING.
32 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
24 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly
9 Come, O Creator Spirit
47 Holy Ghost, with light
STRIVING.
269 God calling yet, shall I
244 The Spirit, in our hearts
WITNESS OF—See *Earnest of*.
HOME MISSIONS—See *Missions*.
HOPE:
ASPIRATIONS OF.
454 Behold what wondrous
445 God, my Supporter and
472 God of my life, through all
401 In the cross of Christ I
411 Jesus, Lover of my soul
428 Through the love of God
See *Heaven, Anticipated*.
IN AFFLICTION—See *Afflictions*.
IN CHRIST.
400 I'm not ashamed to own
324 Now I have found the
423 When sins and fears
IN DEATH—See *Death*.
IN GOD.
469 God is the refuge of His
431 Out of the depths of woe
369 Your harps, ye trembling
OF HEAVEN—See *Heaven*.
HUMILIATION—See *Fasts*.
OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.
HUMILITY—See *Meekness*.

IMMORTALITY.
630 Days and moments quickly
599 Forever with the Lord
512 Hark, hark, my soul
603 It is not death to die
258 O where shall rest be found
601 Rest for the toiling hand
581 Through sorrow's night
455 We have a house above
See *Eternity* and *Heaven*.
IMPORTUNITY—See *Prayer*.
IMPUTATION.
180 Alas! and did my Saviour
215 Hail, Thou once despisèd
491 No more, my God, I boast
297 Not all the blood of beasts
178 O sacred Head, now
345 Thy tears, not mine, O

INCARNATION—See *Christ*.
INFANT SALVATION.
597 With joy I see a thousand
INGRATITUDE.
261 Is this the kind return
INSPIRATION—See *Word of God*.
128 How precious is the book
INSTALLATION—See *Ministry*.
INTERCESSION—See *Christ*.
INVITATIONS—See *Gospel*, *Grace*, and *Sinners*.
INVOCATION.
77 Another six days' work is
42 Come, dearest Lord
1 Come, Thou almighty King
12 Far from my thoughts, vain
94 Forth from the dark and
76 Great Creator, who this day
72 In Thy name, O Lord
14 Jesus, where'er Thy people
84 Lord, in the morning Thou
34 Lord, we come before Thee
75 Safely, through another
99 Welcome, delightful morn
11 Where two or three, with
See *Prayer* and *Praise*.
ISRAEL.
533 Daughter of Zion, from the
536 Let Zion and her sons
562 O that the Lord's salvation

JERUSALEM, NEW.
623 Jerusalem, my happy home
618 Jerusalem the glorious
616 Jerusalem the golden
621 O mother dear, Jerusalem
634 We are on our journey
JOINING THE CHURCH — See *Faith*, *Confession of*, and *Converts Welcomed*.
JOY, SPIRITUAL.
338 Awake, my soul, to joyful
346 Children of the heavenly
451 Come, we that love the
375 Fade, fade, each earthly
323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
329 Jesus, the very thought of
347 Now begin the heavenly
328 O for a thousand tongues
606 O happy band of pilgrims
605 Rejoice, rejoice, believers
222 Rejoice, the Lord is King
458 Sometimes a light surprises
317 The Saviour smiles; upon
459 To Thee, my God and
IN HOPE—See *Sinners*.
JUBILEE.
221 Blow ye the trumpet
555 Hark, the song of jubilee
540 Wake the song of jubilee
JUDGMENT, THE.
611 Lo, He comes, with clouds
254 Lo, on a narrow neck of
610 O'er the distant mountains
604 The world is very evil
256 When Thou, my righteous
JUSTIFICATION—See *Faith*, *Justifying*.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST:
PRAYED FOR.
535 Great God, the nations of
KINGDOM OF CHRIST:
542 O Spirit of the living God
559 Saviour, sprinkle many
534 Spirit of power and might
PROGRESS OF.
577 Christ for the world we
551 Hail to the Lord's Anointed
555 Hark, the song of jubilee
553 Hasten, Lord, the glorious
545 Jesus shall reign where'er
578 Lord of all power and
549 Now be the Gospel banner
529 O'er the gloomy hills of
373 Onward, Christian soldiers
554 See, how great a flame
550 The morning light is
548 When shall the voice of

LAMB OF GOD—See *Christ*.
LAST HOURS—See *Death*, *Bed of*.
LATTER DAY.
532 Behold the Mountain of
534 Spirit of power and might
540 Wake the song of jubilee
548 When shall the voice of
LAW OF GOD—See *Word of God*.
LIFE:
BREVITY OF.
647 A few more years shall roll
630 Days and moments quickly
648 How swift the torrent rolls
359 Time is winging us away
637 While with ceaseless course
OBJECT OF.
266 Life is the time to serve the
391 My soul, weigh not thy life
258 O where shall rest be found
358 Rise, my soul, and stretch
SOLEMNITY OF.
390 A charge to keep I have
254 Lo, on a narrow neck of
UNCERTAINTY OF.
630 Days and moments quickly
368 One sweetly solemn thought
65 Tarry with me, O my
246 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine
237 While life prolongs its
VANITY OF.
642 Great God, how infinite art
641 Our God, our help in ages
LONGINGS—See *Aspirations*.
LOOKING TO JESUS.
281 I bring my sins to Thee
289 My faith looks up to Thee
270 With tearful eyes I look
LORD'S DAY AND WORSHIP:
DELIGHT IN.
91 Again our earthly cares we
103 All people that on earth do
83 Early, my God, without
12 Far from my thoughts, vain
94 Forth from the dark and
79 Great God, attend while
88 How charming is the place
82 How did my heart rejoice
106 How pleased and blest
72 In Thy name, O Lord
95 Let us with a gladsome
100 Lord of the worlds above
56 Sweet is the work, O Lord
81 Thine earthly Sabbaths
107 'Tis Heaven begun below
LORD'S DAY AND WORSHIP:
96 To Thy temple I repair
EVENING.
71 Abide with me: fast falls
70 Now from labor and from
58 Our day of praise is done
57 The day, O Lord, is spent
MORNING.
93 Again the Lord of life and
77 Another six days' work is
76 Great Creator, who this day
84 Lord, in the morning Thou
75 Safely thro' another week
78 Sweet is the work, my God
99 Welcome, delightful morn
WELCOMED.
97 O day of rest and gladness
98 The day of resurrection
85 This is the day the Lord
86 Welcome, sweet day of rest
See *Invocation* and *Close of Service*.
LORD'S SUPPER.
502 According to Thy gracious
496 At Thy command our
503 How sweet and awful is the
501 If human kindness meets
498 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving
497 My God, and is Thy table
313 Sweet the moments, rich in
See *Cross*.
LOVE:
OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.
OF GOD—See *God*.
FOR CHRIST.
330 Do not I love Thee, O my
294 Fairest Lord Jesus
307 Hail, my ever-blessèd Jesus
332 How sweet the Name of
561 I love to tell the story
310 I will love Thee, all my
326 Jesus, I love Thy charming
323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
331 Jesus, these eyes have
320 Jesus, this heart within me
308 Lord, with glowing heart
376 More love to Thee, O
333 My God, I love Thee; not
334 O could I speak the
335 O Love divine, how sweet
414 Saviour, teach me, day by
364 Thou dear Redeemer, dying
FOR GOD.
403 I would love Thee, God and
452 My God, my Life, my Love
444 My God, my Portion, and
443 My God, the spring of all
FOR SAINTS.
508 Blest be the dear, uniting
513 Blest be the tie that binds
504 Happy the souls to Jesus
506 Our souls, by love together
527 Through the night of doubt
FOR THE CHURCH.
515 I love Thy kingdom, Lord

MAN, FALL OF—See *Depravity*.
MARTYRS.
627 High in yonder realms of
626 What are these in bright
MEDITATION.
51 Far from the world, O Lord

MEDITATION.
52 I love to steal awhile away
31 My God, permit me not to
319 O that I could for ever
313 Sweet the moments, rich in
583 When languor and disease
MEEKNESS.
167 Behold, where in a mortal
171 How beauteous were the
168 My dear Redeemer and my
MERCY:
OF GOD—See *God*.
SOUGHT—See *Sinners*.
MERCY-SEAT.
198 Done is the work that saves
29 From every stormy wind
88 How charming is the place
14 Jesus, where'er Thy people
41 What various hindrances
MILLENNIUM—See *Latter Day*.
MINISTRY.
544 Assembled at Thy great
552 Go, ye messengers of God
516 How beauteous are their
542 O Spirit of the living God
579 Sound, sound the truth
563 Uplift the blood-red banner
541 Ye Christian heralds, go
MIRACLES—See *Christ*.
MISSIONS—See *Kingdom of Christ*.
HOME.
556 Hark, the voice of Jesus
537 On Zion and on Lebanon
FOREIGN.
569 Arise, my tenderest
544 Assembled at Thy great
427 Fear not, O little flock, the
547 From Greenland's icy
535 Great God, the nations of
557 Hark, what mean those
516 How beauteous are their
570 Look down, O Lord, with
530 O city of the Lord, begin
529 O'er the gloomy hills of
538 Spread, O spread, Thou
580 Thou, whose Almighty
543 Though now the nations sit
152 Watchman, tell us of the
548 When shall the voice of
539 With my substance I will
MISSIONARIES.
552 Go, ye messengers of God
563 Uplift the blood-red banner
WORKS, CALLS TO.
557 Hark, what mean those
560 He that goeth forth with
579 Sound, sound the truth
558 We are living, we are
MORNING.
60 Awake, my soul, and with
54 Behold the morning sun
83 Early, my God, without
56 Sweet is the work, O Lord
459 To Thee, my God and
293 When morning gilds the
13 While now the daylight
OF LORD'S DAY—See *Lord's Day*.
MORTALITY—See *Death* and *Life*.

NATIONAL.
660 God bless our native land
655 God of nations, King of
NATIONAL.
657 Let children hear the
659 My country, 'tis of thee
658 O Lord, our fathers oft have
653 Our God, beneath Thy
NATURE.
54 Behold, the morning sun
4 Praise the Lord, ye heavens
129 The heavens declare Thy
NEARNESS TO GOD.
374 Nearer, my God, to Thee
416 O for a closer walk with
62 Sun of my soul, Thou
TO HEAVEN—See *Heaven*.
NEW JERUSALEM—See *Jerusalem*.
NEW YEAR—See *Year*.
NOW—See *Grace*, *Day of*.

OBEDIENCE:
OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.
OF THE CHRISTIAN.
565 My gracious Lord, I own
491 No more, my God, I boast
OFFERS OF GRACE—See *Grace*.
OFFICES OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.
OLD AGE.
380 How firm a foundation
65 Tarry with me, O my
OMNIPOTENCE—See *God*.
OMNIPRESENCE—See *God*.
OMNISCIENCE—See *God*.
OPENING OF SERVICE—See *Invocation*.
ORDINANCES—See *Baptism* and *Lord's Supper*.
ORDINATION—See *Ministry*.
ORIGINAL SIN—See *Sin*.

PARDON:
FOUND—See *Sinners*, *Rejoicing in Hope and Saved*.
OFFERED—See *Gospel*, *Invitations of*, and *Sinners*, *Invited*.
SOUGHT—See *Sinners*, *Seeking*.
PARTING—See *Close of Service*.
PASSOVER—See *Christ*.
PASTORS—See *Ministry*.
PATIENCE—See *Afflictions*, *Resignation under*.
PEACE:
CHRISTIAN.
193 He lives, the great
467 While Thee I seek
FOR THE TROUBLED.
245 Come to the land of peace
228 Come unto me when
243 Ye that in His courts are
PRAYER FOR.
450 Calm me, my God, and keep
464 Father, whate'er of earthly
434 Jesus, my Lord, attend
NATIONAL.
660 God bless our native land
651 While o'er our guilty land
PENITENTIAL.
268 A broken heart, my God
180 Alas! and did my Saviour
278 Depth of mercy, can there
260 Did Christ o'er sinners
432 Have mercy, Lord, on me
275 I see the crowd in Pilate's
PENITENTIAL.
274 In evil long I took delight
261 Is this the kind return?
283 Jesus, full of all compassion
280 Jesus, full of truth and love
434 Jesus, my Lord, attend
264 Lord, I am vile, conceived
181 O Jesus, sweet the tears I
237 O that my load of sin
431 Out of the depths of woe
276 Pass me not, O gentle
265 Show pity, Lord, O Lord
279 Sovereign Ruler, Lord of
273 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit
262 Thou Lord of all above
272 With broken heart and
PENTECOST.
15 Lord God, the Holy Ghost
PERSEVERANCE—See *Saints*.
PESTILENCE.
67 Call Jehovah thy salvation
64 Saviour, breathe an evening
PILGRIMS:
BAND OF.
606 O happy band of pilgrims
527 Through the night of doubt
PRAYER OF.
22 Gently, Lord, O gently lead
354 Guide me, O Thou great
360 Jesus, still lead on
361 The way is dark; I cannot
SONG OF.
346 Children of the heavenly
371 My days are gliding swiftly
358 Rise my soul, and stretch
366 Sing, ye redeemed of the
SPIRIT OF.
647 A few more years may
351 As when the weary
602 Far from my heavenly
352 I'm but a stranger here
289 My faith looks up to Thee
369 Your harps, ye trembling
PILGRIMAGE.
582 Forth to the Land of
348 From Egypt lately come
512 Hark, hark, my soul
365 In all my Lord's appointed
349 This is the day of toil
581 Through sorrow's night
359 Time is winging us
634 We are on our journey
370 We're bound for yonder
386 We've no abiding city
PITY OF GOD—See *God*, *Compassion of*.
PLEASURES, WORLDLY—See *Forsaking all for Christ*.
PRAISE.
105 From all that dwell below
472 God of my life, through all
111 Holy, holy, holy Lord
110 Songs of praise the angels
59 Thy name, Almighty Lord
CALLS TO.
451 Come, we that love the
461 O bless the Lord, my soul
656 Praise the Lord, His glories
4 Praise the Lord, ye heavens
87 Stand up, and bless the
78 Sweet is the work, my God

PRAISE :
To CHRIST.
217 All hail the power of Jesus'
143 Awake, and sing the song
338 Awake, my soul, to joyful
219 Behold the glories of the
162 Brightness of the Father's
205 Come, all ye saints of God
607 Come, every pious heart
214 Come, let us join in songs
218 Come, let us join our
185 Come, let us sing the song
311 Come, Thou Fount of every
223 Come, ye faithful, raise
189 Glory, glory everlasting
307 Hail, my ever blessèd
215 Hail, Thou once despisèd
608 Hark, ten thousand harps
322 I bless the Christ of God
326 Jesus, I love Thy charming
329 Jesus, the very thought of
150 Joy to the world, the Lord
347 Now begin the heavenly
186 Now to the Lord, who
334 O could I speak the
328 O for a thousand tongues
499 O the sweet wonders of
282 Of Him who did salvation
137 Plunged in a gulf of dark
341 Saints in glory, we together
23 Shepherd of tender youth
340 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever
203 Sons of Zion, raise your
364 Thou dear Redeemer, dying
459 To Thee, my God and
216 Worship, honor, power and
109 Ye servants of God
To GOD.
103 All people that on earth
104 Before Jehovah's awful
122 Bless, O my soul, the living
123 Come, O my soul, in sacred
649 Eternal Source of every joy
90 Exalt the Lord our God
115 I'll praise my Maker with
308 Lord, with glowing heart
119 My soul, repeat His praise
312 Praise, my soul, the King
21 Praise to Thee, Thou great
5 Round the Lord in glory
101 The Lord Jehovah reigns
89 To God, the only wise
643 When all Thy mercies, O
To THE HOLY SPIRIT.
10 Eternal Spirit, we confess
534 Spirit of power and might
To THE TRINITY.
1 Come, Thou Almighty King
114 Father of Heaven, whose
20 Father, Thine elect who
8 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God
2 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of
6 I give immortal praise
112 Praise to Him, whose love
113 The royal banners forward
7 To Him that chose us first
343 We praise Thee, O God
PRAYER.
52 I love to steal awhile away
31 My God, permit me not to
49 Prayer is the soul's sincere

PRAYER :
ENCOURAGEMENT TO.
17 Behold the Throne of grace
35 Come, my soul, thy suit
493 Pilgrim, burdened with thy
IMPORTUNITY IN.
321 Come, O Thou Traveller
34 Lord, we come before Thee
479 Our Lord, who knows full
SINCERITY IN.
92 Lord, when we bend before
To CHRIST.
169 Awhile in spirit, Lord, to
323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
175 Lord Jesus, when we stand
178 O sacred Head, now
64 Saviour, breathe an evening
62 Sun of my soul, Thou
65 Tarry with me, O my
To THE HOLY SPIRIT.
25 Come, blessed Spirit
44 Come, Holy Ghost, in love
32 Come, Holy Spirit, calm
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
24, 417 Come, Holy Spirit, heav-
9 Come, O Creator Spirit
571 Come, sacred Spirit, from
46 Gracious Spirit, Dove
48 Granted is the Saviour's
53 Great Father of each perfect
39 Holy Ghost, the Infinite
47 Holy Ghost, with light
574 Light of those, whose
15 Lord God, the Holy Ghost
542 O Spirit of the living God
11 Where two or three, with
50 Why should the children of
To THE TRINITY.
1 Come, Thou Almighty King
69 Father, by Thy love and
76 Great Creator, who this day
357 Lead us, heavenly Father
580 Thou, whose almighty
UNITED.
14 Jesus, where'er Thy people
34 Lord, we come before Thee
30 O Lord, how joyful 'tis to
18 O Lord, Thy work revive
11 Where two or three, with
PROBATION See *Grace, Day of.*
PROCRASTINATION—See *Delay.*
PROGRESS, CHRISTIAN — See *Growth in Grace.*
OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM — See *Kingdom of Christ.*
PROMISED LAND—See *Heaven.*
PROMISES.
17 Behold, the Throne of
469 God is the refuge of His
380 How firm a foundation
115 I'll praise my Maker with
285 Just as I am, without one
26 Let everlasting glories
255 Show pity, Lord, O Lord
PROVIDENCE—See *God.*
PURE IN HEART—See *Heart.*
PURPOSES OF GOD — See *God, Decrees of.*

RACE, CHRISTIAN.
398 Awake, my soul, stretch
384 Awake, our souls, away

RACE, CHRISTIAN.
382 Fight the good fight with
381 Stand up, my soul, shake
385 'Tis by the faith of joys to
REDEMPTION—See *Atonement.*
REFUGE—See *Christ* and *God.*
REGENERATION :
NECESSARY.
257 Awaked by Sinai's awful
264 Lord, I am vile, conceived
SOUGHT.
571 Come, sacred Spirit, from
46 Gracious Spirit, Dove divine
47 Holy Ghost, with light
574 Light of those whose dreary
570 Look down, O Lord, with
435 O for a heart to praise my
WROUGHT.
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
10 Eternal Spirit, we confess
50 Why should the children of
REJOICING IN GOD—See *Joy.*
REJOICING IN HOPE—See *Sinners.*
RENOUNCING ALL FOR CHRIST —See *Forsaking all for Christ.*
REPENTANCE—See *Penitential.*
RESIGNATION.
450 Calm me, my God, and keep
464 Father, whate'er of earthly
465 I worship Thee, sweet Will
92 Lord, when we bend before
468 My God, my Father, blissful
480 My Jesus, as Thou wilt
125 Since all the varying scenes
481 Thy way, not mine, O
473 Wait, O my soul, Thy
583 When languor and disease
467 While Thee I seek
REST—See *Heaven* and *Weary.*
RESURRECTION :
OF CHRIST—See *Christ.*
OF BELIEVERS.
600 O for the death of those
601 Rest for the toiling hand
587 Unveil thy bosom, faithful
594 Why do we mourn
RETIREMENT—See *Meditation.*
REVELATION—See *Word of God*
REVIVAL :
HOPING FOR.
572 While I to grief my soul
PRAYED FOR.
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
571 Come, sacred Spirit, from
53 Great Father of each perfect
570 Look down, O Lord, with
18 O Lord, Thy work revive
573 Saviour, visit Thy plantation
REJOICING IN.
536 Let Zion and her sons
343 We praise Thee, O God
448 When God revealed His
SOUGHT.
418 Come, let us to the Lord
277 Lord, I hear of showers of
276 Pass me not, O gentle
RICHES.
358 Rise, my soul, and stretch
182 When I survey the

RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST—See *Christ.*
ROCK OF AGES—See *Christ.*

SABBATH—See *Lord's Day.*
SACRAMENTS—See *Baptism* and *Lord's Supper.*
SACRIFICE—See *Atonement* and *Christ.*
SAFETY OF BELIEVERS - - See *Saints.*
SAILORS—See *Sea.*
SAINTS :
BLESSEDNESS OF.
33 Blessed are the sons of God
627 High in yonder realms
644 How are Thy servants blest
626 What are these in bright
COMMUNION OF—See *Love.*
DEATH OF—See *Death.*
GLORIFIED.
510 Give me the wings of faith
625 I long to behold Him
624 Ye angels, who stand round
PERSEVERANCE OF.
398 Awake, my soul, stretch
395 Brethren, while we sojourn
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SCRIPTURE READINGS

ARRANGED FOR

RESPONSIVE WORSHIP

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A. S. BARNES & COMPANY

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PREFACE.

THE principal features of this collection of Responsive Readings are:—

1. The arrangement of the Psalms and other selected Scriptures with a view to unity of thought and sentiment in each lesson.

2. The grouping of the various Lessons of the book under appropriate themes.

3. The attempt has been made to select themes suitable for Public Worship, and such as voice the faith and hope of the church.

4. The adoption of the Revised Version; and the insertion of the Readings and Renderings preferred by the American Committee of Revisers.

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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

AND God spake all these words, saying,

I. I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

REMEMBER the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said: The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord:

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.

This is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this:

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH:

AND IN JESUS CHRIST, HIS ONLY SON, OUR LORD;

WHO WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST, BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY, SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE, WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND BURIED.

HE DESCENDED INTO HADES; THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD;

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY;

FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST; THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS; THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS; THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY, AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING. AMEN.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN,
HALLOWED BE THY NAME:
THY KINGDOM COME:
THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH,
AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.
GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD:
AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS,
AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS.
AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION,
BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL:
FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM,
AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY,
FOREVER, AND EVER. AMEN.

THE SANCTUARY AND ITS SERVICE.

FIRST LESSON.

Ps. 1. BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of the sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,

Whose leaf also doth not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
But the way of the wicked shall perish.

Ps. 15. LORD, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart.

He that slandereth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his friend,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a reprobate is despised;
But he honoreth them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not,
He that putteth not out his money to usury,

Nor taketh reward against the innocent.
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Ps. 112. PRAISE ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord,
That delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth:
The generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches are in his house:
And his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness:
He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

Well is it with the man that dealeth graciously and lendeth;
He shall maintain his cause in judgment.

For he shall never be moved:
The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:
His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid,
Until he see his desire upon his adversaries.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the needy; his righteousness endureth for ever:
His horn shall be exalted with honor.

Ps. 131. LORD, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty;
Neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too wonderful for me.

Surely I have stilled and quieted my soul;
Like a weaned child with his mother,

My soul is with me like a weaned child.
O Israel, hope in the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.

SECOND LESSON.

Ps. 101. I WILL sing of mercy and judgment:
Unto thee, O Lord, will I sing praises.

I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way:
O when wilt thou come unto me?

I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.
I will set no base thing before mine eyes:

I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave unto me.
A froward heart shall depart from me: I will know no evil thing.

Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I destroy:
Him that hath an high look and a proud heart will I not suffer.

Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me:
He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall minister unto me.

He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house:
He that speaketh falsehood shall not be established before mine eyes.

Morning by morning will I destroy all the wicked of the land;
To cut off all the workers of iniquity from the city of the Lord.

Ps. 132. LORD, remember for David all his affliction;
How he sware unto the Lord, and vowed unto the Mighty One of Jacob:

Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed;
I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids;

Until I find out a place for the Lord, a tabernacle for the Mighty One of Jacob.
Lo, we heard of it in Ephrathah: we found it in the field of the wood.

We will go into his tabernacles:
We will worship at his footstool.

Arise, O Lord, into thy resting place;
Thou, and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness;
And let thy saints shout for joy.

For thy servant David's sake turn not away the face of thine anointed.
The Lord hath sworn unto David in truth;

He will not turn from it:
Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne.

If thy children will keep my covenant and my testimony that I shall teach them,
Their children also shall sit upon thy throne for evermore.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion;
He hath desired it for his habitation.

This is my resting place for ever:
Here will I dwell; for I have desired it.

I will abundantly bless her provision:
I will satisfy her poor with bread.

Her priests also will I clothe with salvation:
And her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

There will I make the horn of David to bud:
I have ordained a lamp for mine anointed.

His enemies will I clothe with shame:
But upon himself shall his crown flourish.

THIRD LESSON.

Ps. 48. GREAT is the Lord, and highly to be praised,
In the city of our God, in his holy mountain.

Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, *on* the sides of the north,
The city of the great King.

God hath made himself known in her palaces for a refuge.
For, lo, the kings assembled themselves, they passed by together.

They saw it, then they were amazed;
They were dismayed, they hasted away.

Trembling took hold of them there; pain, as of a woman in travail.
With the east wind thou breakest the ships of Tarshish.

As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God:
God will establish it for ever.

We have thought on thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.
As is thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth:

Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
Let mount Zion be glad,

Let the daughters of Judah rejoice,
Because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her:
Tell the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces;
That ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever:
He will be our guide even unto death.

Ps. 63. O God, thou art my God; earnestly will I seek thee:
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee,
In a dry and weary land, where no water is.
So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary, to see thy power and thy glory.
For thy loving kindness is better than life;
My lips shall praise thee.
So will I bless thee while I live:
I will lift up my hands in thy name.
My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;
And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips;
When I remember thee upon my bed,
And meditate on thee in the night watches.
For thou hast been my help,
And in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
My soul followeth hard after thee:
Thy right hand upholdeth me.
But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.
They shall be given over to the power of the sword:
They shall be a portion for foxes.
But the king shall rejoice in God;
Every one that sweareth by him shall glory;
For the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Ps. 95. O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth;
The heights of the mountains are his also.
The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.
O come, let us worship and bow down;
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker:
For he is our God,
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

FOURTH LESSON.

Ps. 84. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord,

My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts,
My King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;
In whose heart are the high ways to Zion.

Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;
Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.

They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and a shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory:

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Ps. 100. MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we are his; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy *endureth* for ever;
And his faithfulness unto all generations.

Ps. 122. I WAS glad when they said unto me, let us go unto the house of the Lord.
Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem;

Jerusalem, that art builded as a city that is compact together:
Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord,

An ordinance for Israel.
To give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones for judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.
For the sake of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

FIFTH LESSON.

Ps. 66. MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all the earth:
Sing forth the glory of his name: make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible are thy works!
Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee;
They shall sing to thy name.

Come, and see the works of God;
He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land:
They went through the river on foot:

There did we rejoice in him.
He ruleth by his might for ever;

His eyes observe the nations:
Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye peoples, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:
Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.
Thou broughtest us into the net;

Thou layedst a sore burden upon our loins.
Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads;

We went through fire and through water;
But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will come into thy house with burnt offerings, I will pay thee my vows,
Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in distress.

I will offer unto thee burnt offerings of fatlings, with the incense of rams;
I will offer bullocks with goats.

Come, and hear, all ye that fear God,
And I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.
If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear;

But verily God hath heard; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

Ps. 87. His foundation is in the holy mountains.
The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.
I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon as among them that know me:

Behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia;
This one was born there.

Yea, of Zion it shall be said, This one and that one was born in her;
And the Most High himself shall establish her.

The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the peoples, this one was born there.
They that sing as well as they that dance shall say, All my fountains are in thee.

Ps. 134. Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord,
Which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Lift up your hands to the sanctuary,
And bless ye the Lord.

The Lord bless thee out of Zion;
Even he that made heaven and earth.

SIXTH LESSON.

Ps. 42. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,

How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him
For the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts:
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the day-time,
And in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me;
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Ps. 43. JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:
O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength: why hast thou cast me off?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me:
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy:
And upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

SEVENTH LESSON.

Ps. 51. HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions:
And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done that which is evil in thy sight:

That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts:
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness;
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation:
And uphold me with a willing spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness, in burnt offering and whole burnt offering:
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Ps. 130. OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice:
Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities,
O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee,
That thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
And in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than watchmen *wait* for the morning;
Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.

O Israel, hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.
And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

EIGHTH LESSON.

Ps. 25. UNTO thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
O my God, in thee have I trusted,

Let me not be ashamed;
Let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, none that wait on thee shall be ashamed:
They shall be ashamed that deal treacherously without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.
Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;

For thou art the God of my salvation;
On thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving kindnesses:
For they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:
According to thy loving kindness remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord:
Therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment:
And the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are loving kindness and truth
Unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord,
Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord?
Him shall he instruct in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease;
And his seed shall inherit the land.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him;
And he will shew them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord;
For he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me;
For I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged:
O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Consider mine affliction and my travail;
And forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies, for they are many;
And they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me:
Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.
Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

Ps. 85. LORD, thou hast been favorable unto thy land:
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people;
Thou hast covered all their sin.

Thou hast taken away all thy wrath:
Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation,
And cause thine indignation toward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for ever?
Wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

Wilt thou not quicken us again:
That thy people may rejoice in thee?

Shew us thy mercy, O Lord,
And grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints:
But let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him;
That glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together;
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth springeth out of the earth;
And righteousness hath looked down from heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good;
And our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him;
And shall make his footsteps a way to walk in.

NINTH LESSON.

Ps. 36. THE transgression of the wicked saith within my heart,
There is no fear of God before his eyes.

For he flattereth himself in his own eyes,
That his iniquity shall not be found out and be hated.

The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit:
He hath left off to be wise and to do good.

He deviseth iniquity upon his bed;
He setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.

Thy loving kindness, O Lord, is in the heavens;
Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.

Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God; thy judgments are a great deep:
O Lord, thou preserveth man and beast.

How precious is thy loving kindness, O God!
And the children of men take refuge under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;
And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life:
In thy light shall we see light.

O continue thy loving kindness unto them that know thee;
And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

Let not the foot of pride come against me,
And let not the hand of the wicked drive me away.

There are the workers of iniquity fallen:
They are thrust down, and shall not be able to rise.

Ps. 80. GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock;
Thou that sittest upon the cherubim, shine forth.

Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh, stir up thy might,
And come to save us.

Turn us again, O God;
And cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

O Lord God of hosts,
How long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

Thou hast fed them with the bread of tears,
And given them tears to drink in large measure.

Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbors:
And our enemies laugh among themselves.

Turn us again, O God of hosts;
And cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

Thou broughtest a vine out of Egypt:
Thou didst drive out the nations, and plantedst it.

Thou preparedst *room* before it,
And it took deep root, and filled the land.

The mountains were covered with the shadow of it,
And the boughs thereof were like cedars of God.

She sent out her branches unto the sea,
And her shoots unto the River.

Why hast thou broken down her fences,
So that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?

The boar out of the wood doth ravage it,
And the wild beasts of the field feed on it.

Turn again, we beseech thee, O God of hosts:
Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine,

And the stock which thy right hand hath planted,
And the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

It is burned with fire, it is cut down:
They perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand,
Upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

So shall we not go back from thee:
Quicken thou us, and we will call upon thy name.

Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts;
Cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

TENTH LESSON.

Ps. 6. O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger,
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am withered away:
O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

My soul also is sore vexed:
And thou, O Lord, how long?

Return, O Lord, deliver my soul:
Save me for thy loving kindness' sake.

For in death there is no remembrance of thee:
In Sheol who shall give thee thanks?

I am weary with my groaning; every night make I my bed to swim;
I water my couch with my tears.

Mine eye wasteth away because of grief;
It waxeth old because of all mine adversaries.

Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity;
For the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

The Lord hath heard my supplication;
The Lord will receive my prayer.

All mine enemies shall be ashamed and sore vexed:
They shall turn back, they shall be ashamed suddenly.

Ps. 32. BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.
Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,

And in whose spirit there is no guile.
When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:
My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid:
I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:
Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble;
Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:
I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:
Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked:
But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous:
And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

ELEVENTH LESSON.

Ps. 40. I WAITED patiently for the Lord;
And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay;
And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:
Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust,
And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done,
And thy thoughts which are to us-ward:

They cannot be set in order unto thee;
If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in; mine ears hast thou opened:
Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I am come;
In the roll of the book it is written of me:

I delight to do thy will, O my God;
Yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have published righteousness in the great congregation:
Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart: I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:
I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:
Let thy loving kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about, mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up;
They are more than the hairs of mine head, and my heart hath failed me.

Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me:
Make haste to help me, O Lord.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it:
Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonor that delight in my hurt.

Let them be desolate by reason of their shame that say unto me, Aha, Aha.
Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:

Let such as love thy salvation say continually,
The Lord be magnified.

But I am poor and needy;
Yet the Lord thinketh upon me:

Thou art my help and my deliverer;
Make no tarrying, O my God.

JOB 33. FOR God speaketh once,
Yea twice, though man regardeth it not.

In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men,
In slumberings upon the bed;

Then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction,
That he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man;

He keepeth back his soul from the pit,
And his life from perishing by the sword.

If there be with him an angel, an interpreter, one among a thousand,
To shew unto man what is right for him;

Then he is gracious unto him, and saith,
Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom.

His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he returneth to the days of his youth
He prayeth unto God, and he is favorable unto him;

So that he seeth his face with joy:
And he restoreth unto man his righteousness.

TWELFTH LESSON.

DEUT. 28 AND it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God,

To observe to do all his commandments which I command thee this day,

That the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all the nations of the earth:

And all these blessings shall come upon thee, and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.

Blessed shalt thou be in the city,

And blessed shalt thou be in the field.

Blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle,

The increase of thy kine, and the young of thy flock.

Blessed shall be thy basket and thy kneadingtrough.

Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.

The Lord shall cause thine enemies that rise up against thee to be smitten before thee:

They shall come out against thee one way, and shall flee before thee seven ways.

The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy barns, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto;

And he shall bless thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

The Lord shall establish thee for an holy people unto himself, as he hath sworn unto thee;

If thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in his ways.

And all the peoples of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord;

And they shall be afraid of thee.

And the Lord shall make thee plenteous for good, in the fruit of thy body, and in the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy ground,

In the land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers to give thee.

The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure the heaven to give the rain of thy land in its season, and to bless all the work of thine hand:

And thou shalt lend unto many nations, and thou shalt not borrow.

And the Lord shalt make thee the head, and not the tail;

And thou shalt be above only, and thou shalt not be beneath;

If thou shalt hearken unto the commandments of the Lord thy God, which
I command thee this day, to observe and to do *them;*
And shalt not turn aside from any of the words which I command you this day,
to the right hand, or to the left, to go after other gods to serve them.

HOSEA 14. O ISRAEL, return unto the Lord thy God;
For thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.

Take with you words, and return unto the Lord: say unto him, Take away
all iniquity, and accept that which is good:
So shall we render as bullocks the offering of our lips.

Asshur shall not save us;
We will not ride upon horses:

Neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, *Ye are* our gods:
For in thee the fatherless findeth mercy.

I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely:
For mine anger is turned away from him.

I will be as the dew unto Israel:
He shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.

His branches shall spread,
And his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon.

They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive *as* the
corn, and blossom as the vine:
The scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

Ephraim *shall say,* What have I to do any more with idols?
I have answered, and will regard him: I am like a green fir tree; from me is
thy fruit found.

Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall
know them?
For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them; but trans-
gressors shall fall therein.

THIRTEENTH LESSON.

JOEL 2. BLOW ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble:
For the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand;

A day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, as the dawn spread upon the mountains:
For the day of the Lord is great and very terrible; and who can abide it?

Yet even now, saith the Lord, turn ye unto me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning:
And rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God:

For he is gracious and full of compassion,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy, and repenteth him of the evil.

Who knoweth whether he will not turn and repent, and leave a blessing behind him,
Even a meal offering and a drink offering unto the Lord your God?

Blow the trumpet in Zion,
Sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly:

Gather the people, sanctfy the congregation, assemble the old men, gather the children, and those that suck the breasts:
Let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet.

Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar,
And let them say, spare thy people, O Lord,

And give not thine heritage to reproach, that the nations should rule over them:
Wherefore should they say among the peoples, Where is their God?

Then was the Lord jealous for his land,
And had pity on his people.

Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice;
For the Lord hath done great things.

Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field; for the pastures of the wilderness do spring,
For the tree beareth her fruit, the fig tree and the vine do yield their strength.

Be glad then, ye children of Zion,
And rejoice in the Lord your God:

For he giveth you the former rain in just measure, and he causeth to come down for you the rain,
The former rain and the latter rain, in the first month.

And the floors shall be full of wheat,
And the fats shall overflow with wine and oil.

And ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, and shall praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you:
And my people shall never be ashamed.

And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and there is none else:
And my people shall never be ashamed.

And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh;
And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,

Your old men shall dream dreams,
Your young men shall see visions:

And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.
And I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke.

The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood,
Before the great and terrible day of the Lord come.

And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered:
For in mount Zion and in Jerusalem there shall be those that escape, as the Lord hath said, and among the remnant those whom the Lord doth call.

FOURTEENTH LESSON.

Ps. 92. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

To shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning,
And thy faithfulness every night,

With an instrument of ten strings, and with the psaltery;
With a solemn sound upon the harp.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work:
I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

How great are thy works, O Lord!
Thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not;
Neither doth a fool understand this:

When the wicked spring as the grass,
And when all the workers of iniquity do flourish;

It is that they shall be destroyed for ever:
But thou, O Lord, art on high for evermore.

For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish;
All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

But my horn hast thou exalted like *the horn of* the wild-ox:
I am anointed with fresh oil.

Mine eye also hath seen *my desire* on mine enemies,
Mine ears have heard my desire of the evil-doers that rise up against me.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree:
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

They are planted in the house of the Lord,
They shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be full of sap and green:

To shew that the Lord is upright;
He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

Ps. 138. I WILL give thee thanks with my whole heart:
Before the gods will I sing praises unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple,
And give thanks unto thy name for thy loving kindness and for thy truth:

For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.
In the day that I called thou answeredst me, thou didst encourage me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall give thee thanks, O Lord,
For they have heard the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing of the ways of the Lord;
For great is the glory of the Lord.

For though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly:
But the haughty he knoweth from afar.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me;
Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies,

And thy right hand shall save me.
The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me:

Thy mercy, O Lord, *endureth* for ever;
Forsake not the works of thine own hands.

FIFTEENTH LESSON.

Ps. 103. BLESS the Lord, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies:

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

The Lord executeth righteous acts,
And judgments for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses,
His doings unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is full of compassion and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his precepts to do them.

The Lord hath established his throne in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye angels of his:
Ye mighty in strength, that fulfill his word, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts;
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion:
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Ps. 108. My heart is fixed, O God;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises, even with my glory.

Awake, psaltery and harp:
I myself will awake right early.

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the peoples:
And I will sing praises unto thee among the nations.

For thy mercy is great above the heavens,
And thy truth reacheth unto the skies.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens:
And thy glory above all the earth.

SIXTEENTH LESSON.

Ps. 113. PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord,
Praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.
From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

The Lord is high above all nations,
And his glory among the heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath his seat on high,
That humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth?

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,
And lifteth up the needy from the dunghill;

That he may set him with princes,
Even with the princes of his people.

He maketh the barren woman to keep house, *and to be* a joyful mother of children.
Praise ye the Lord.

Ps. 116. I LOVE the Lord, because he heareth my voice and my supplications.
Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The chords of death compassed me, and the pains of Sheol gat hold upon me:
I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord;
O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous;
Yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple:
I was brought low, and he saved me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death,
Mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.
I believe, for I will speak:

I was greatly afflicted:
I said in my haste, all men are a lie.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?
I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord,
Yea, in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.
O Lord, truly I am thy servant:

I am thy servant, the son of thine handmaid;
Thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving,
And I will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay vows unto the Lord,
Yea, in the presence of all his people;

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.
Praise ye the Lord.

SEVENTEENTH LESSON.

Ps. 148. PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his host.

Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heaven of heavens,
And ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord:
For he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever:
He hath made a decree which shall not pass away.

Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire and hail, snow and vapor;
Stormy wind, fulfilling his word:

Mountains and all hills;
Fruitful trees and all cedars:

Beasts and all cattle;
Creeping things and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth and all peoples;
Princes and all judges of the earth:

Both young men and maidens;
Old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord;
For his name alone is exalted:

His glory is above the earth and heaven.
And he hath lifted up the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints;

Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.
Praise ye the Lord.

Ps. 149. PRAISE ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song,
And his praise in the assembly of the saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him:
Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his name in the dance:
Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people:
He will beautify the meek with salvation.

Let the saints exult in glory:
Let them sing for joy upon their beds.

Let the high praises of God *be* in their mouth,
And a two-edged sword in their hand;

To execute vengeance upon the nations,
And punishments upon the peoples;

To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;
To execute upon them the judgment written:

This honor have all his saints.
Praise ye the Lord.

Ps. 150. PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary:
Praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts:
Praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:
Praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance:
Praise him with stringed instruments and the pipe.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals:
Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.

EIGHTEENTH LESSON.

Ps. 117. O PRAISE the Lord, all ye nations; laud him, all ye peoples.
For his mercy is great toward us.

And the truth of the Lord *endureth* for ever.
Praise ye the Lord.

Ps. 118. O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy *endureth* for ever.
Let Israel now say, That his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say, That his mercy *endureth* for ever.
Let them now that fear the Lord say, That his mercy endureth for ever.

Out of my distress I called upon the Lord:
The Lord answered me and set me in a large place.

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear:
What can man do unto me?

The Lord is on my side among them that help me:
Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.
It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

All nations compassed me about:
In the name of the Lord I will cut them off,

They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about:
In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.

They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns:
In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.

Thou didst thrust sore at me that I might fall:
But the Lord helped me.

The Lord is my strength and song;
And he is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous:
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the Lord is exalted:
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live,
And declare the works of the Lord.

The Lord has chastened me sore:
But he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness:
I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

This is the gate of the Lord;
The righteous shall enter into it.

I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me,
And art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.
This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, we beseech thee, O Lord:
O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord:
We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

The Lord is God, and he hath given us light:
Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee:
Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.

NINETEENTH LESSON.

Ps. 24. THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek after him,
That seek thy face, even Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Ps. 47. O CLAP your hands, all ye peoples;
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

For the Lord Most High is terrible;
He is a great King over all the earth.

He shall subdue the peoples under us,
And the nations under our feet.

He shall choose our inheritance for us,
The glory of Jacob whom he loved.

God is gone up with a shout,
The Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises,
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth:
Sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the nations:
God sitteth upon his holy throne.

The princes of the peoples are gathered together *to be* the people of the God of Abraham;
For the shields of the earth belong unto God; he is greatly exalted.

Ps. 135. PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the name of the Lord;
Praise him, O ye servants of the Lord:

Ye that stand in the house of the Lord,
In the courts of the house of our God.

Praise ye the Lord; for the Lord is good:
Sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself,
And Israel for his own possession.

For I know that the Lord is great,
And that our Lord is above all gods.

The idols of the nations are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not;
Eyes have they, but they see not;

They have ears, but they hear not;
Neither is there any breath in their mouths.

They that make them shall be like unto them;
Yea, every one that trusteth in them.

O house of Israel, bless ye the Lord:
O house of Aaron, bless ye the Lord:

O house of Levi, bless ye the Lord:
Ye that fear the Lord, bless ye the Lord.

Blessed be the Lord out of Zion, who dwelleth at Jerusalem.
Praise ye the Lord.

TWENTIETH LESSON.

Ps. 89. I WILL sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever:
With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever;
Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

I have made a covenant with my chosen,
I have sworn unto David my servant;

Thy seed will I establish for ever,
And build up thy throne to all generations.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord;
Thy faithfulness also in the assembly of the holy ones.

For who in the skies can be compared unto the Lord?
Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto the Lord,

A God very terrible in the council of the holy ones,
And to be feared above all them that are round about him?

O Lord God of hosts, who is a mighty one, like unto thee, O Jehovah?
And thy faithfulness is round about thee.

Thou rulest the pride of the sea:
When the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain;
Thou hast scattered thine enemies with the arm of thy strength.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:
The world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south, thou hast created them:
Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm:
Strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Righteousness and justice are the foundation of thy throne:
Mercy and truth go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:
They walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name do they rejoice all the day:
And in thy righteousness are they exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength:
And in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

For our shield belongeth unto the Lord;
And our king to the Holy One of Israel.

Ps. 93. THE Lord reigneth; he is clothed with majesty;
Jehovah is clothed with strength; he hath girded himself therewith.

The world also is established, that it cannot be moved.
Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice;
The floods lift up their waves.

Above the voices of many waters, the mighty breakers of the sea,
The Lord on high is mighty.

Thy testimonies are very sure:
Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for evermore.

TWENTY-FIRST LESSON.

Ps. 8. O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength,
Because of thine adversaries, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God,
And crownest him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,

Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Ps. 96. O SING unto the Lord a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name;
Shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the nations,
His marvellous works among all the peoples.

For great is the Lord, and highly to be praised:
He is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the peoples are idols:
But the Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him:
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name:
Bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness:
Tremble before him, all the earth.

Say among the nations, The Lord reigneth: the world also is stablished that it cannot be moved:
He shall judge the peoples with equity.

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice;
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

Let the field exult, and all that is therein;
Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy;

Before the Lord, for he cometh;
For he cometh to judge the earth:

He shall judge the world with righteousness,
And the peoples with his truth.

TWENTY-SECOND LESSON.

Ps. 97. THE Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;
Let the multitude of isles be glad.

Clouds and darkness are round about him:
Righteousness and justice are the foundation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his adversaries round about.
His lightnings lightened the world.

The earth saw, and trembled. The mountains melted like wax at the presence of the Lord,
At the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness,
And all the peoples have seen his glory.

Ashamed be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols.
Worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard and was glad, and the daughters of Judah rejoiced;
Because of thy judgments, O Lord.

For thou, Lord, art most high above all the earth:
Thou art exalted far above all gods.

O ye that love the Lord, hate evil:
He preserveth the souls of his saints;

He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.
Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Be glad in the Lord, ye righteous;
And give thanks to his holy name.

Ps. 99. THE Lord reigneth; let the people tremble:
He sitteth upon the cherubim; let the earth be moved.

The Lord is great in Zion;
And he is high above all the peoples.

Let them praise thy great and terrible name:
Holy is he.

The king's strength also loveth justice; thou dost establish equity,
Thou executest justice and righteousness in Jacob.

Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool:
Holy is he.

Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon his name;
They called upon the Lord, and he answered them.

He spake unto them in the pillar of cloud:
They kept his testimonies, and the statute that he gave them.

Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God: thou wast a God that forgavest them,
Though thou tookest vengeance of their doings.

Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill;
For the Lord our God is holy.

TWENTY-THIRD LESSON.

Ps. 33. REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous:
Praise is comely for the upright.

Give thanks unto the Lord with harp:
Sing praises unto him with the psaltery of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song;
Play skillfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right;
And all his work is done in faithfulness.

He loveth righteousness and justice:
The earth is full of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made;
And all of the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap:
He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord:
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done;
He commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to naught:
He maketh the thoughts of the peoples to be of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth fast for ever,
The thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord;
The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven;
He beholdeth all the sons of men;

From the place of his habitation he looketh forth upon all the inhabitants of the earth;
He that fashioneth the hearts of them all, that considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of an host:
A mighty man is not delivered by great strength.

An horse is a vain thing for safety:
Neither shall he deliver any by his great power.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him,
Upon them that hope in his mercy:

To deliver their soul from death,
And to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul hath waited for the Lord:
He is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him,
Because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us,
According as we have hoped in thee.

Ps. 111. PRAISE ye the Lord. I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart,
In the council of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the Lord are great,
Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honor and majesty: and his righteousness endureth for ever.
He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion. He hath given meat unto them that fear him:
He will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works,
In giving them the heritage of the nations.

The works of his hands are truth and judgment;
All his precepts are sure.

They are established for ever and ever,
They are done in truth and uprightness.

He hath sent redemption unto his people; he hath commanded his covenant for ever:
Holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding have all they that do his commandments:
His praise endureth for ever.

TWENTY-FOURTH LESSON.

Ps. 104. BLESS the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord my God, thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;

Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh winds his messengers;
Flames of fire his ministers:

Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;
The waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away;

The mountains rose, the valleys sank,
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains:

They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild asses quench their thirst.

By them the fowl of the heaven have their habitation,
They sing among the branches.

He watereth the mountains from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man;

That he may bring forth food out of the earth:
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,

And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are filled with moisture;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high mountains are for the wild goats;
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they get them away, and lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all:
The earth is full of thy riches.

There is the sea, great and wide,
Wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships;
There is leviathan, whom thou hast formed to take his pastime therein.

These wait all upon thee,
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest unto them they gather;
Thou openest thine hand, they are satisfied with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled;
Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created;
And thou renewest the face of the ground.

Let the glory of the Lord endure for ever;
Let the Lord rejoice in his works:

Who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth;
He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:
I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.

Let my meditation be sweet unto him:
I will rejoice in the Lord.

Let sinners be consumed out of the earth,
And let the wicked be no more.

Bless the Lord, O my soul.
Praise ye the Lord.

TWENTY-FIFTH LESSON.

Ps. 139. O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known *me.*
Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising,

Thou understandest my thought afar off.
Thou searchest out my path and my lying down,

And art acquainted with all my ways.
For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before,
And laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea:

Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me,
And the light about me shall be night;

Even the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

For thou didst form my reins:
Thou didst cover me in my mother's womb.

I will give thanks unto thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:
Wonderful are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My frame was not hidden from thee, when I was made in secret,
And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see mine unperfect substance,
And in thy book were all my members written,

Which day by day were fashioned,
When as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:
When I awake, I am still with thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God:
Depart from me therefore, ye bloodthirsty men.

For they speak against thee wickedly,
And thine enemies take thy name in vain.

Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?
And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?

I hate them with perfect hatred:
They are become mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart:
Try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any way of wickedness in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

TWENTY-SIXTH LESSON.

Ps. 18. I LOVE thee, O Lord, my strength.
The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;
My God, my strong rock, in him will I trust;
My shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower.
I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised:
So shall I be saved from mine enemies.
The cords of death compassed me,
And the floods of ungodliness made me afraid.
The cords of Sheol were round about me:
The snares of death came upon me.
In my distress I called upon the Lord,
And cried unto my God:
He heard my voice out of his temple,
And my cry before him came into his ears.
Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations also of the mountains quaked and were shaken, because he was wroth.
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.
He bowed the heavens also, and came down;
And thick darkness was under his feet.
And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly:
Yea, he flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his hiding place, his pavilion round about him;
Darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies.
At the brightness before him his thick clouds passed,
Hailstones and coals of fire.
The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Most High uttered his voice;
Hailstones and coals of fire.
And he sent out his arrows, and scattered them;
Yea, lightnings manifold, and discomfited them.
Then the channels of waters appeared,
And the foundations of the world were laid bare,

At thy rebuke, O Lord,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

He sent from on high, he took me;
He drew me out of many waters.

He delivered me from my strong enemy,
And from them that hated me, for they were too mighty for me.

As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the Lord is tried;
He is a shield unto all them that trust in him.

For who is God, save the Lord?
And who is a rock, beside our God?

The God that girdeth me with strength,
And maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds' *feet:*
And setteth me upon my high places.

He teacheth my hands to war;
So that mine arms do bend a bow of brass.

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up,
And thy gentleness hath made me great.

TWENTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

Job 56: 26. Behold, God is great, and we know him not;
The number of his years is unsearchable.

For he draweth up the drops of water,
Which distil in rain from his vapor:

Which the skies pour down
And drop upon man abundantly.

Yea, can any understand the spreadings of the clouds,
The thunderings of his pavilion?

Behold, he spreadeth his light around him;
And he covereth the bottom of the sea.

For by these he judgeth the peoples;
He giveth meat in abundance.

He covereth his hands with the lightning;
And giveth it a charge that it strike the mark.
The noise thereof telleth concerning him,
The cattle also concerning the storm that cometh up.

JOB 37. Yea, at this also my heart trembleth,
And is moved out of its place.
Hear, oh, hear the noise of his voice,
And the sound that goeth out of his mouth.
He sendeth it forth under the whole heaven,
And his lightning unto the ends of the earth.
After it a voice roareth;
He thundereth with the voice of his majesty: and he stayeth them not when his voice is heard.
God thundereth marvellously with his voice;
Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.
For he saith to the snow, Fall thou on the earth;
Likewise to the shower of rain, and to the showers of his mighty rain.
He sealeth up the hand of every man;
That all men whom he hath made may know it.
Then the beasts go into coverts,
And remain in their dens.
Out of the chamber *of the south* cometh the storm:
And cold out of the north.
By the breath of God ice is given:
And the breadth of the waters is straitened.
Yea, he ladeth the thick cloud with moisture;
He spreadeth abroad the cloud of his lightning:
And it is turned round about by his guidance,
That they may do whatsoever he commandeth them upon the face of the habitable world:
Whether it be for correction, or for his land,
Or for mercy, that he cause it to come.
Hearken unto this, O Job:
Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.
Dost thou know how God layeth *his charge* upon them,
And causeth the lightning of his cloud to shine?

Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds,
The wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge?

How thy garments are warm,
When the earth is still by reason of the south wind?

Canst thou with him spread out the sky,
Which is strong as a molten mirror?

Teach us what we shall say unto him;
For we cannot order our speech by reason of darkness.

Shall it be told him that I would speak?
Or should a man wish that he were swallowed up?

And now men see not the light which is bright in the skies:
But the wind passeth, and cleareth them.

Out of the north cometh golden splendor:
God hath upon him terrible majesty.

Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out; he is excellent in power:
And in judgment and plenteous justice he will not afflict.

Men do therefore fear him:
He regardeth not any that are wise of heart.

TWENTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

Job 38. Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,
Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

Gird up now thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.

Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
Or who stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner stone thereof;

When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Or *who* shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb;

When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddlingband for it,
And marked out for it my bound,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further:
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?
Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days *began,*
And caused the dayspring to know its place;
That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
And the wicked be shaken out of it?
It is changed as clay under the seal;
And all things stand forth as a garment:
And from the wicked their light is withholden,
And the high arm is broken.
Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?
Or hast thou walked in the recesses of the deep?
Have the gates of death been revealed unto thee?
Or hast thou seen the gates of the shadow of death?
Hast thou comprehended the earth in its breadth?
Declare, if thou knowest it all.
Where is the way to the dwelling of light,
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof;
That thou shouldst take it to the bound thereof,
And that thou shouldest discern the paths to the house thereof?
Doubtless, thou knowest, for thou wast then born,
And the number of thy days is great!
Hast thou entered the treasuries of the snow,
Or hast thou seen the treasuries of the hail,
Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,
Against the day of battle and war?
By what way is the light parted,
Or the east wind scattered upon the earth?
Who hath cleft a channel for the waterflood,
Or a way for the lightning of the thunder;
To cause it to rain on a land where no man is;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;

To satisfy the waste and desolate *ground;*
And to cause the tender grass to spring forth?

Hath the rain a father?
Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?

Who can number the clouds by wisdom?
Or who can pour out the bottles of heaven,

When the dust runneth into a mass,
And the clods cleave fast together?

Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lioness?
Or satisfy the appetite of the young lions,

When they couch in their dens,
And abide in the covert to lie in wait?

Who provideth for the raven his prey, when his young ones cry unto God,
And wander for lack of meat?

TWENTY-NINTH LESSON.

Ps. 19. THE heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
In keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can discern *his* errors?
Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;*
Let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, my rock, and my redeemer.

Ps. 29. Give unto the Lord, O ye sons of the mighty,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name;
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters:
The God of glory thundereth, even the Lord upon many waters.

The voice of the Lord is powerful;
The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars;
Yea, the Lord breaketh in pieces the cedars of Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young wild-ox.

The voice of the Lord cleaveth the flames of fire.
The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wildernes of Kadesh.

The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and strippeth the forests bare:
And in his temple every thing saith, Glory.

The Lord sat *as king* at the Flood;
Yea, the Lord sitteth as king for ever.

The Lord will give strength unto his people;
The Lord will bless his people with peace.

THIRTIETH LESSON.

Ps. 107. O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say *so*,
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary;

And gathered them out of the lands,
From the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way; they found no city of habitation.
Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he delivered them out of their distresses.

He led them also by a straight way,
That they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul,
And the hungry soul he filleth with good.

Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death,
Being bound in affliction and iron;

Because they rebelled against the words of God,
And contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labor;
They fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death,
And brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass,
And cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools because of their transgression,
And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat;
And they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sendeth his word, and healeth them,
And delivereth them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And declare his works with singing.

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord,
And his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths:
Their soul melteth away because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wits' end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet;
So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

THIRTY-FIRST LESSON.

Ps. 23. THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil; for thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Ps. 91. HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress;
My God, in whom I trust.

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge:
His truth is a shield and a buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side,
And ten thousand at thy right hand;

But it shall not come nigh thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.

For thou, O Lord, art my refuge!
Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee,
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:
The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:
I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble:
I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him,
And shew him my salvation.

THIRTY-SECOND LESSON.

Ps. 65. PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me:
As for our transgressions, thou shalt forgive them.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach *unto thee*, that he may dwell in thy courts:
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, thy holy temple.

By terrible things thou wilt answer us in righteousness,
O God of our salvation;

Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,
And of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains;
Being girded about with might:

Which stilleth the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their waves,
And the tumult of the peoples.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it;
The river of God is full of water:

Thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth.
Thou waterest her furrows abundantly;

Thou settlest the ridges thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
And the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

Ps. 125. THEY that trust in the Lord
Are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people,
From this time forth and for evermore.

For the sceptre of wickedness shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;
That the righteous put not forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.
But as for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,

The Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity.
Peace be upon Israel.

THIRTY-THIRD LESSON.

Ps. 121. I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?

My help *cometh* from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and for evermore.

Ps. 127. EXCEPT the Lord build the house,
They labor in vain that build it:

Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

It is vain for you that ye rise early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of toil:
For so he giveth unto his beloved sleep.

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord:
And the fruit of the womb is his reward.

As arrows in the hand of a mighty man,
So are the children of youth.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:
They shall not be ashamed, when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

Ps. 146. PRAISE ye the Lord.
Praise the Lord, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the Lord:
I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth;
In that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God:

Which made heaven and earth,
The sea, and all that in them is:

Which keepeth truth for ever:
Which executeth judgment for the oppressed;

Which giveth food to the hungry:
The Lord looseth the prisoners;

The Lord openeth *the eyes of* the blind;
The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down;

The Lord loveth the righteous;
The Lord preserveth the strangers;

He upholdeth the fatherless and widow;
But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

The Lord shall reign for ever, thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.
Praise ye the Lord.

THIRTY-FOURTH LESSON.

Ps. 34. I WILL bless the Lord at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord:
The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened:
And their faces shall never be confounded.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good:
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints:
For there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cried, and the Lord heard,
And delivered them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous:
But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked:
And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants:
And none of them that trust in him shall be condemned.

THIRTY-FIFTH LESSON.

Ps. 105. O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name;
Make known his doings among the peoples.

Sing unto him, sing praises unto him;
Talk ye of all his marvellous works.

Glory ye in his holy name:
Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord and his strength;
Seek his face evermore.

Remember his marvellous works that he hath done;
His wonders, and the judgments of his mouth;
O ye seed of Abraham his servant,
Ye children of Jacob, his chosen ones.
He is the Lord our God:
His judgments are in all the earth.
He hath remembered his covenant for ever,
The word which he commanded to a thousand generations;
The covenant which he made with Abraham,
And his oath unto Isaac;
And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a statute,
To Israel for an everlasting covenant:
Saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan,
The lot of your inheritance:
When they were but a few men in number;
Yea, very few, and sojourners in it;
And they went about from nation to nation,
From one kingdom to another people.
He suffered no man to do them wrong;
Yea, he reproved kings for their sakes;
Saying, Touch not mine anointed ones,
And do my prophets no harm.
And he called for a famine upon the land;
He brake the whole staff of bread.
He sent a man before them;
Joseph was sold for a servant:
His feet they hurt with fetters;
He was laid in chains of iron:
Until the time that his word came to pass;
The word of the Lord tried him.
The king sent and loosed him;
Even the ruler of peoples, and let him go free.
He made him lord of his house,
And ruler of all his substance:
To bind his princes at his pleasure,
And teach his senators wisdom.

Israel also came into Egypt;
And Jacob sojourned in the land of Ham.

And he increased his people greatly,
And made them stronger than their adversaries.

He turned their heart to hate his people,
To deal subtilly with his servants.

He sent Moses his servant,
And Aaron whom he had chosen.

They set among them his signs,
And wonders in the land of Ham.

Egypt was glad when they departed;
For the fear of them had fallen upon them.

He spread a cloud for a covering;
And fire to give light in the night.

They asked, and he brought quails,
And satisfied them with the bread of heaven.

He opened the rock, and waters gushed out;
They ran in dry places like a river.

For he remembered his holy word,
And Abraham his servant.

And he brought forth his people with joy,
And his chosen with singing.

And he gave them the lands of the nations:
And they took the labor of the peoples in possession:

That they might keep his statutes, and observe his laws.
Praise ye the Lord.

THIRTY-SIXTH LESSON.

Ps. 144. BLESSED be the Lord my rock,
Which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight:

My loving-kindness, and my fortress,
My high tower, and my deliverer;

My shield, and he in whom I trust;
Who subdueth my people under me.

Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him?
Or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?

Man is like to vanity:
His days are as a shadow that passeth away.

Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down:
Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

Cast forth lightning, and scatter them:
Send out thine arrows, and discomfit them.

Stretch forth thine hand from above;
Rescue me, and deliver me out of great waters,

Out of the hand of aliens;
Whose mouth speaketh deceit, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

I will sing a new song unto thee, O God:
Upon a psaltery of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

It is he that giveth salvation unto kings:
Who rescueth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

Rescue me, and deliver me out of the hand of aliens,
Whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

When our sons shall be as plants grown up in their youth;
And our daughters as corner stones hewn after the fashion of a palace;

When our garners are full, affording all manner of store;
And our sheep bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our fields;

When our oxen are well laden; *when there is* no breaking in, and no going forth
And no outcry in our streets;

Happy is the people, that is in such a case:
Yea, happy is the people, whose God is the Lord.

Ps. 147. PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem;
He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart,
And bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars;
He giveth them all their names.

Great is our Lord, and mighty in power;
His understanding is infinite.

The Lord upholdeth the meek:
He bringeth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God:

Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,

Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:
He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man.

The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him,
In those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;
He hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders;
He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth out his commandment upon earth;
His word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgment unto Israel.
He hath not dealt so with any nation:

As for his judgments, they have not known them.
Praise ye the Lord.

THIRTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

Ps. 39. I SAID, I will take heed to my ways,
That I sin not with my tongue:

I will keep my mouth with a bridle,
While the wicked is before me.

I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good;
And my sorrow was stirred.

My heart was hot within me;
While I was musing the fire kindled:

Then spake I with my tongue:
Lord, make me to know mine end,

And the measure of my days, what it is;
Let me know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days *as* handbreadths; and mine age is as nothing before thee:
Surely every man at his best estate is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain:
He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for?
My hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions:
Make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth;
Because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me:
I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth:
Surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry;
Hold not thy peace at my tears:

For I am a stranger with thee,
A sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me, that I may recover strength,
Before I go hence, and be no more.

Job 7: 1-10. Is there not a warfare to man upon earth?
And are not his days like the days of an hireling?

As a servant that earnestly desireth the shadow,
And as an hireling that looketh for his wages:

So am I made to possess months of vanity,
And wearisome nights are appointed to me.

When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone?
And I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.

My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust;
My skin closeth up and breaketh out afresh.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle,
And are spent without hope.

Oh remember that my life is a breath;
Mine eye shall no more see good.

The eye of him that seeth me shall behold me no more:
Thine eyes shall be upon me, but I shall not be.

As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away,
So he that goeth down to Sheol shall come up no more.

He shall return no more to his house,
Neither shall his place know him any more.

THIRTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

Ps. 90. LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth,

Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed in thine anger,
And in thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:
We bring our years to an end as a sigh.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten,
Or even by reason of strength fourscore years;

Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow;
For it is soon gone, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger,
And thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?

So teach us to number our days,
That we may get us an heart of wisdom.

Return, O Lord; how long?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy;
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory upon their children.

And let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

THIRTY-NINTH LESSON.

JOB 14. MAN that is born of a woman
Is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down:
He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one,
And bringest me into judgment with thee?

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one.
Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months is with thee,

And thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass;
Look away from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again,
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,
And the stock thereof die in the ground;

Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.

But man dieth, and is laid low:
Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

As the waters fail from the sea,
And the river wasteth and drieth up;

So man lieth down and riseth not:
Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be roused out of their sleep.

Oh that thou wouldest hide me in Sheol, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past,
That thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me!

If a man die, shall he live *again?*
All the days of my warfare would I wait, till my release should come.

Thou shouldest call, and I would answer thee:
Thou wouldest have a desire to the work of thine hands.

But now thou numberest my steps:
Dost thou not watch over my sin?

My transgression is sealed up in a bag,
And thou fastenest up mine iniquity.

And surely the mountain falling cometh to nought,
And the rock is removed out of its place;

The waters wear the stones;
The overflowings thereof wash away the dust of the earth:

So thou destroyest the hope of man.
Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth;

Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away.
His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not;

And they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them.
But his flesh upon him hath pain, and his soul within him mourneth.

FORTIETH LESSON.

Ps. 102. HEAR my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.
Hide not thy face from me in the day of my distress;

Incline thine ear unto me;
In the day when I call answer me speedily.

For my days consume away like smoke,
And my bones are burned as a firebrand.

My heart is smitten like grass, and withered;
For I forget to eat my bread.

By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my flesh.
I am like a pelican of the wilderness;

I am become as an owl of the waste places.
I watch, and am become like a sparrow that is alone upon the house-top.

Mine enemies reproach me all the day;
They that are mad against me do curse by me.

For I have eaten ashes like bread,
And mingled my drink with weeping.

Because of thine indignation and thy wrath:
For thou hast taken me up, and cast me away.

My days are like a shadow that declineth;
And I am withered like grass.

But thou, O Lord, shalt abide for ever;
And thy memorial name unto all generations.

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion:
For it is time to have pity upon her, yea, the set time is come.

For thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
And have pity upon her dust.

So the nations shall fear the name of the Lord,
And all the kings of the earth thy glory:

For the Lord hath built up Zion,
He hath appeared in his glory;

He hath regarded the prayer of the destitute,
And hath not despised their prayer.

This shall be written for the generation to come:
And a people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.

For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary;
From heaven did the Lord behold the earth;

To hear the sighing of the prisoner;
To loose those that are appointed to death;

That men may declare the name of the Lord in Zion,
And his praise in Jerusalem;

When the peoples are gathered together,
And the kingdoms, to serve the Lord.

He weakened my strength in the way;
He shortened my days.

I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days:
Thy years are throughout all generations.

Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth;
And the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure:
Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment;

As a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:
But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

The children of thy servants shall continue,
And their seed shall be established before thee.

FORTY-FIRST LESSON.

Ps. 30. I WILL extol thee, O Lord; for thou has raised me up,
And hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

O Lord my God,
I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from Sheol:
Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

Sing praise unto the Lord, O ye saints of his,
And give thanks to his memorial name.

For his anger is but for a moment;
His favor is for a life time:

Weeping may tarry for the night,
But joy cometh in the morning.

As for me, I said in my prosperity,
I shall never be moved.

Thou, Lord, of thy favor hadst made my mountain to stand strong:
Thou didst hide thy face; I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O Lord;
And unto the Lord I made supplication:

What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit?
Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me:
Lord, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing;
Thou hast loosed my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness:

To the end that *my* glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.
O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

Ps. 62. My soul waiteth in silence for God only:
From him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my high tower; I shall not be greatly moved.

How long will ye set upon a man,
That ye may slay him, all of you,

Like a leaning wall, like a tottering fence? they only consult to thrust him down from his dignity; they delight in lies:
They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou in silence for God only;
For my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my high tower; I shall not be moved.

With God is my salvation and my glory:
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before him:
God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:
In the balances they will go up; they are together lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:
If riches increase, set not your heart thereon.

God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this;
That power belongeth unto God:

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy:
For thou renderest to every man according to his work.

FORTY-SECOND LESSON.

Ps. 28. UNTO thee, O Lord, will I call;
My rock, be not thou deaf unto me:

Lest, if thou be silent unto me,
I become like them that go down into the pit.

Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee,
When I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.

Draw me not away with the wicked,
And with the workers of iniquity;

Which speak peace with their neighbors,
But mischief is in their hearts.

Give them according to their work, and according to the wickedness of their doings:
Give them after the operation of their hands;

Render to them their desert.
Because they regard not the works of the Lord,

Nor the operation of his hands,
He shall break them down and not build them up.

Blessed be the Lord,
Because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.

The Lord is my strength and my shield;
My heart hath trusted in him, and I am helped:

Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth;
And with my song will I praise him.

The Lord is their strength,
And he is a strong hold of salvation to his anointed.

Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance:
Be their shepherd also, and bear them up for ever.

Ps. 20. THE Lord answer thee in the day of trouble;
The name of the God of Jacob set thee up on high;

Send thee help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen thee out of Zion;

Remember all thy offerings,
And accept thy burnt sacrifice;

Grant thee thy heart's desire,
And fulfil all thy counsel.

We will triumph in thy salvation,
And in the name of our God we will set up our banners:

The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.
Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed;

He will answer him from his holy heaven
With the saving strength of his right hand.

Some *trust* in chariots, and some in horses:
But we will make mention of the name of the Lord our God.

They are bowed down and fallen:
But we are risen, and stand upright.

Save, Lord:
Let the King answer us when we call.

Ps. 124. IF it had not been the Lord who was on our side,
Let Israel now say;

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,
When men rose up against us:

Then they had swallowed us up alive,
When their wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:
Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the Lord,
Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:
The snare is broken, and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord,
Who made heaven and earth.

FORTY-THIRD LESSON.

Ps. 13. How long, O Lord, wilt thou forget me for ever?
How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart all the day?
How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

Consider *and* answer me, O Lord my God:
Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;

Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him;
Lest mine adversaries rejoice when I am moved.

But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation:
I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

Ps. 123. UNTO thee do I lift up mine eyes,
O thou that sittest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants *look* unto the hand of their master,
As the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress;

So our eyes *look* unto the Lord our God,
Until he have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us:
For we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease,
And with the contempt of the proud.

Ps. 17. HEAR the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry;
Give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

Let my sentence come forth from thy presence;
Let thine eyes look upon equity.

Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night;
Thou hast tried me, and findest nothing;

I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.
As for the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the ways of the violent.

My steps have held fast to thy paths,
My feet have not slipped.

I have called upon thee, for thou wilt answer me, O God:
Incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Shew thy marvellous loving-kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust *in thee,*
From those that rise up against them, by thy right hand.

Keep me as the apple of the eye,
Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,

From the wicked that oppress me,
My deadly enemies, that compass me about.

From men of the world, whose portion is in *this* life,
And whose belly thou fillest with thy treasure:

They are satisfied with children,
And leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness:
I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with beholding thy form.

FORTY-FOURTH LESSON.

Ps. 27. THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh,
Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me,
My heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me,
Even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of the Lord, that will I seek after;
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.
For in the day of trouble he shall keep me secretly in his pavilion:

In the covert of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall lift me up upon a rock.
And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;

And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice:
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee,
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face from me;
Put not thy servant away in anger:

Thou hast been my help;
Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

For my father and my mother have forsaken me,
But the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord;
And lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:
For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.
Wait on the Lord:

Be strong, and let thine heart take courage;
Yea, wait thou on the Lord.

Ps. 61. HEAR my cry, O God;
Attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a refuge for me,
A strong tower from the enemy.

I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever:
I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows:
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life:
His years shall be as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever:
O prepare loving-kindness and truth, that they may preserve him.

So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever,
That I may daily perform my vows.

FORTY-FIFTH LESSON.

Ps. 71. In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust:
Let me never be ashamed.

Deliver me in thy righteousness, and rescue me:
Bow down thine ear unto me, and save me.

Be thou to me a rock of habitation, whereunto I may continually resort:
Thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress.

Rescue me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked,
Out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

For thou art my hope, O Lord God:
Thou art my trust from my youth.

By thee have I been holden up from the womb:
Thou art he that took me out of my mother's bowels:

My praise shall be continually of thee.
I am as a wonder unto many; but thou art my strong refuge.

My mouth shall be filled with thy praise,
And with thy honor all the day.

Cast me not off in the time of old age;
Forsake me not when my strength faileth:

For mine enemies speak concerning me;
And they that watch for my soul take counsel together,

Saying, God hath forsaken him:
Pursue and take him; for there is none to deliver.

O God, be not far from me:
O my God, make haste to help me.

Let them be ashamed *and* consumed that are adversaries to my soul;
Let them be covered with reproach and dishonor that seek my hurt.

But I will hope continually,
And will praise thee yet more and more.

My mouth shall tell of thy righteousness, *and* of thy salvation all the day;
For I know not the numbers thereof.

I will come with the mighty acts of the Lord God:
I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth;
And hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

Yea, even when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not;
Until I have declared thy strength unto the next generation,

Thy might to every one that is to come.
Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high;

Thou who hast done great things,
O God, who is like unto thee?

Thou, which hast shewed us many and sore troubles, shalt quicken us again,
And shalt bring us up again from the depths of the earth.

Increase thou my greatness,
And turn again and comfort me.

I will also praise thee with the psaltery,
Even thy truth, O my God:

Unto thee will I sing praises with the harp,
O thou Holy One of Israel.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing praises unto thee
And my soul, which thou hast redeemed.

My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long·
For they are ashamed, for they are confounded, that seek my hurt.

FORTY-SIXTH LESSON.

Ps. 3. LORD, how are mine adversaries increased!
Many are they that rise up against me

Many there be which say of my soul,
There is no help for him in God.

But thou, O Lord, art a shield about me;
My glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

I cry unto the Lord with my voice,
And he answereth me out of his holy hill.

I laid me down and slept;
I awaked; for the Lord sustaineth me.

I will not be afraid of ten thousands of the people,
That have set themselves against me round about.

Arise, O Lord: save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone;
Thou hast broken the teeth of the wicked.

Salvation belongeth unto the Lord:
Thy blessing be upon thy people.

Ps. 86. Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and answer me;
For I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul; for I am godly:
O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord;
For unto thee do I cry all the day long.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant;
For unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive,
And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer;
And hearken unto the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee;
For thou wilt answer me.

There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord;
Neither are there any works like unto thy works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord;
And they shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things:
Thou art God alone.

Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth:
Unite my heart to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart;
And I will glorify thy name for evermore.

For great is thy mercy toward me;
And thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest pit.

O God, the proud are risen up against me, and the congregation of violent men have sought after my soul,
And have not set thee before them.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;
Give thy strength unto thy servant,

And save the son of thine handmaid.
Shew me a token for good;

That they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed,
Because thou, Lord, has holpen me, and comforted me.

FORTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

Ps. 46. God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
God shall help her, and that right early.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariots in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us:
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Ps. 115. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory,
For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.
Wherefore should the nations say,
Where is now their God?
But our God is in the heavens:
He hath done whatsoever he pleased.
Their idols are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands.
They have mouths, but they speak not;
Eyes have they, but they see not;
They have ears, but they hear not;
Noses have they, but they smell not;
They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not;
Neither speak they through their throat.
They that make them shall be like unto them;
Yea, every one that trusteth in them.
O Israel, trust thou in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
O house of Aaron, trust ye in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
The Lord has been mindful of us; he will bless *us:*
He will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.
He will bless them that fear the Lord,
Both small and great.
The Lord increase you more and more,
You and your children.
Blessed are ye of the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
The heavens are the heavens of the Lord;
But the earth hath he given to the children of men.
The dead praise not the Lord,
Neither any that go down into silence;
But we will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.
Praise ye the Lord.

FORTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

Ps. 41. BLESSED is he that considereth the poor:
The Lord will deliver him in the day of evil.

The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth;
And deliver not thou him unto the will of his enemies.

The Lord will support him upon the couch of languishing.
Thou makest all his bed in his sickness.

I said, O Lord, have mercy upon me:
Heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.

Mine enemies speak evil against me, *saying,*
When shall he die, and his name perish?

And if he come to see *me,* he speaketh falsehood; his heart gathereth iniquity to itself:
When he goeth abroad, he telleth it.

All that hate me whisper together against me:
Against me do they devise my hurt.

An evil disease, *say they,* cleaveth fast unto him:
And now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.

Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread,
Hath lifted up his heel against me.

But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon me, and raise me up,
That I may requite them.

By this I know that thou delightest in me,
Because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.

And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity,
And settest me before thy face for ever.

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel,
From everlasting and to everlasting. Amen, and Amen.

Ps. 44. WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us,
What work thou didst in their days, in the days of old.

Thou didst drive out the nations with thy hand, but them thou didst plant;
Thou didst afflict the peoples, but them thou didst spread abroad.

For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword,
Neither did their own arm save them:

But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance,
Because thou hadst a favor unto them.

Thou art my King, O God:
Command deliverance for Jacob.

Through thee will we push down our adversaries:
Through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.

For I will not trust in my bow,
Neither shall my sword save me.

But thou hast saved us from our adversaries,
And hast put them to shame that hate us.

In God have we made our boast all the day long,
And we will give thanks unto thy name for ever.

FORTY-NINTH LESSON.

Ps. 142. I CRY with my voice unto the Lord;
With my voice unto the Lord do I make supplication.

I pour out my complaint before him;
I shew before him my trouble.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, thou knewest my path.
In the way wherein I walk have they hidden a snare for me.

Look on *my* right hand, and see; for there is no man that knoweth me:
Refuge hath failed me; no man careth for my soul.

I cried unto thee, O Lord;
I said, Thou art my refuge, my portion in the land of the living.

Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low:
Deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks unto thy name:
The righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Ps. 143. HEAR my prayer, O Lord; give ear to my supplications:
In thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with thy servant;
For in thy sight no man living is righteous.

For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground:
He hath made me to dwell in dark places, as those that have been long dead

Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me;
My heart within me is desolate.

I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy doings:
I muse on the work of thy hands.

I spread forth my hands unto thee:
My soul thirsteth after thee, as a weary land.

Make haste to answer me, O Lord; my spirit faileth:
Hide not thy face from me; lest I become like them that go down into the pit.

Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning;
For in thee do I trust:

Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk;
For I lift up my soul unto thee.

Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies:
I flee unto thee to hide me.

Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God:
Thy spirit is good; lead me in the land of uprightness.

Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake:
In thy righteousness bring my soul out of trouble.

And in thy loving-kindness cut off mine enemies, and destroy all them that afflict my soul;
For I am thy servant.

Ps. 73: 25-28. WHOM have I in heaven *but thee?*
And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth:
But God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

For, lo, they that are *departing* from thee shall perish:
But it is good for me to draw near unto God:

I have made the Lord God my refuge,
That I may tell of all thy works.

FIFTIETH LESSON.

Ps. 56. BE merciful unto me, O God; for man would swallow me up:
All the day long he fighting oppresseth me.

Mine enemies would swallow me up all the day long:
For they be many that fight proudly against me.

What time I am afraid, I will put my trust in thee.
In God (I will praise his word,)

In God have I put my trust, I will not be afraid;
What can flesh do unto me?

All the day long they wrest my words:
All their thoughts are against me for evil.

They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps,
Even as they have waited for my soul.

Shall they escape by iniquity?
In anger cast down the peoples, O God.

Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle;
Are they not in thy book?

Then shall mine enemies turn back in the day that I call:
This I know, that God is for me.

In God (I will praise his word,)
In Jehovah (I will praise his word,)

In God have I put my trust, I will not be afraid;
What can man do unto me?

Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render thank offerings unto thee.
For thou hast delivered my soul from death.

Hast thou not *delivered* my feet from falling?
That I may walk before God in the light of the living.

Ps. 81. SING aloud unto God our strength:
Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

Take up the psalm, and bring hither the timbrel,
The pleasant harp with the psaltery.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon,
At the full moon, on our solemn feast day.

For it is a statute for Israel,
An ordinance of the God of Jacob.

He appointed it in Joseph for a testimony, when he went out over the land of Egypt:
Where I heard a language that I knew not.

I removed his shoulder from the burden:
His hands were freed from the basket.

Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee; I answered thee in the secret place of thunder;
I proved thee at the waters of Meribah.

Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee:
O Israel, if thou wouldest hearken unto me!

There shall no strange god be in thee;
Neither shalt thou worship any strange god.

I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt:
Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

But my people hearkened not to my voice;
And Israel would none of me.

So I let them go after the stubbornness of their heart,
That they might walk in their own counsels.

Oh that my people would hearken unto me,
That Israel would walk in my ways!

I should soon subdue their enemies,
And turn my hand against their adversaries.

The haters of the Lord should submit themselves unto him:
But their time should endure for ever.

He should feed them also with the finest of the wheat:
And with honey out of the rock should I satisfy thee.

FIFTY-FIRST LESSON.

Ps. 37. FRET not thyself because of evil-doers,
Neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good;
Dwell in the land, and feed on his faithfulness.

Delight thyself also in the Lord;
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall make thy righteousness to go forth as the light;
And thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and escape wrath:
Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing.

For evil-doers shall be cut off:
But those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the land.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the land;
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

A man's goings are established of the Lord;
And he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:
For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old;
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

All the day long he dealeth graciously, and lendeth;
And his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints;
They are preserved for ever:

But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous talketh of wisdom,
And his tongue speaketh judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.
The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil.

But one passed by, and, lo, he was not:
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:
For their is a happy end to the man of peace.

As for transgressors, they shall be destroyed together:
The end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord:
He is their strong hold in the time of trouble.

And the Lord helpeth them, and rescueth them:
He rescueth them from the wicked, and saveth them, because they have taken refuge in him.

FIFTY-SECOND LESSON.

Ps. 88. O LORD, the God of my salvation,
I have cried day and night before thee:

Let my prayer enter into thy presence;
Incline thine ear unto my cry:

For my soul is full of troubles,
And my life draweth nigh unto Sheol.

I am counted with them that go down into the pit;
I am as a man that hath no help:

Cast off among the dead,
Like the slain that lie in the grave,

Whom thou rememberest no more;
And they are cut off from thy hand.

Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit,
In dark places, in the deeps.

Thy wrath lieth hard upon me,
And thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves.

Thou hast put mine acquaintance far from me;
Thou hast made me an abomination unto them:

I am shut up, and I cannot come forth.
Mine eye wasteth away by reason of affliction:

I have called daily upon thee, O Lord,
I have spread forth my hands unto thee.

Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead?
Shall they that are deceased arise and praise thee?

Shall thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave?
Or thy faithfulness in Destruction?

Shall thy wonders be known in the dark?
And thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

But unto thee, O Lord, have I cried,
And in the morning shall my prayer come before thee.

Lord, why castest thou off my soul?
Why hidest thou thy face from me?

I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up:
While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted.

Thy fierce wrath is gone over me;
Thy terrors have cut me off.

They came round about me like water all the day long;
They compassed me about together.

Lover and friend hast thou put far from me,
And mine acquaintance into darkness.

Ps. 4. ANSWER me when I call, O God of my righteousness; thou hast set me at large *when I was* in distress:
Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory be turned into dishonor?
How long will ye love vanity, and seek after falsehood?

But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself:
The Lord will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not:
Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness,
And put your trust in the Lord.

Many there be that say, Who will shew us *any* good?
Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
More than they have when their corn and their wine are increased.

In peace will I both lay me down and sleep:
For thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in safety.

FIFTY-THIRD LESSON.

DEUT. 32. GIVE ear, ye heavens, and I will speak;
And let the earth hear the words of my mouth:

My doctrine shall drop as the rain,
My speech shall distil as the dew;

As the small rain upon the tender grass,
And as the showers upon the herb:

For I will proclaim the name of the Lord:
Ascribe ye greatness unto our God.

The Rock, his work is perfect;
For all his ways are judgment:

A God of faithfulness and without iniquity,
Just and right is he.

They have dealt corruptly with him, *they are* not his children, *it is* their blemish;
They are a perverse and crooked generation.

Do ye thus requite the Lord,
O foolish people and unwise?

Is not he thy father that hath bought thee?
He hath made thee, and established thee.

Remember the days of old,
Consider the years of many generations:

Ask thy father, and he will shew thee;
Thine elders, and they will tell thee.

When the Most High gave to the nations their inheritance,
When he separated the children of men,
He set the bounds of the peoples
According to the number of the children of Israel.
For the Lord's portion is his people;
Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.
He found him in a desert land,
And in the waste howling wilderness;
He compassed him about, he cared for him,
He kept him as the apple of his eye:
As an eagle that stirreth up her nest,
That fluttereth over her young,
He spread abroad his wings, he took them,
He bare them on his pinions:
The Lord alone did lead him,
And there was no strange god with him.
He made him ride on the high places of the earth,
And he did eat the increase of the field;
And he made him to suck honey out of the rock,
And oil out of the flinty rock;
Butter of kine, and milk of sheep,
With fat of lambs.
Then he forsook God which made him,
And lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation.
They have moved me to jealousy with that which is not God;
They have provoked me to anger with their vanities:
And I will move them to jealousy with those which are not a people;
I will provoke them to anger with a foolish nation.
Oh that they were wise, that they understood this,
That they would consider their latter end!
How should one chase a thousand,
And two put ten thousand to flight,
Except their Rock had sold them,
And the Lord had delivered them up?
For their rock is not as our Rock,
Even our enemies themselves being judges.

FIFTY-FOURTH LESSON.

Ps. 26. JUDGE me, O Lord, for I have walked in mine integrity:
I have trusted also in the Lord without wavering.

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me;
Try my reins and my heart.

For thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes;
And I have walked in thy truth.

I have not sat with men of falsehood;
Neither will I go in with dissemblers.

I hate the congregation of evil-doers,
And will not sit with the wicked.

I will wash mine hands in innocency;
So will I compass thine altar, O Lord:

That I may make the voice of thanksgiving to be heard,
And tell of all thy wondrous works.

Lord, I love the habitation of thy house,
And the place where thy glory dwelleth.

Gather not my soul with sinners,
Nor my life with men of blood:

In whose hands is mischief,
And their right hand is full of bribes.

But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity:
Redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth in an even place:
In the congregations will I bless the Lord.

Ps. 57. BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me;
For my soul taketh refuge in thee:

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I take refuge,
Until these calamities be overpast.

I will cry unto God Most High;
Unto God that performeth all things for me.

He shall send from heaven, and save me, *when* he that would swallow me up reproacheth;
God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

My soul is among lions;
I lie among them that are set on fire,
Even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows,
And their tongue a sharp sword.
Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens;
Let thy glory be above all the earth.
They have prepared a net for my steps;
My soul is bowed down:
They have digged a pit before me;
They are fallen into the midst thereof themselves.
My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed:
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises.
Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp:
I myself will awake right early.
I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the peoples:
I will sing praises unto thee among the nations.
For thy mercy is great unto the heavens,
And thy truth unto the skies.
Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens;
Let thy glory be above all the earth.

FIFTY-FIFTH LESSON.

Ps. 7. O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust:
Save me from all them that pursue me, and deliver me:
Lest he tear my soul like a lion,
Rending it in pieces, while there is none to deliver.
O Lord my God, if I have done this;
If there be iniquity in my hands;
If I have rewarded evil unto him that was at peace with me;
(*Yea, I have delivered him that without cause was mine adversary:*)
Let the enemy pursue my soul, and overtake it;
Yea, let him tread my life down to the earth, and lay my glory in the dust.
Arise, O Lord, in thine anger, lift up thyself against the rage of mine adversaries:
And awake for me, thou hast commanded judgment.

And let the congregation of the peoples compass thee about:
And over them return thou on high.

The Lord ministereth judgment to the peoples:
Judge me, O Lord, according to my righteousness, and to mine integrity that is in me.

Oh let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end, but establish thou the righteous:
For the righteous God trieth the hearts and reins.

My shield is with God, which saveth the upright in heart.
God is a righteous judge, yea, a God that hath indignation every day.

If a man turn not, he will whet his sword;
He hath bent his bow, and made it ready.

He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death;
He maketh his arrows fiery shafts.

Behold, he travaileth with iniquity;
Yea, he hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood.

He hath made a pit, and digged it,
And is fallen into the ditch which he made.

His mischief shall return upon his own head,
And his violence shall come down upon his own pate.

I will give thanks unto the Lord according to his righteousness:
And will sing praise to the name of the Lord Most High.

Ps. 54. SAVE me, O God, by thy name, and judge me in thy might.
Hear my prayer, O God; give ear to the words of my mouth.

For strangers are risen up against me, and violent men have sought after my soul:
They have not set God before them.

Behold, God is mine helper:
The Lord is of them that uphold my soul.

He shall requite the evil unto mine enemies:
Destroy thou them in thy truth.

With a freewill offering will I sacrifice unto thee:
I will give thanks unto thy name, O Lord, for it is good.

For he hath delivered me out of all trouble;
And mine eye hath seen my desire upon mine enemies.

FIFTY-SIXTH LESSON.

Ps. 49. HEAR this, all ye peoples; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world:
Both low and high, rich and poor together.

My mouth shall speak wisdom;
And the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a parable:
I will open my dark saying upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil,
When iniquity at my heels compasseth me about?

They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches;
None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him:

(For the redemption of their life is costly, and it faileth for ever:)
That he should still live alway, that he should not see corruption.

For he seeth that wise men die, the fool and the brutish alike perish,
And leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought is, *that* their houses *shall continue* for ever, *and* their dwelling places to all generations;
They call their lands after their own names.

But man being in honor abideth not:
He is like the beasts that perish.

This their way is their folly:
Yet after them men approve their sayings.

They are appointed as a flock for Sheol;
Death shall be their shepherd:

And the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning;
And their beauty shall be for Sheol to consume, that there be no habitation for it.

But God will redeem my soul from the power of Sheol:
For he shall receive me.

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich,
When the glory of his house is increased:

For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away;
His glory shall not descend after him.

Though while he lived he blessed his soul,
And men praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself,
He shall go to the generation of his fathers; they shall never see the light.
Man that is in honor, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

Ps. 82. GOD standeth in the congregation of God;
He judgeth among the gods.
How long will ye judge unjustly,
And respect the persons of the wicked?
Judge the poor and fatherless:
Do justice to the afflicted and destitute.
Rescue the poor and needy:
Deliver them out of the hand of the wicked.
They know not, neither do they understand; they walk to and fro in darkness:
All the foundations of the earth are moved.
I said, Ye are gods, and all of you sons of the Most High.
Nevertheless ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.
Arise, O God, judge the earth:
For thou shalt inherit all the nations.

FIFTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

Ps. 94. O LORD, thou God to whom vengeance belongeth,
Thou God to whom vengeance belongeth, shine forth.
Lift up thyself, thou judge of the earth:
Render to the proud their desert.
Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?
They prate, they speak arrogantly:
All the workers of iniquity boast themselves.
They break in pieces thy people, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage.
They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless.
And they say, The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob consider.
Consider, ye brutish among the people:
And ye fools, when will ye be wise?
He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?
He that formed the eye, shall he not see?

He that chastiseth the nations, shall not he correct, *even* he that teacheth man knowledge?
The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord,
And teachest out of thy law;

That thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity,
Until the pit be digged for the wicked.

For the Lord will not cast off his people,
Neither will he forsake his inheritance.

For judgment shall return unto righteousness:
And all the upright in heart shall follow it.

Who will rise up for me against the evil-doers?
Who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity?

Unless the Lord had been my help,
My soul had soon dwelt in silence.

When I said, My foot slippeth; thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.
In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul.

Shall the throne of wickedness have fellowship with thee,
Which frameth mischief by statute?

They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous,
And condemn the innocent blood.

But the Lord hath been my high tower;
And my God the rock of my refuge.

And he hath brought upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own evil;
The Lord our God shall cut them off.

Ps. 53. THE fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.
Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity; there is none that doeth good.

God looked down from heaven upon the children of men,
To see if there were any that did understand, that did seek after God.

Every one of them is gone back; they are together become filthy;
There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge?
Who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon God.

There were they in great fear, where no fear was: for God hath scattered the bones of him that encampeth against thee;
Thou hast put them to shame, because God hath rejected them.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!
When God bringeth back the captivity of his people, then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

FIFTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

Ps. 50. GOD, *even* God, the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.
Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined forth.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him,
And it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

He shall call to the heavens above,
And to the earth, that he may judge his people:

Gather my saints together unto me;
Those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his righteousness;
For God is judge himself.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify unto thee:
I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices;
And thy burnt offerings are continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house,
Nor he-goats out of thy folds.

For every beast of the forest is mine,
And the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains:
And the wild beasts of the field are mine.

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee:
For the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

Will I eat the flesh of bulls,
Or drink the blood of goats?

Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving;
And pay thy vows unto the Most High:

And call upon me in the day of trouble;
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

But unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes,
And that thou hast taken my covenant in thy mouth?

Seeing thou hatest instruction,
And castest my words behind thee.

When thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst with him,
And hast been partaker with adulterers.

Thou givest thy mouth to evil,
And thy tongue frameth deceit.

Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slanderest thine own mother's son.
These things hast thou done, and I kept silence;

Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself:
But I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes.

Now consider this, ye that forget God,
Lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver:

Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me;
And to him that ordereth his way aright will I shew the salvation of God.

FIFTY-NINTH LESSON.

HAB. 3. O LORD, I have heard the report of thee, and am afraid:
O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years,

In the midst of the years make it known;
In wrath remember mercy.

God came from Teman,
And the Holy One from mount Paran.

His glory covered the heavens,
And the earth was full of his praise.

And *his* brightness was as the light; he had rays *coming forth* from his hand:
And there was the hiding of his power.

Before him went the pestilence,
And fiery bolts went forth at his feet.

He stood, and measured the earth;
He beheld, and drove asunder the nations:

And the eternal mountains were scattered, the everlasting hills did bow;
His goings were as of old.

I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction:
The curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.

Was the Lord displeased against the rivers?
Was thine anger against the rivers, or thy wrath against the sea,

That thou didst ride upon thine horses,
Upon thy chariots of salvation?

Thy bow was made quite bare;
The oaths to the tribes were a sure word.

Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers.
The mountains saw thee, and were afraid;

The tempest of waters passed by:
The deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high.

The sun and moon stood still in their habitation;
At the light of thine arrows as they went, at the shining of thy glittering spear.

Thou didst march through the land in indignation,
Thou didst thresh the nations in anger.

Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people,
For the salvation of thine anointed;

Thou woundedst the head out of the house of the wicked,
Laying bare the foundation even unto the neck.

Thou didst pierce with his own staves the head of his warriors:
They came as a whirlwind to scatter me: their rejoicing was as to devour the poor secretly.

Thou didst tread the sea with thine horses,
The heap of mighty waters.

I heard, and my belly trembled, my lips quivered at the voice;
Rottenness entered into my bones, and I trembled in my place:

That I should rest in the day of trouble,
When it cometh up against the people which invadeth him in troops.

For though the fig tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;

The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;

The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls:

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Jehovah, the Lord, is my strength, and he maketh my feet like hinds' *feet,*
And will make me to walk upon mine high places.

SIXTIETH LESSON.

Ps. 9. I WILL give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart;
I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.

I will be glad and exult in thee:
I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

When mine enemies turn back,
They stumble and perish at thy presence.

For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;
Thou satest in the throne judging righteously.

Thou hast rebuked the nations, thou hast destroyed the wicked,
Thou hast blotted out their name for ever and ever.

The enemy are come to an end, they are desolate for ever;
And the cities which thou hast overthrown, their very memorial is perished.

But the Lord sitteth *as king* for ever:
He hath prepared his throne for judgment.

And he shall judge the world in righteousness,
He shall minister judgment to the peoples in uprightness.

The Lord also will be a high tower for the oppressed,
A high tower in times of trouble;

And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee;
For thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Sing praises to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion:
Declare among the people his doings.

For he that maketh inquisition for blood remembereth them:
He forgetteth not the cry of the poor.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord; behold my affliction *which I suffer* of them that hate me,
Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death;
That I may shew forth all thy praise:
In the gates of the daughter of Zion, I will rejoice in thy salvation.
The nations are sunk down in the pit that they made:
In the net which they hid is their own foot taken.
The Lord hath made himself known, he hath executed judgment:
The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.
The wicked shall be turned back unto Sheol,
Even all the nations that forget God.
For the needy shall not alway be forgotten,
Nor the expectation of the poor perish for ever.
Arise, O Lord; let not man prevail:
Let the nations be judged in thy sight.
Put them in fear, O Lord:
Let the nations know themselves to be but men.

SIXTY-FIRST LESSON.

Ps. 119. BLESSED are they that are perfect in the way,
Who walk in the law of the Lord.
Blessed are they that keep his testimonies,
That seek him with the whole heart.
Oh that my ways were established to observe thy statutes!
Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.
Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
By taking heed thereto according to thy word.
With my whole heart have I sought thee:
O let me not wander from thy commandments.
Thy word have I laid up in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.
I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.
I will meditate in thy precepts,
And have respect unto thy ways.
Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.
Thy testimonies also are my delight and my counsellors.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes;
And I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law;
Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments;
For therein do I delight.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.
Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night,
And have observed thy law.

I am a companion of all them that fear thee,
And of them that observe thy precepts.

Before I was afflicted I went astray;
But now I observe thy word.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.
The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are righteous,
And that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.

Let, I pray thee, thy loving-kindness be for my comfort,
According to thy word unto thy servant.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.
Thy faithfulness is unto all generations:

Thou hast established the earth, and it abideth. They abide this day according to thine ordinances;
For all things are thy servants.

Unless thy law had been my delight,
I should then have perished in mine affliction.

I will never forget thy precepts;
For with them thou hast quickened me.

I am thine, save me;
For I have sought thy precepts.

The wicked have waited for me to destroy me;
But I will consider thy testimonies.

I have seen an end of all perfection;
But thy commandment is exceeding broad.

SIXTY-SECOND LESSON.

Ps. 119. OH how love I thy law!
It is my meditation all the day.

Thy commandments make me wiser than mine enemies;
For they are ever with me.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste!
Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!

Through thy precepts I get understanding:
Therefore I hate every false way.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and light unto my path.
I have sworn, and have confirmed it, that I will observe thy righteous judgments.

Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever;
For they are the rejoicing of my heart.

I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes, for ever, even unto the end.
Thou art my hiding place and my shield: I hope in thy word.

Depart from me, ye evil-doers;
That I may keep the commandments of my God.

It is time for the Lord to work; *for* they have made void thy law.
Therefore I love thy commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold.

Therefore I esteem all *thy* precepts concerning all *things* to be right;
And I hate every false way.

Thy testimonies are wonderful:
Therefore doth my soul keep them.

The opening of thy words giveth light;
It giveth understanding unto the simple.

Order my footsteps in thy word;
And let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant;
And teach me thy statutes.

Righteous art thou, O Lord, and upright are thy judgments.
Thou hast commanded thy testimonies in righteousness and very faithfulness.

Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness,
And thy law is truth.

Consider how I love thy precepts:
Quicken me, O Lord, according to thy loving-kindness.

The sum of thy word is truth;
And every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.

Great peace have they which love thy law;
And they have none occasion of stumbling.

I have hoped for thy salvation, O Lord, and have done thy commandments.
My soul hath observed thy testimonies; and I love them exceedingly.

I have observed thy precepts and thy testimonies;
For all my ways are before thee.

Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord:
Give me understanding according to thy word.

Let my supplication come before thee:
Deliver me according to thy word.

SIXTY-THIRD LESSON.

PROV. 3. My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:
For length of days, and years of life, and peace, shall they add to thee

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee:
Bind them about thy neck;

Write them upon the table of thine heart:
So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart,
And lean not upon thine own understanding:

In all thy ways acknowledge him,
And he shall direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord, and depart from evil:
It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones.

Honor the Lord with thy substance,
And with the first fruits of all thine increase:

So shall thy barns be filled with plenty,
And thy fats shall overflow with new wine.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord;
Neither be weary of his reproof:

For whom the Lord loveth he reproveth;
Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies:
And none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand;
In her left hand are riches and honor.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her:
And happy is every one that retaineth her.
The Lord by wisdom founded the earth;
By understanding he established the heavens.
By his knowledge the depths were broken up,
And the skies drop down the dew.
My son, let not them depart from thine eyes; keep sound wisdom and discretion;
So shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck.
Then shalt thou walk in thy way securely,
And thy foot shall not stumble.
When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid:
Yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.
Be not afraid of sudden fear,
Neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh:
For the Lord shall be thy confidence,
And shall keep thy foot from being taken.

SIXTY-FOURTH LESSON.

PROV. 4. HEAR, *my* sons, the instruction of a father,
And attend to know understanding:
For I give you good doctrine;
Forsake ye not my law.
For I was a son unto my father,
Tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother.

And he taught me, and said unto me, let thine heart retain my words;
Keep my commandments, and live:

Get wisdom, get understanding;
Forget it not, neither decline from the words of my mouth:

Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee;
Love her, and she shall keep thee.

Wisdom *is* the principal thing; *therefore* get wisdom:
Yea, with all thy getting get understanding.

Exalt her, and she shall promote thee:
She shall bring thee to honor, when thou dost embrace her.

She shall give to thine head a chaplet of grace:
A crown of beauty shall she deliver to thee.

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings;
And the years of thy life shall be many.

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom;
I have led thee in paths of uprightness.

When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened;
And if thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go:
Keep her; for she is thy life.

Enter not into the path of the wicked,
And walk not in the way of evil men.

Avoid it, pass not by it;
Turn from it, and pass on.

For they sleep not, except they have done mischief;
And their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.

For they eat the bread of wickedness,
And drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the righteous is as the dawning light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The way of the wicked is as darkness:
They know not at what they stumble.

My son, attend to my words;
Incline thine ear unto my sayings.

Let them not depart from thine eyes;
Keep them in the midst of thine heart.

For they are life unto those that find them,
And health to all their flesh.

Keep thy heart with all diligence;
For out of it are the issues of life.

Put away from thee a froward mouth,
And perverse lips put far from thee.

Let thine eyes look right on,
And let thine eyelids look straight before thee.

Make level the path of thy feet,
And let all thy ways be established.

Turn not to the right hand nor to the left:
Remove thy foot from evil.

SIXTY-FIFTH LESSON.

PROV. 8. DOTH not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice?
In the top of high places by the way, where the paths meet, she standeth;

Beside the gates, at the entry of the city,
At the coming in at the doors, she crieth aloud:

Unto you, O men, I call;
And my voice is to the sons of men.

O ye simple, understand subtilty;
And, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.

Hear, for I will speak excellent things;
And the opening of my lips shall be right things.

For my mouth shall utter truth;
And wickedness is an abomination to my lips.

All the words of my mouth are in righteousness;
There is nothing crooked or perverse in them.

They are all plain to him that understandeth,
And right to them that find knowledge.

Receive my instruction, and not silver;
And knowledge rather than choice gold.

For wisdom is better than rubies;
And all the things that may be desired are not to be compared unto her.

Counsel is mine, and sound knowledge:
I am understanding; I have might.

By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.
By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth.

I love them that love me;
And those that seek me diligently shall find me.

Riches and honor are with me;
Yea, durable riches and righteousness.

My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold;
And my revenue than choice silver.

I walk in the way of righteousness,
In the midst of the paths of judgment:

That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance,
And that I may fill their treasuries.

The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old.
I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was.

When there were no depths, I was brought forth;
When there were no fountains abounding with water.

Before the mountains were settled,
Before the hills was I brought forth:

While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields,
Nor the beginning of the dust of the world.

When he established the heavens, I was there:
When he set a circle upon the face of the deep:

When he made firm the skies above:
When the fountains of the deep became strong:

When he gave to the sea its bound,
That the waters should not transgress his commandment:

When he marked out the foundations of the earth:
Then I was by him, as a master workman:

And I was daily *his* delight,
Rejoicing always before him;

Rejoicing in his habitable earth;
And my delight was with the sons of men.

Now therefore, *my* sons, hearken unto me: for blessed are they that keep my ways.

Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.

Blessed is the man that heareth me,

Watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.

For whoso findeth me findeth life,

And shall obtain favor of the Lord.

But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul:

All they that hate me love death.

SIXTY-SIXTH LESSON.

PROV. 14. THE wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way:

But the folly of fools is deceit.

The foolish make a mock at guilt:

But among the upright there is good will.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness;

And a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy.

The house of the wicked shall be overthrown:

But the tent of the upright shall flourish.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man,

But the end thereof are the ways of death.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful;

And the end of mirth is heaviness.

The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways:

And a good man shall be satisfied from himself.

The simple believeth every word:

But the prudent man looketh well to his going.

A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil:

But the fool beareth himself insolently, and is confident.

He that is soon angry will deal foolishly:

And a man of wicked devices is hated.

The simple inherit folly:

But the prudent are crowned with knowledge.

The evil bow before the good;

And the wicked at the gates of the righteous.

The poor is hated even of his own neighbor:
But the rich hath many friends.

He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth:
But he that hath pity on the poor, happy is he.

Do they not err that devise evil?
But mercy and truth shall be to them that devise good.

In all labor there is profit:
But the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

The crown of the wise is their riches:
But the folly of fools is only folly.

A true witness delivereth souls:
But he that uttereth lies causeth deceit.

In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence:
And his children shall have a place of refuge

The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life,
To depart from the snares of death.

In the multitude of people is the king's glory:
But in the want of people is the destruction of the prince.

He that is slow to anger is of great understanding:
But he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.

A sound heart is the life of the flesh:
But envy is the rottenness of the bones.

He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker:
But he that hath mercy on the needy honoreth him.

The wicked is thrust down in his evil-doing:
But the righteous hath hope in his death.

Wisdom resteth in the heart of him that hath understanding:
But that which is in the inward part of fools is made known.

Righteousness exalteth a nation:
But sin is a reproach to any people.

The king's favor is toward a servant that dealeth wisely:
But his wrath shall be against him that causeth shame.

SIXTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

Ps. 2. WHY do the nations rage, and the peoples meditate a vain thing?
The kings of the earth set themselves,
And the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, *saying,*
Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their chords from us.
He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh:
The Lord shall have them in derision.
Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure:
Yet I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.
I will tell of the decree: the Lord said unto me, Thou art my son;
This day have I begotten thee.
Ask of me, and I will give *thee* the nations for thine inheritance,
And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
Now therefore be wise, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.
Kiss the son, lest he be angry, and ye perish in the way, for his wrath will soon be kindled.
Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

Ps. 110. THE Lord saith unto my lord, Sit thou at my right hand,
Until I make thine enemies thy footstool.
The Lord shall stretch forth the rod of thy strength out of Zion:
Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.
Thy people offer themselves willingly in the day of thy power:
In holy attire; out of the womb of the morning, thou hast the dew of thy youth.
The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent,
Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.
The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.
He shall judge among the nations,
He shall fill *the places* with dead bodies;
He shall strike through the head in many countries.
He shall drink of the brook in the way:
Therefore shall he lift up the head.

Ps. 76. In Judah is God known:
His name is great in Israel.

In Salem also is his tabernacle,
And his dwelling place in Zion.

There he brake the arrows of the bow;
The shield, and the sword, and the battle.

Glorious art thou *and* excellent, from the mountains of prey. The stouthearted are spoiled,
They have slept their sleep; and none of the men of might have found their hands.

At thy rebuke, O God of Jacob,
Both chariot and horse are cast into a dead sleep.

Thou, even thou, art to be feared;
And who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?

Thou didst cause sentence to be heard from heaven; the earth feared, and was still,
When God arose to judgment, to save all the meek of the earth.

Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee:
The residue of wrath shalt thou gird upon thee.

Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God:
Let all that be round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared.

He shall cut off the spirit of princes:
He is terrible to the kings of the earth.

SIXTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

Ps. 16. Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.
O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord; I have no good beyond thee.

As for the saints that are in the earth,
They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that give gifts for another *god:*
Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take their names upon my lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:
Thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;
Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel:
Yea, my reins instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me:
Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:
My flesh also shall dwell in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol;
Neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy;
In thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Ps. 21. THE king shall joy in thy strength, O Lord;
And in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!

Thou hast given him his heart's desire,
And hast not withholden the request of his lips.

For thou meetest him with the blessings of goodness:
Thou settest a crown of fine gold on his head.

He asked life of thee, thou gavest it him;
Even length of days for ever and ever.

His glory is great in thy salvation:
Honor and majesty dost thou lay upon him.

For thou makest him most blessed for ever:
Thou makest him glad with joy in thy presence.

For the king trusteth in the Lord,
And through the loving-kindness of the Most High he shall not be moved.

Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies: thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.
Thou shalt make them as a fiery furnace in the time of thine anger.

The Lord shall swallow them up in his wrath,
And the fire shall devour them.

Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth,
And their seed from among the children of men.

For they intended evil against thee:
They imagined a device which they are not able to perform.

For thou shalt make them turn their back,
Thou shalt make ready with thy bowstrings against the face of them.

Be thou exalted, O Lord, in thy strength:
So will we sing and praise thy power.

SIXTY-NINTH LESSON.

Ps. 22. My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou answerest not;
And in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy,
O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee:
They trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered:
They trusted in thee, and were not ashamed.

But I am a worm, and no man;
A reproach of men, and despised of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn:
They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, Commit thyself unto the Lord;

Let him deliver him:
Let him rescue him, seeing he delighteth in him.

But thou art he that took me out of the womb:
Thou didst make me trust when I was upon my mother's breasts.

I was cast upon thee from the womb:
Thou art my God since my mother bare me.

Be not far from me; for trouble is near;
For there is none to help.

Many bulls have compassed me:
Strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

They gape upon me with their mouth,
As a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water,
And all my bones are out of joint:

My heart is like wax;
It is melted in the midst of my bowels.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws;
And thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of evil-doers have inclosed me:
They pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones;
They look and stare upon me:

They part my garments among them,
And upon my vesture do they cast lots.

But be not thou far off, O Lord:
O thou my succor, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword;
My darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth;
Yea, from the horns of the wild-oxen thou hast answered me.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren:
In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Ye that fear the Lord, praise him; all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him;
And stand in awe of him, all ye the seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted:
Neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he heard.

Of thee cometh my praise in the great congregation:
I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the Lord that seek after him:
Let your heart live for ever.

All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord:
And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

For the kingdom is the Lord's:
And he is the ruler over the nations.

All the fat ones of the earth shall eat and worship:
All they that go down to the dust shall bow before him, even he that cannot keep his soul alive.

A seed shall serve him; it shall be told of the Lord unto the *next* generation.
They shall come and shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done it.

SEVENTIETH LESSON.

Ps. 45. My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter: I speak the things which I have made touching the king:
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips:
Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O mighty one, thy glory and thy majesty.
And in thy majesty ride on prosperously,

Because of truth and meekness *and* righteousness:
And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

Thine arrows are sharp; the peoples fall under thee;
They are in the heart of the king's enemies.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever:
A sceptre of equity is the sceptre of thy kingdom.

Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated wickedness:
Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

All thy garments *smell of* myrrh, and aloes, *and* cassia;
Out of ivory palaces stringed instruments have made thee glad.

Kings' daughters are among thy honorable women:
At thy right hand doth stand the queen in gold of Ophir.

Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear;
Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;

So shall the king desire thy beauty:
For he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.

And the daughter of Tyre *shall be there* with a gift;
Even the rich among the people shall intreat thy favor.

The king's daughter within *the palace* is all glorious:
Her clothing is inwrought with gold.

She shall be led unto the king in broidered work:
The virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

With gladness and rejoicing shall they be led:
They shall enter into the king's palace.

Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,
Whom thou shalt make princes in all the earth.

I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations:
Therefore shall the peoples give thee thanks for ever and ever.

Ps. 98. O SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:
His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.

The Lord hath made known his salvation:
His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the nations.

He hath remembered his mercy and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.

Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp and the voice of melody.
With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;

Let the floods clap their hands;
Let the hills sing for joy together;

Before the Lord, for he cometh to judge the earth,
He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with equity.

SEVENTY-FIRST LESSON.

Ps. 68. LET God arise, let his enemies be scattered;
Let them also that hate him flee before him.

As smoke is driven away, so drive them away:
As wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

But let the righteous be glad; let them exult before God.
Yea, let them rejoice with gladness.

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: cast up a highway for him that rideth through the deserts;
His name is Jah; and exult ye before him.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.
God setteth the solitary in families:

He bringeth out the prisoners into prosperity:
But the rebellious dwell in a parched land.

O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people,
When thou didst march through the wilderness;

The earth trembled, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God:
Even that Sinai trembled at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain,
Thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

Thy congregation dwelt therein:
Thou, O God, didst prepare of thy goodness for the poor.

The Lord giveth the word:
The women that publish the tidings are a great host.

Kings of armies flee, they flee:
And she that tarrieth at home divideth the spoil.

When ye lie among the sheepfolds,
It is as the wings of a dove covered with silver,

And her pinions with yellow gold.
When the Almighty scattereth kings therein, it was as when it snoweth in Zalmon.

A mountain of God is the mountain of Bashan;
An high mountain is the mountain of Bashan.

Why look ye askance, ye high mountains, at the mountain which God hath desired for his abode?
Yea, the Lord will dwell in it for ever.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands upon thousands:
The Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the sanctuary.

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led away captives;
Thou hast received gifts among men, yea, among the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell with them.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden,
Even the God who is our salvation.

God is unto us a God of deliverances;
And unto JEHOVAH the Lord belongeth escape from death.

But God shall smite through the head of his enemies,
The hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his guiltiness.

The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan,
I will bring them again from the depths of the sea:

That thou mayest crush them dipping thy foot in blood.
That the tongue of thy dogs may have its portion from thine enemies.

They have seen thy goings, O God,
Even the goings of my God, my King, into the sanctuary.

The singers went before, the minstrels followed after,
In the midst of the damsels playing with timbrels.

Bless ye God in the congregations,
Even the Lord, ye that are of the fountain of Israel.

There is little Benjamin their ruler, the princes of Judah *and* their council,
The princes of Zebulun, the princes of Naphtali.

Thy God hath commanded thy strength:
Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.

Because of thy temple at Jerusalem
Kings shall bring presents unto thee.

Rebuke the wild beast of the reeds,
The multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the peoples,

Trampling under foot the pieces of silver;
He hath scattered the peoples that delight in war.

Princes shall come out of Egypt;
Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hands unto God.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;
O sing praises unto the Lord.

To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens, which are of old;
Lo, he uttereth his voice, and that a mighty voice.

Ascribe ye strength unto God:
His excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the skies.

O God, *thou art* terrible out of thy holy places: the God of Israel, he giveth strength and power unto *his* people.
Blessed be God.

SEVENTY-SECOND LESSON.

Ps. 72. GIVE the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace to the people,
And the hills, in righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy,
And shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee while the sun endureth,
And so long as the moon, throughout all generations.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass:
As showers that water the earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish;
And abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea,
And from the River unto the ends of the earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him;
And his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:
The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him:
All nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth;
And the poor, that hath no helper.

He shall have pity on the poor and needy,
And the souls of the needy he shall save.

He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence;
And precious shall their blood be in his sight:

And they shall live; and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:
And men shall pray for him continually; they shall bless him all the day long.

There shall be abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever;
His name shall be continued as long as the sun:

And men shall be blessed in him;
All nations shall call him happy.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things:
And blessed be his glorious name for ever;

And let the whole earth be filled with his glory.
Amen, and Amen.

Ps. 67. GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us,
And cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy salvation among all nations.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:
For thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.

The earth hath yielded her increase:
God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us;
And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SEVENTY-THIRD LESSON.

Isa. 11: 1-9. AND there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse,
And a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit:

And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,
The spirit of wisdom and understanding,

The spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;
And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord:

And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes,
Neither decide after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor,
And decide with equity for the meek of the earth.

And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth,
And with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins,
And faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

And the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together;
And a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together:
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp,
And the weaned child shall put his hand on the basilisk's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Isa. 35. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad;
And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly,
And rejoice even with joy and singing;

The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon:
They shall see the glory of the Lord, the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.
Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:

Behold, your God will come *with* vengeance, *with* the recompense of God;
He will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,
And the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing:
For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water:
In the habitation of jackals, where they lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way,
And it shall be called The way of holiness;

The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those:
The wayfaring men, yea fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon, they shall not be found there;
But the redeemed shall walk there;

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads:
They shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

SEVENTY-FOURTH LESSON.

Isa. 9. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:
They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their joy:
They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder:
And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end,
Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom,

To establish it, and to uphold it with judgment and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever.
The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this.

Isa. 42. Behold my servant, whom I uphold;
My chosen, in whom my soul delighteth:

I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles:
He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench:
He shall bring forth judgment in truth.

He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth;
And the isles shall wait for his law.

Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens, and stretched them forth;
He that spread abroad the earth and that which cometh out of it;

He that giveth bread unto the people upon it,
And spirit to them that walk therein:

I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee,
And give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles;

To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon,
And them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

I am the Lord; that is my name:
And my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise unto graven images.

Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare:
Before they spring forth I tell you of them.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth;
Ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof.

Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up *their voice*, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit;
Let the inhabitants of Sela sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.

Let them give glory unto the Lord,
And declare his praise in the islands.

ISA. 12. AND in that day thou shalt say, I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord;
For though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.

Behold, God is my salvation;
I will trust, and will not be afraid:

For the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song;
And he is become my salvation.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.
And in that day shall ye say, Give thanks unto the Lord,

Call upon his name, declare his doings among the peoples,
Make mention that his name is exalted.

Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things:
Let this be known in all the earth.

Cry aloud and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion:
For great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

SEVENTY-FIFTH LESSON

Isa. 40. Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her

That her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned;
That she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord,
Make straight in the desert a high way for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low:
And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together:
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice of one saying, Cry.
And one said, What shall I cry?

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:
The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;

Because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it:
Surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
But the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain;
O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength;

Lift it up, be not afraid;
Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God!

Behold, the Lord God will come as a mighty one, and his arm shall rule for him:
Behold, his reward is with him, and his recompence before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom,
And shall gently lead those that give suck.

Isa. 60. Arise, shine; for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples:
But the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And nations shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: they all gather themselves together, they come to thee:
Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be carried in the arms.

Then thou shalt see and be lightened, and thine heart shall tremble and be enlarged;
Because the abundance of the sea shall be turned unto thee, the wealth of the nations shall come unto thee.

Thy gates also shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night;
That men may bring unto thee the wealth of the nations, and their kings led with them.

For that nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish;
Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine, and the box tree together;
To beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

And the sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee;
And all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet;

And they shall call thee The city of the Lord,
The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man passed through thee,
I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, desolation nor destruction within thy borders;
But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee:
But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:
For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Thy people also shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land for ever:
The branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.

The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation:
I the Lord will hasten it in its time.

SEVENTY-SIXTH LESSON.

ISA. 53. WHO hath believed our message? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground;

He hath no form or comelinesss;

And when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

And as one from whom men hide their face he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:

Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb;

So he opened not his mouth.

By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who *among them* considered

That he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgression of my people to whom the stroke was due?

And they made his grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in his death;

Although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him;

He hath put him to grief:

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see *his* seed, he shall prolong his days,

And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, *and* shall be satisfied: by the knowledge of himself shall my righteous servant justify many:

And he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great,

And he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors:
Yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

ZECH. 13. IN that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David
And to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.

And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds between thine arms?
Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.

Awake, O sword, against my shepherd,
And against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts:

Smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered;
And I will turn mine hand upon the little ones.

And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die;
But the third shall be left therein.

And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried:
They shall call on my name, and I will hear them:

I will say, It is my people;
And they shall say, The Lord is my God.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

ISA. 61. THE spirit of the Lord God is upon me;
Because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives,
And the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the year of Jehovah's favor,
And the day of vengeance of our God;

To comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,
To give unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of pruise for the spirit of heaviness;

That they might be called trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations,
And they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks,
And aliens shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers.

But ye shall be named the priests of the Lord:
Men shall call you the ministers of our God:

Ye shall eat the wealth of the nations,
And in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

Instead of your shame *ye shall have* double;
And instead of dishonor they shall rejoice in their portion:

Therefore in their land they shall possess double:
Everlasting joy shall be unto them.

For I the Lord love judgment, I hate robbery with iniquity;
And I will give them their recompense in truth, and I will make an everlasting convenant with them.

And their seed shall be known among the nations,
And their offspring among the peoples:

All that see them shall acknowledge them,
That they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God;
For he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness,

As a bridegroom decketh himself with a garland,
And as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.

For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth;
So the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

ISA. 51. AWAKE, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord;
Awake, as in the days of old, the generations of ancient times.

Art thou not it that cut Rahab in pieces,
That pierced the dragon?

Art thou not it which dried up the sea, the waters of the great deep;
That made the depths of the sea a way for the redeemed to pass over?

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads:
They shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Isa. 52. Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city:
For henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,
That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

The voice of the watchmen! they lift up the voice, together do they sing;
For they shall see, eye to eye, when the Lord returneth to Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem:
For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;
And all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing;
Go ye out of the midst of her; be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord.

For ye shall not go out in haste, neither shall ye go by flight
For the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your rearward.

SEVENTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

Isa. 55. Ho, every one that thirsteth,
Come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money;

Come ye, buy, and eat;
Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?
And your labor for that which satisfieth not?

Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good,
And let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live:
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples
A leader and commander to the peoples.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,
And a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee,

Because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel;
For he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,
Call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts:
And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways,
And my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven
And returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,

And maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater;
So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth:

It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please,
And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace:

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,
And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:

And it shall be to the Lord for a name,
For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

ISA. 66. REJOICE ye with Jerusalem, and be glad for her, all ye that love her:
Rejoice with joy for her, all ye that mourn over her:

That ye may suck and be satisfied with the breasts of her consolations;
That ye may milk out, and be delighted with the abundance of her glory.

For thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the nations like an overflowing stream,
And ye shall suck thereof; ye shall be borne upon the side, and shall be dandled upon the knees.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you;
And ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.

And ye shall see *it*, and your heart shall rejoice,
And your bones shall flourish like the tender grass.

SEVENTY-NINTH LESSON.

LUKE 1. My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaiden:
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things;
And holy is his name.

And his mercy is unto generations and generations
On them that fear him.

He hath shewed strength with his arm;
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.

He hath put down princes from *their* thrones,
And hath exalted them of low degree.

The hungry he hath filled with good things;
And the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen Israel his servant, that he might remember mercy
(As he spake unto our fathers) toward Abraham and his seed for ever.

Blessed *be* the Lord, the God of Israel;
For he hath visited and wrought redemption for his people.

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David
As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets which have been of old.

Salvation from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;
To shew mercy towards our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

The oath which he sware unto Abraham our father,
To grant unto us that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies

Should serve him without fear,
In holiness and righteousness before him all our days.

Yea and thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Most High:
For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to make ready his ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people in the remission of their sins,
Because of the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high shall visit us,

To shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death;
To guide our feet into the way of peace.

LUKE 2. And she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger,
Because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock.
And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people:
For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this *is* the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.
And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

EIGHTIETH LESSON.

SELECTED PASSAGES.

AND the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory,
Glory as of the only-begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth.

For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.
Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;
For I am meek and lowly in heart:

And ye shall find rest unto your souls.
For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,
That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

For God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world;
But that the world should be saved through him.

For when we were yet weak,
In due time Christ died for the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for the good man some one would even dare to die.
But God commendeth his own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

For there is one God, one mediator also between God and men,
Himself man, Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all.

Since then the children are sharers in flesh and blood,
He also himself in like manner partook of the same;

That through death he might bring to nought him that had the power of death, that is, the devil;
And might deliver all them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.

For verily not to angels doth he give help,
But he giveth help to the seed of Abraham.

Wherefore it behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren,
That he might become a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God,

To make propitiation for the sins of the people.
For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.

Wherefore also God highly exalted him,
And gave unto him the name which is above every name;

That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of *things* in heaven and *things* on earth and *things* under the earth,
And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called,
With all lowliness and meekness,

With long-suffering, forbearing one another in love;
Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

There is one body, and one Spirit,
Even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling;

One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all.
But unto each one of us was the grace given according to the measure of the gift of Christ.

Wherefore he saith, When he ascended on high, he led captivity captive,
And gave gifts unto men.

But ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem,
And to innumerable hosts of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born who are enrolled in heaven,

And to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant,
And to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better than that of Abel.

For our citizenship is in heaven;
From whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ:

Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, *that it may be* conformed to the body of his glory,
According to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself.

So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners,
But ye are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God,

Being built upon the foundation of the apostles and the prophets,
Christ Jesus himself being the chief corner stone;

In whom each several building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord;
In whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God in the Spirit.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever.
Amen.

EIGHTY-FIRST LESSON.

SELECTED PASSAGES.

THE hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth:
For such doth the Father seek to be his worshippers.

God is a Spirit:
And they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.

No man hath beheld God at any time:
If we love one another, God abideth in us, and his love is perfected in us:

Hereby know we that we abide in him, and he in us,
Because he hath given us of his Spirit.

And he that keepeth his commandments abideth in him, and he in him.
And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he gave us.

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children,
How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

For John indeed baptized with water;
But ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.

They therefore, when they were come together, asked him, saying,
Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?

And he said unto them, It is not for you to know times or seasons, which the Father hath set within his own authority.
But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Ghost is come upon you.

Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee,
Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh;
And that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born anew.
The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof,

But knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth:
So is every one that is born of the Spirit.

But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.
But if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

And if Christ is in you, the body is dead because of sin;
But the Spirit is life because of righteousness.

But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you,
He that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

So then, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh:
For if ye live after the flesh, ye must die;

But if by the Spirit ye put to death the deeds of the body, ye shall live.
For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God.

For ye received not the spirit of bondage again unto fear;
But ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit,
That we are children of God:

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ;
If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him.

It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you;
But if I go, I will send him unto you.

And he, when he is come, will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:
Of sin, because they believe not on me;

Of righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye behold me no more;
Of judgment, because the prince of this world hath been judged.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.
Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth:

For he shall not speak from himself; but what things soever he shall hear, *these* shall he speak:
And he shall declare unto you the things that are to come.

He shall glorify me:
For he shall take of mine, and shall declare it unto you.

All things whatsoever the Father hath are mine:
Therefore said I, that he taketh of mine, and shall declare it unto you.

If ye love me, ye will kéep my commandments.
And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth:

Whom the world cannot receive; for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him: ye know him;
For he abideth with you, and shall be in you.

Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and *which* entered not into the heart of man,
Whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him.

But unto us God revealed *them* through the Spirit:
For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

Know ye not that ye are a temple of God,
And that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy;
For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance:
Against such there is no law.

And they that are of Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with the passions and the lusts thereof.
If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk.

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity, for we know not how to pray as we ought:
But the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit;
Because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.
Amen.

EIGHTY-SECOND LESSON.

REV. 4-5. AFTER these things I saw, and behold, a door opened in heaven, and the first voice which I heard, *a voice* as of a trumpet speaking with me, one saying,

Come up hither, and I will shew thee the things which must come to pass hereafter.

Straightway I was in the Spirit:

And behold, there was a throne set in heaven, and one sitting upon the throne;

And he that sat *was* to look upon like a jasper stone and a sardius:

And there was a rainbow round about the throne, like an emerald to look upon.

And round about the throne *were* four and twenty thrones:

And upon the thrones I saw four and twenty elders sitting, arrayed in white garments; and on their heads crowns of gold.

And out of the throne proceed lightnings and voices and thunders.

And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God;

And before the throne, as it were a glassy sea like unto crystal;

And in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, four living creatures full of eyes before and behind.

And they have no rest day and night, saying,

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God, the Almighty, which was and which is and which is to come.

And when the living creatures shall give glory and honor and thanks to him that sitteth on the throne,

To him that liveth for ever and ever,

The four and twenty elders shall fall down before him that sitteth on the throne,

And shall worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and shall cast their crowns before the throne, saying,

Worthy art thou, our Lord and God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power:

For thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created.

And I saw in the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the elders, a Lamb standing, as though it had been slain,

Having seven horns, and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God, sent forth into all the earth.

And he came, and he taketh *the book* out of the right hand of him that sat on the throne. And when he had taken the book, the four living creatures and the four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb,

Having each one a harp, and golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints.

And they sing a new song, saying, Worthy art thou to take the book, and to open the seals thereof:

For thou wast slain, and didst purchase unto God with thy blood men of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation,

And madest them *to be* unto our God a kingdom and priests;

And they reign upon the earth.

And I saw, and I heard a voice of many angels round about the throne and the living creatures and the elders;

And the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;

Saying with a great voice, Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain

To receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

And every created thing which is in the heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and on the sea, and all things that are in them, heard I saying,

Unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, be the blessing, and the honor, and the glory, and the dominion, for ever and ever.

And the four living creatures said, Amen.

And the elders fell down and worshipped.

EIGHTY-THIRD LESSON.

REV. 14. AND I saw, and behold, the Lamb standing on the mount Zion,

And with him a hundred and forty and four thousand, having his name, and the name of his Father, written on their foreheads.

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder:

And the voice which I heard was as the voice of harpers harping with their harps:

And they sing as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four living creatures and the elders:

And no man could learn the song save the hundred and forty and four thousand, even they that had been purchased out of the earth.

They *are* they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

These were purchased from among men, to be the firstfruits unto God and unto the Lamb.

And in their mouth was found no lie:

They are without blemish.

And I saw another angel flying in mid heaven, having eternal good tidings to proclaim unto them that dwell on the earth,

And unto every nation and tribe and tongue and people;

And he saith with a great voice, Fear God, and give him glory; for the hour of his judgment is come:

And worship him that made the heaven and the earth and the sea and fountains of waters.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which died in the Lord from henceforth:

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them.

After these things I heard as it were a great voice of a great multitude in heaven, saying, Hallelujah;

Salvation, and glory, and power, belong to our God: for true and righteous are his judgments;

For he hath judged the great harlot, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication,

And he hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand.

REV. 19. And a second time they say, Hallelujah.

And her smoke goeth up for ever and ever.

And the four and twenty elders and the four living creatures fell down

And worshipped God that sitteth on the throne, saying, Amen; Hallelujah.

And a voice came forth from the throne, saying, Give praise to our God,

All ye his servants, ye that fear him, the small and the great.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Hallelujah:

For the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigneth.

Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, and let us give the glory unto him:
For the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.

And it was given unto her that she should array herself in fine linen, bright *and* pure:
For the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints.

And he saith unto me, Write,
Blessed are they which are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

And I saw an angel coming down out of heaven, having the key of the abyss and a great chain in his hand.
And he laid hold on the dragon, the old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years, and cast him into the abyss, and shut it, and sealed it over him,

That he should deceive the nations no more, until the thousand years should be finished:
After this he must be loosed for a little time.

And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them:
And I saw the souls of them that had been beheaded for the testimony of Jesus, and for the word of God,

And such as worshipped not the beast, neither his image, and received not the mark upon their forehead and upon their hand; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.
This is the first resurrection.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: over these the second death hath no power;
But they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.

EIGHTY-FOURTH LESSON.

REV. 21. AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth:
For the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.

And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God,
Made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them,
And they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God:

And he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes;
And death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away.

And he carried me away in the Spirit to a mountain great and high,
And shewed me the holy city Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God:

Her light was like unto a stone most precious, as it were a jasper stone, clear as crystal:
Having a wall great and high;

Having twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels;
And names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; each one of the several gates was of one pearl:
And the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

And I saw no temple therein:
For the Lord God the Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple thereof.

And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it:
For the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

And the nations shall walk amidst the light thereof:
And the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it.

And the gates thereof shall in no wise be shut by day (for there shall be no night there):
And they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it:

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie:
But only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

Rev. 22. And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal,
Proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof.

And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve *manner of* fruits, yielding its fruit every month:
And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no curse any more:
And the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein:

And his servants shall do him service;
And they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads.

And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither of the sun;
For the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right *to come* to the tree of life,
And may enter in by the gates into the city.

I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things for the churches.
I am the root and the offspring of David, the bright, the morning star.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.
And he that heareth, let him say, Come.

And he that is athirst, let him come:
He that will, let him take the water of life freely.

He which testifieth these things saith, Yea: I come quickly.
Amen: come, Lord Jesus.

The grace of the Lord Jesus be with the saints.
Amen.

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